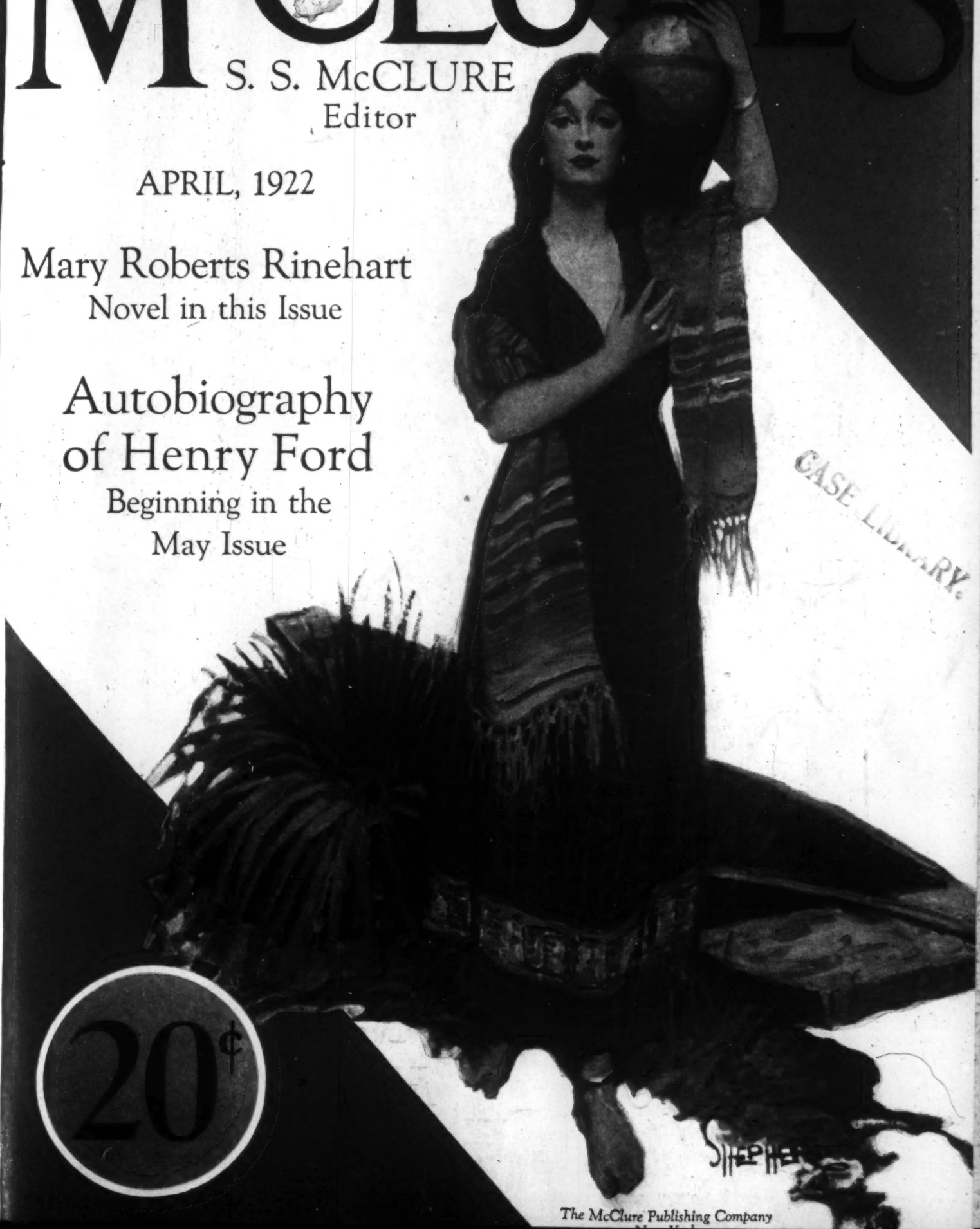
McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE
Editor

APRIL, 1922

Mary Roberts Rinehart
Novel in this Issue

Autobiography
of Henry Ford
Beginning in the
May Issue



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Be Your Own Salesman

Our new plan of selling has multiplied our production four times over, and that also helps us offer new economies.

So today the Oliver offer is the most liberal of all—a brand new, standard typewriter for only $49.50 cash, or $55 in installments. Remember, this is possible only because of our simplified selling plan and enlarged output. The price would still be $100 if we sold in the usual manner.

Note, also, that you get a brand new machine, our latest and best model, a 25-year development. Why, even a rebuilt typewriter costs considerably *more*.

Over 900,000 Olivers have been sold. The Oliver is a favorite among big businesses as well as among individuals. It is famous for its speed, easy operation, durability and fine work.

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The coupon brings the Oliver for Five Days' Free Trial. When the Oliver comes, use it as if it were your own. Compare it. Then if you agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, and want to buy it, send us $49.50 cash. Or if you wish to pay in installments, the price is $55, payable $3 after trial, then $4 per month.

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Through the trial you are your own judge—no salesman need urge you. You can imagine that it takes the finest kind of a typewriter to face a trial like this.

Mail the Coupon Now

Make this Oliver test. See if you want to save the $50.50, or if you would rather pay $100. The trial costs you nothing. Nor does it obligate you to buy.

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Volume 54 Number 2

McCLURE'S

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Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say they become calm, dignified and well poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing-room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are ill at ease. We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? What should the guest do with the cup when he or she has finished the tea? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much *you* know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer.

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman? May a man leave a woman alone during intermission?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the fingertips of both hands placed into the fingerbowl at once, or just one at a time?

When a man walks in the street with two women does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street car first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid, carefully compiled, authentic guide towards correct manners on all occasions.

Do You Know

How to introduce men and women correctly?

How to word invitations, announcements, acknowledgments?

How to register at a hotel?

How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment?

How to plan home and church weddings?

How to use table silver in the proper way?

How to do at all times, under all conditions, the cultured, correct thing?

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best form on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher at a friend's private theatre party. It covers everyday etiquette in all its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, parties and all social entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and calling cards. New chapters on the etiquette in foreign countries have been added, and there are many helpful hints to the man or woman who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistake, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect. And by knowing so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, a confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborate drawing-room, among the most brilliant and highly cultured people, without feeling the least bit ill at ease.

Many embarrassing blunders can be made in a public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or leave it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of the men pick it up?

Send No Money

To enable everyone, everywhere, to examine the famous Book of Etiquette, without obligation, we make this special offer to send the complete two-volume set free for 5 days to anyone requesting it. Entirely free — no money in advance. All that is necessary is your name and address on the coupon below and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once at our expense. You have the privilege of examining it, reading it, and deciding for yourself, whether or not you want to keep it.

Send for the Book of Etiquette today. Read some of the interesting chapters. Surprise your friends and acquaintances with your knowledge of what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions. And when you have been fully convinced that etiquette widens your circle of friends, makes you admired, and respected, increases your knowledge of society and its requirements, gives you poise, self-confidence and charm—keep the set and send us $3.50 in full payment. But if you are not utterly delighted after the 5-day free trial, simply return books and you won't be out a cent.

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And the Gem Double Life Blades in each possess the keenest cutting edge known to science. We guarantee the cleanest, quickest, most comfortable shave, or money back.

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—Flat model, sanitary imitation ivory case with highly finished, triple nickeled razor, big solid handle and sheath containing supply of blades, compartment arrangements for contents. Case can be washed.

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—A compact, square, bevelled case, Black Leather effect; lined with royal purple satin and velvet, and fitted with triple nickeled razor, big solid handle and nickel sheath holding supply of blades.

$1.00 Complete.

How Do You Ask for a Raise?

Here Is a Way That ALWAYS Wins!

HOW can I earn a bigger salary?

Nine out of every ten office men in the United States are turning this question over in their minds.

Nine out of every ten would *ask* for a bigger salary—

But either they do not *dare—or they don't know how!*

There is a way, however, that's as certain of success as the daily turning of the Earth upon its axis.

We know a rate clerk, for example, who went to his employer with some very definite facts, developed thru investigation and study. This rate clerk said, in effect:

"I have been doing some reading on railway and industrial traffic management, particularly with reference to railroad rate construction and rerouting—and have been studying ways and means of reducing our transportation costs. We are paying $1.60 a hundredweight on transcontinental shipments, whereas I figure we're entitled to a rate of $1.53. By filing claims with the Interstate Commerce Commission I believe we can recover seven cents a hundredweight on all shipments made within the past five years."

Thus a humble rate clerk pointed out to one of the large packing companies a way whereby it recovered $200,000 in cash—$80,000 of which was refunded by a single railroad company.

Did this man get a raise? You KNOW that he did! For he had proved to his employer that he possessed *money-saving and profit-earning knowledge of specific value to the concern he worked for.*

He has since gone steadily forward, until today he is Traffic Manager for the largest cement company in the world.

The Plan That Never Fails

Men have wondered at the remarkable promotions won by LaSalle-trained men. They are prone to think there is some "catch" to the simple statement that in a period of only three months as many as 1,089 members of LaSalle Extension University reported salary-increases averaging 56 per cent, as a result of home-study training under the "Problem Method."

But there is no "catch," no mystery about it—

For the whole burden of LaSalle training is to enable LaSalle-trained men to make more money for the concerns they work for.

In so doing they quickly and inevitably make more money for themselves.

Saves $6,000 a Month—Wins Big-Pay Job

Here are other typical examples:

A young man of twenty-four, a LaSalle-trained accountant, secured appointment as comptroller of the City of Fulton, N. Y. His first work was to make an audit of the books—which revealed a deficit of $26,000. He then devised, on his own initiative, a system of accounting for the city. Auditors from the State Comptroller's Office verified his findings—and in the process were so impressed by the system he had worked out that they adopted it for all third-class cities in the state. This man, you will agree, knows what is essential to win personal advancement and more pay.

A LaSalle man writes that his training enabled him to take entire direction of the "discharging, lightering, shipping and storing of a consignment of sheep-wool imported by our company valued at approximately $4,500,000." In appreciation, the company presented him with a large bonus check—*plus a handsome raise in pay.*

Another LaSalle-trained man recently pointed the way for a large concern making wood-working machinery to save $6,000 a month in freight charges, simply by making a few changes in construction to permit its bandsaws to be shipped in box cars instead of on flat cars. Result—a salary of $6,000 a year.

These instances are by no means "rare exceptions." Not a day goes by at LaSalle but what a score of statements such as the following are scattered thru the morning's mail:

"When I enrolled with LaSalle I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing $1,100. Today, I am comptroller of a good-sized corporation, with a salary to start of $4,500."

"Principles learned in my training with LaSalle have enabled me to increase the efficiency of my department in a way that will result in a saving of approximately $20,000 a year to the company, as shown in the enclosed report."

"Passed the bar examination, with second highest honors in a class of 71."

"The Problem Method increased my income $2,500 a year."

Swift Advancement by the Problem Method

In recent months, if never before, you have been giving serious thought to your business future. Perhaps you have recognized your *need* for specialized training, yet have not known the simplest, most direct way to *acquire* it.

If you have been putting off home-study business training, we urge you, in your own interest, to find out at once about the LaSalle Problem Method. Under this remarkably effective plan, you do not merely *read* how to do a thing; you *do* it. You master *principles* by solving actual *problems*, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. The swiftness and certainty with which men win advancement by the Problem Method is a proven fact.

Mail the Coupon

The coupon will bring you complete information regarding this unusual plan, together with a wealth of evidence from men still in their twenties and early thirties showing what you may reasonably expect in increased income as the result of your training. With this information we will send you details of our *convenient-payment plan;* also your free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Make that "raise in pay" one day nearer—by mailing the coupon *now.*

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1909.

Financial resources more than $6,500,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1500 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Numbers among its students and graduates more than 300,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.

LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad and business institution in the United States.

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.

Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business-Training Institution in the World

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- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employes and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance.**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
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- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping.**
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- ☐ **Effective Speaking.**

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GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

"General Lee, after Chancellorsville, a year later pushed forward his army by the Northern route, while from the South came Gordon and Early in the hope of striking forward into Lancaster County and forcing eastward General Meade's Army of the Potomac to defend Philadelphia."

See page 110. "The Heart of America," by Arthur Briggs Farquhar.

VOLUME 54
No 2

McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

APRIL
1922

Editorial Announcement

The Autobiography of Henry Ford

IN the May number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE we begin the publication of Henry Ford's Autobiography. This extraordinary work exists through the cooperation of Mr. Samuel Crowther with Mr. Ford. Our readers can measure Mr. Crowther's peculiar fitness to assist an autobiographer by the chapters from the life of Mr. Farquhar in this number, in the preparation of which Mr. Crowther collaborated.

One of his closest associates, after reading the opening chapters of Mr. Ford's work, wrote of it:

"I cannot tell you with what pleasure I saw the man and his mind in these pages. It has never been done before. The Henry Ford written about up to this time does not exist. The writers have not been able to see him, and, of course, their readers could not."

Here are revealed the simple and original and fundamental ideas and forces that have flowered in Mr. Ford's unique achievements as a manufacturer, a merchant and an employer. In all these three capacities he is the most sensational figure in the world to-day, and as an employer his methods are the most startling that appear in all industrial history. Yet he has made the vastest fortune ever acquired by any man not controlling immense natural resources.

His own story shows just what his ideas are and how practically they have worked to bring him success. Wealth and power he counts as by-products of success, and success for a manufacturer lies, to his mind, in producing goods to ameliorate human life, while continually improving service, cheapening the product and raising wages. He tells about his unquenchable interest in machinery as a child, of its influence on his twelve-year-old self when he first saw a road tractor and how he took to watch making and repairing, putting in order over three hundred watches before he got back to work on the transportation problems that haunted him; of his experiences in driving racing cars; of the development of the Ford car from his lonely motor buggy that for a year or two frightened horses and was otherwise a nuisance to Detroit.

In expounding the basic principles of his business he gives us one of those revolutionary bodies of knowledge that by classifying and organizing human experience extend the reign of order over chaos. Most businesses — as, for example, farming, coal mining, railroading — have just "growed," like Topsy. The overwhelming necessity of the time is a more intelligent organization of human activities.

Mr. Ford has developed and with unmatched success applied a body of principles and practices that he believes to be universally applicable. His chapter on his experiences as a railroad owner is extraordinarily illuminating. And his views of trades unions, socialistic and communistic ideas, and on banking, are built on such first-hand thought and big-scaled experience as make them contributions as invaluable as they are remarkable. He asks and gives his answers to such questions as "Why be poor?" "Why not always have good business?" "Why charity?"

From the beginnings of a career that started in his teens, Mr. Ford has held his course, curiously uninfluenced from without, and the result is a regular harmony between his ideas, his work, and the man himself. However singular his conclusions, his strange success proves that he looks realities in the face.

Now, neither young nor old, with extraordinary vigor backing his clear and penetrating intelligence, he is at the very height of a creative genius that has done much to change daily human life for the better, and his greatest triumphs may be before him.

S. S. McCLURE.

The Heart of America

By Arthur Briggs Farquhar

An intimate picture of life in Maryland before the Civil War: the author's experiences when the Confederate armies invaded his home town: contacts with Lincoln and Grant

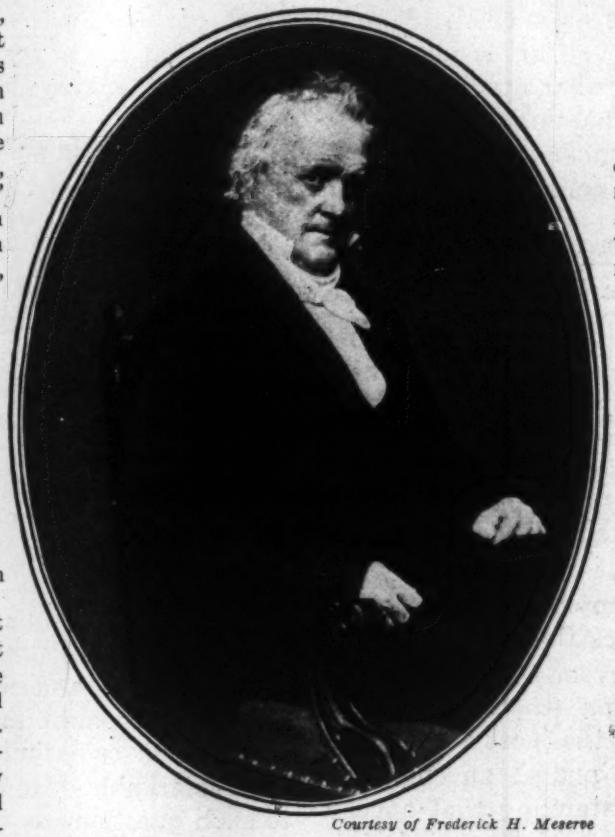
THE trip to New York marked a turning point in my life — the end of as healthy and as natural a childhood as any boy ever had. We lived in an old log house (afterward weather-boarded), with a barn that had been built some years before by one Ellis Pugh. It was called Cedar Lawn because of the abundant growth of cedars scattered through the grounds between house and gate, and our community, or "parish," about the post-office was known as Sandy Spring. We were in Montgomery County, Maryland, eighteen miles from Washington, and I remember very distinctly the great bonfires at the barbecues held at the end of the Harrison and Tyler campaign in 1840 — although I was then but two years old. And I remember in the next year, when Harrison died, distinctly hearing the booming of the minute guns as they were fired in Washington.

Washington meant a great deal in our lives, even though it was only a sprawling village with mud roads for streets and a population of less than 15,000. My father went to see Harrison's inauguration, and every little while during my boyhood I was taken there by him. Usually we took a trip on the steamboat which had begun to ply between Washington and Alexandria. I remember especially the great rocking-beam as it swung up and down, driving the side wheels, and I thought it all very wonderful.

My father was a man of learning, having mastered Latin at twelve and Greek at thirteen or fourteen. He was unusually clever in mathematics, and was an expert in botany and other sciences. There seemed to be nothing in which he was not interested; like the old Roman, he had a part in everything human. Moncure Conway paid a high tribute to his "all-around education." He had never learned French, and when he was about 20, Margaret Briggs, who understood the language, undertook to teach him French while he taught her to play chess. The bargain was duly carried out, and, naturally, they fell in love and were married.

Then they went to Alexandria, Virginia, and my father taught school there for a year or two. Then he was engaged as a civil engineer on the railroad they were building between Baltimore and Philadelphia — the Delaware & Susquehanna Railroad, now a part of the Pennsylvania System. This lasted a year or two, and mother, meanwhile, remained at "Fair Hill" with her little daughter Ellen, born about the time he stopped teaching school.

I was born at Cedar Lawn, on the same site that is now occupied by my brother, half a mile from the old "Sharon" house, the home of my grandfather and great-grandfather, and still standing, having been put in repair by myself when I bought the old homestead. The mantelpiece was made by my great-grandfather. At the time he built the house one could have walked from it to Canada without seeing a white settler. All was woodland and wild waste. His was one of the first houses built in the neighborhood.



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

President Buchanan's supporters dwindled after the Lincoln speech at Cooper Union

In those days swearing was considered a great sin. The negroes were very religious, and I never heard an oath among them. I never swore an oath in my life. I was but a little chap — six or seven years old — when these things were discussed, and I put swearing down as one of the things I would never do. Those things which I decided in my immature mind not to do I have not done. We were taught the sacredness of the relation of the sexes and the respect that is due to women. I remember an injunction my mother gave me when I went on to York. She told me never to forget the lessons taught at home, but that God would often seem far off in the Heavens and I might forget His existence. But I should not be likely to forget her existence, and I should remember that she was with me all the time. "Don't do anything thee would be ashamed to do before me." I have always endeavored to keep that rule. In fact, without being impressed with dogmatism, I believe in the essentials of religion, and I have tried to live a perfectly moral life.

Another conclusion we reached was that one must give value for value received; that we have no right to anything in this world unless we give value for it.

The people in Sandy Spring were very sociable. I have known a dozen to come to our house in their sleighs during the winter, or in buggies when the road was open, without any advance notice at all. Sometimes cook might be away and sometimes we had none — but they would come expecting to take supper. Half a dozen of the girls would go out in the kitchen and all, in the greatest good

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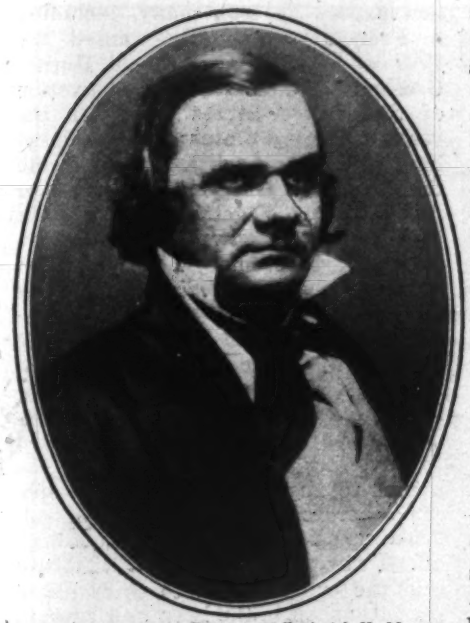


Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

"The debates of Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas fired the country"

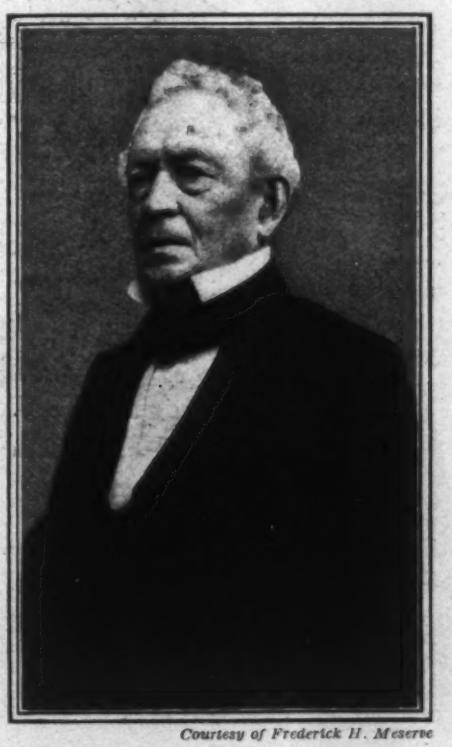
humor, cook the supper. The Maryland biscuit was always a prominent feature of the supper. It was not long before the meal was ready, and after it they all pitched in again and cleared away the dishes; and they seemed to enjoy lending a hand.

It was a very sociable life. We would have games, one of the chief of which was asking conundrums or giving questions to be solved. My mother had marvelous facility in answering any question that was asked, no matter what it was, more quickly than anybody else. While the others would all be sitting around pondering what was the answer she would have a smile on her face, and was practically always able to answer. She had to be silent on many occasions in order to give the others a fair chance.

My uncle, Isaac Briggs, was an athlete, and very fond of nature and of walks — and I recollect as a little boy hearing him describe trips he had taken to the "far west," which in those days meant as far as Indiana or Illinois. He said that on one of these trips he came to a little cabin where he stopped for the night, as was the custom in those days since there were no hotels. He was welcomed, given his supper, and put to bed in a garret room. He always carried a flintlock pistol, which he kept under his pillow at night to protect himself from outlaws. That was a lonely cabin, and during the night he was awakened by the door stealthily opening; then a man crept in. He held a big, shining knife. My uncle could see him by the moonlight through the window, and silently reached for his pistol and made ready. The man stepped up to the bed, raised the knife, and — just as my uncle was ready to fire he reached up to cut down a piece of dried meat which was hanging from the rafters overhead! After that the horror that he was so near killing a man made him resolve never again to carry a firearm.

Uncle Isaac was full of stories, and ever ready to tell me his adventures. I once asked: "Uncle Isaac, what do you do when you get tired?" He said: "Sonny, when I get tired on the road I just pick up a big rock and put it on my shoulder and carry it a piece, and when I throw it off, then I feel rested again."

Life in those days, looking back, seems to have been entirely free from friction or anything to make one unhappy. We lived so simply. There were no moving pictures, no shows, and no amusements, as we know them to-day. We took great delight in simple games, we had simple clothes. A box of candy was considered a magnificent thing. We always had doughnuts for Christmas breakfast up to the time I left home — they became associated with Christmas in my mind — and for old times' sake we used to have them for a good while after I came to York. It was only a few years ago that we stopped having

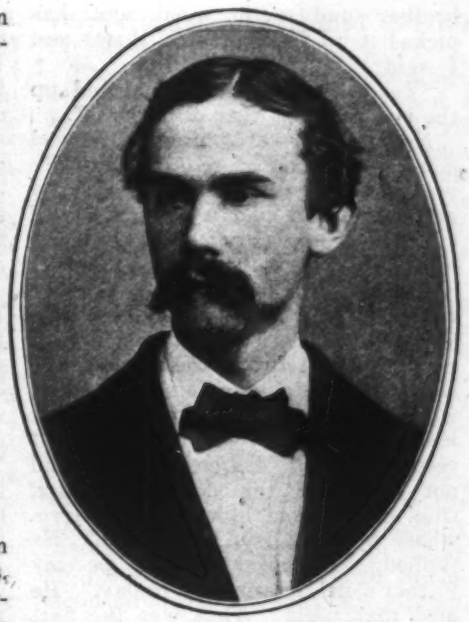


Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

Edward Everett prophesied immortality for Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

doughnuts for Christmas breakfast as a reminder of old times.

When I was about twelve years old my father, in connection with his sister, started a ladies' boarding school at Fair Hill, near Olney (formerly known as Mechanicsville), which became quite celebrated. He ran the farm, too, and made his family very comfortable, incurred no debts, and he left a substantial property when he died, of which I refused to accept any part, turning my share over to my mother and sister.



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

"I talked over the matter with the President's secretary, young John Hay"

My Younger Brothers

In our family, besides my sister Ellen, were my brothers, Hallowell, Edward, Henry (first), Henry (second), and Allan. Henry 1st was a genius and Edward came nearly being a genius in "all-around knowledge," while Henry 2d, now living, is a mathematical genius. Once when Edward was, as I remember, only seven or eight years old, we missed him for many hours, and finally found him in the evening out in the woods. He had with him a copy of "Paradise Lost," which he had been busy memorizing. After a short time, perhaps a few weeks, he had committed the whole of this poem to memory. He repeated it to us when we found time to listen. But the real genius of the family was the first Henry, who died before he was four years old. I was about eleven, but he helped me with my lessons. He just seemed to know everything. My father and mother did not know that the boy could read at all until one evening when he was about two and a half years old, Richard Bentley, a friend of ours, came in and took the boy on his knee — he was a pretty boy, and very bright and agreeable. Mr. Bentley had a book in his hand. Henry looked it over and said, "That is page 22." Mr. Bentley said, "How do you know it is 22?" Henry said, "It is two tens and two units." Then he commenced to read. Everyone was much surprised except sister Ellen and myself. The older persons thought it was due to his wonderful memory. Bentley said:

"Why, William Henry (my father's name), this child can read."

My father said, "Oh, no, he has a wonderful memory, and he hears his

brother and sister read and has picked it up from them." Sister and I said:

"Yes, he can," and we picked up the book and he read it right off.

No boy I have ever heard of showed more indications of real genius. He was unusually precocious, was very attractive, and had a queer way of every morning saying, "I will be brother Arthur's boy to-day," or "I will be sister Ellen's boy to-day," or father's boy or mother's boy, and then attaching himself to that person with great devotion during the whole of the day. He was taken with scarlet fever, which was then a new malady, or at least rare, and was not at first recognized as dangerous. We did not send for the doctor at once. One of us asked him, "Well, Harry, whose boy will you be to-day?" He replied, "I believe I will be my Father's in Heaven boy to-day." He died that night. That was the first real grief I had. His death cast a lasting gloom over the whole household.

Edward was next to him, and about three years older. Father stopped Edward's lessons, having an idea that the lost boy's extraordinary brain power—he was busy with all sorts of things, studying out problems and that sort of thing—had something to do with his death, and my father would not let Edward study at all until he was six years old. I remember that on Edward's sixth birthday he got up early in the morning and said:

"Today I can study and can learn to read."

Father was, unfortunately, away that day and Edward was in a great state about it until father came home in the evening, when Edward jumped on his lap and said:

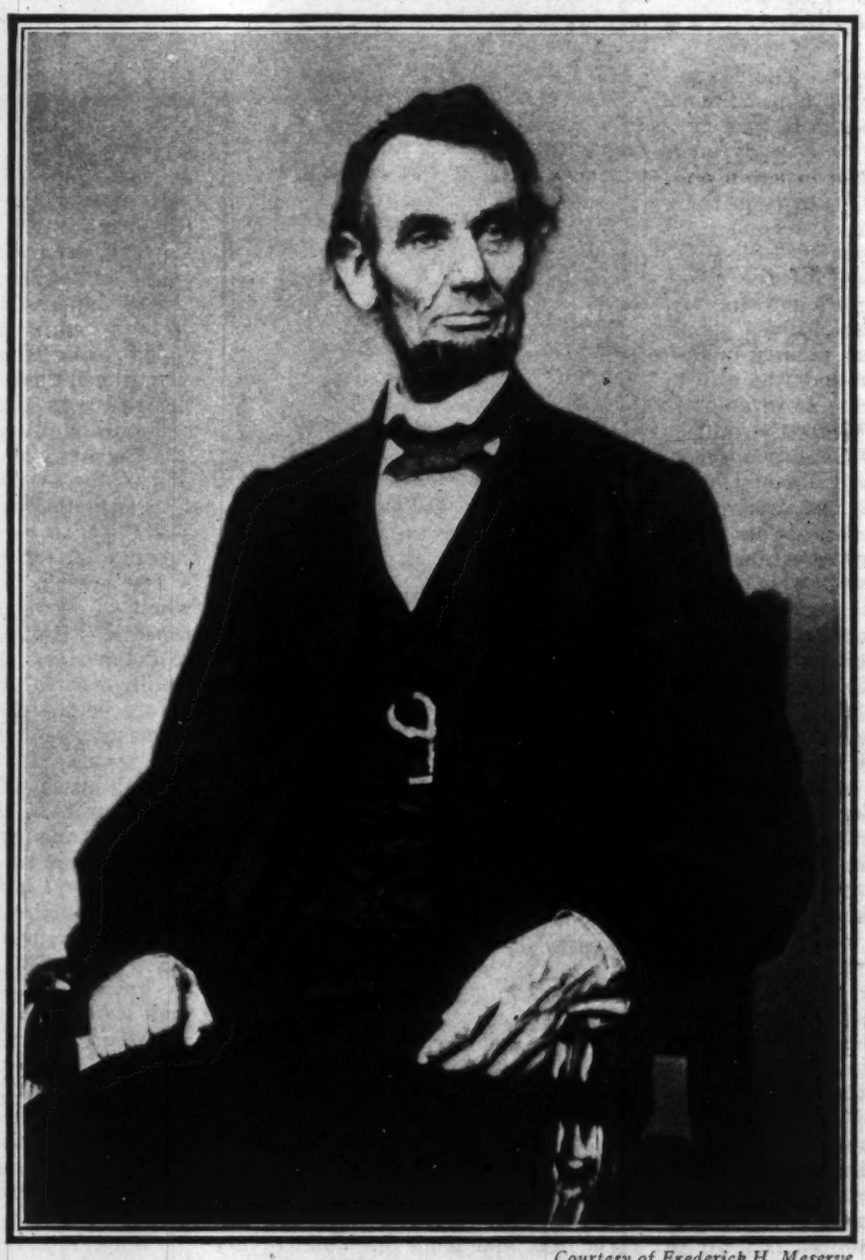
"Thee promised I could read to-day." And before he went to bed he was hard at work at a book.

Our home atmosphere was distinctly intellectual. Father taught a class in French which used to come to our house, and several college students came there to be coached in a wide variety of studies. My brother Edward never went to college, but seemed to gain knowledge almost by absorption; he finally achieved the mastery of thirteen languages, including Sanscrit.

I NEVER saw a drunken man in the neighborhood. The negroes seemed all to be happy, and we had no slavery among the Quakers. There were but very few slaves within five miles of us, though we were in a slave State. Yet, bitter as was the feeling against the Abolitionists, there seemed to be little and comparatively mild opposition to the Friends. The New York *Tribune* was forbidden by law to come into the State of Maryland, and the postmaster told father he could not have his *Tribune*. Father liked to read all sides; in those days of few newspapers he took many, including a French paper. He wanted the *Tribune* because he liked old Horace Greeley. Father said the Constitution of the United States gave him the right to receive the paper, and Maryland could not pass a law to forbid the *Tribune* coming into the State or forbid him from getting it. He went to Washington, saw the Postmaster-General (Montgomery Blair), and got an order that the *Tribune* should be delivered to him.

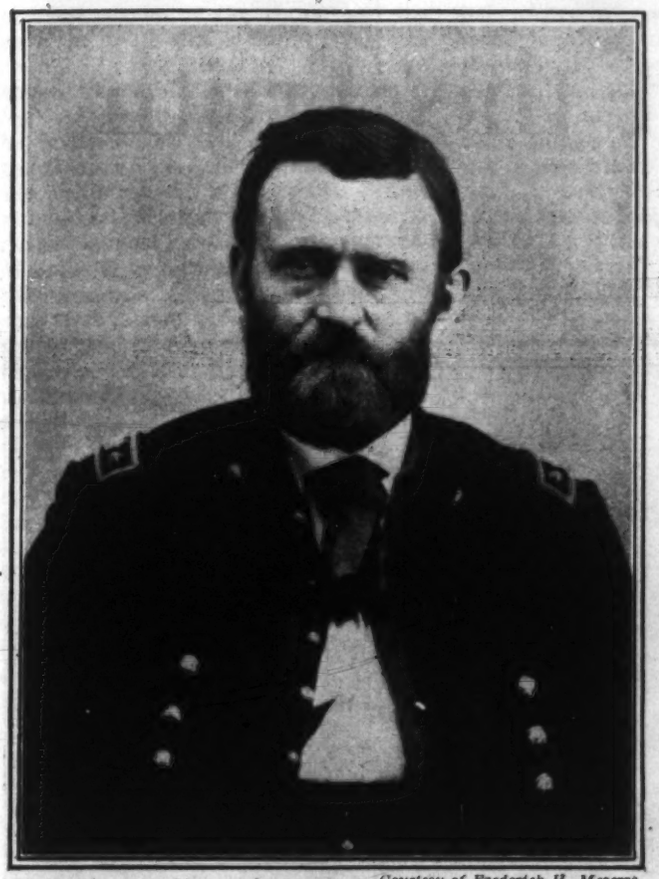
Father was loved by everyone. He believed the negroes should be taught to read, while it was still against the law. In one instance a colored minister in the neighborhood was attacked for reading over the lines of the hymns to negroes. A mob of people came across from the county seat, broke up the meeting, and drove him off. I was very indignant at this, and told the congregation to come up to my little shop in the barn and I would teach them, which a number of them did; and although the mob came up and surrounded the shop, I was not molested owing to the great regard they had for my father.

I was very much interested in ancient history, especially in the Greeks, and was particularly fond of Socrates and of Plato's "Republic," but Aristotle was then, and is still, my hero. I was a strong partisan of Hector, and was bitterly opposed to Achilles. I could hardly have been more than four years old when I decided that people who would admit a wooden horse as a matter of courtesy deserved to be better treated than were the people of Troy, that to accept the courtesy and fill the horse with soldiers with the object of destroying those who extended hospitality was a wicked thing. One of the earliest things I remember was my grandmother (who was very



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

A rare photograph of Lincoln, taken in the earlier days of his presidency before the strain of war had begun to show



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

"'Take it with you,' said General Grant, 'I'm not a horse thief!'"

fond of poetry) repeating Pope's "Homer's Illiad" to me. She used to sing me to sleep with it. I would wander off by myself through the woods at four or five years old and study and think. I know I was not over five or six years old when I began to have spells of thinking that the world was a failure — there was so much unhappiness in it, and so much cruelty. It would break my heart to see a horse struck, or a child teased or imposed upon, or any advantage taken of the helpless. I was much distressed because a cat was drowned by a neighbor for killing a favorite bird. I used to play with that cat, and I did not think it was just to kill a creature that did not know any better. As I grow older those childish impressions come back, my love for the classical writings revives, and in feeling I renew my early boyhood.

At School

My sister was smarter than I; she learned to read at five, while I did not learn until I was nearly seven. We were taught at home until I was about eight or nine years old, and then went to a log schoolhouse about a mile off, near the Sandy Spring Meeting House. That was the only school for miles around; some of the boys and girls walked five or six miles to and from school every day. We all took our lunches along and would play at recess when the weather was fine, and when raining and stormy we would sit around in the schoolhouse and repeat poetry and other things we had learned. The poetry I learned then I know still. Lochinvar, who "came out of the West," was one of my favorites.

The evenings were often spent in reading aloud by one of the family. "David Copperfield" was read as it was published, and the numbers reached us, and "Jane Eyre" also as it was published. And we had Washington Irving besides. A good many other books were read which were rather abstruse for me, but my sister and the rest could understand them.

The memory of those times of seventy-five years ago is as fresh in mind as though the events had happened yesterday. We were sent to bed at nine in the evening and called at half-past four in the morning. The habit of early rising has continued with me; I still usually wake up at half-past four. My father and mother always wished to have a quiet hour with their children every day. It might be called morning prayers, since questions of morality and all that makes life really worth while were the main subjects under discussion. Questions were asked, to which we all had a turn answering and presenting our point of view. I remember having taken the side that a bad promise was better broken than kept, that because it was bad it ceased to be a promise. The lesson that I thus learned proved of advantage in a talk I had with President McKinley. He had promised two Senators the appointment of a certain official — the Minister to the Argentine — which position was then filled by W. I. Buchanan, a good man, and an appointee of Cleveland's, and while the proposed new appointee was not a fit man, he told me he had made the promise and could not break it. I used the same argument with him that I used in winning my case as a boy of ten or twelve years old — that a bad promise is better broken than kept, and Buchanan was retained, and a warm friendship established with the President.

The influence of those mornings, which were continued from when I was about eight years old until I left home at eighteen, was of immense service. We always went over our lessons in the evening. With the regular school rudiments we studied, in addition, French and German, and my three brothers had Latin. Latin and Greek never appealed to me so much because they were known as dead languages, and my practical mind revolted from taking up anything that was dead. I merely touched the Greek language, and gave but little attention to Latin.

My schooling in earnest, however, began at fifteen, when I went to the celebrated Alexandria Boarding School, in charge of Benjamin Hallowell, who was well-known in educational circles throughout the country. He gave the school a high reputation, and there were even some college graduates there who had frittered away their time at college and came there to learn something. General Lee was a pupil with my father in the earlier days, and his son with me forty years after. Miss Mary Lee told me, when I met her in Norfolk during the Jamestown Exposition, that her father had spoken of that school as having furnished the most important part of his education.

In school vacations I made a turning lathe because I loved mechanics. My father came to the shop and said, "My son, thy time is wasted in trying

(*Continued on page 109*)

Secretary Edwin M. Stanton, to whom Lincoln turned over the "captured" Farquhar

Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

Nothing But the Truth

By Chester L. Lyman

Illustrated by P. V. E. Ivory

"Oh! It isn't true!" she fairly screamed. "Not a word of it is true"

OF the five hundred mining properties which made up the camp of Old Eden — about ten long miles or twenty short miles from Cape Nome Wells — five produced ore and four hundred and ninety-four produced dreams of fortune.

The other one — the five hundreth — was the Golden Fleece.

"Little Casino" Slade kept two men at work on the Golden Fleece, but he got from it neither rich ore nor dreams of fortune. On the contrary, he was the butt of every hard-handed, roughneck joker in Old Eden. Whenever in a public place mention was made of the Golden Fleece, "Little Casino" was moved to explain apologetically why he continued his hopeless prospecting. He felt he owed that much to his reputation for sanity.

"This here Golden Fleas is the last location old man Banes ever makes, and it's just about all he leaves behind him — this here Golden Fleas and a bundle of mining stock and a girl in San Francisco. Just before he dies he declares me in, equal partner with the girl — share and share alike — so I've just nacherally got to give her a run for her money."

The Golden Fleece was a good five miles from the Ruby Red and Old Eden's other producers. Its surface was of barren gray volcanic ash, pockmarked and ruffled after the strange, planless fashion the wind has of doing such things. The lazy breezes dabbled and played with this volcanic ash like children building and digging in the sand, minute by minute tracing new and always formless patterns. Only in the very early mornings was the Golden Fleece without its half dozen or more swift flitting spirals of dust.

The main road crossed the south-

eastern corner of the claim, and beside the road was a flimsy one-room cabin. "Little Casino" Slade had caused the cabin to be dragged there by four stout horses. Should he ever be fortunate enough to "get shut" of the Golden Fleece, he intended to haul the cabin away, and doubtless that humble structure would have welcomed almost any sort of change. When the wind was in one of its joking moods it clawed the light ashy soil from beneath one or another of the building's four corners and tilted it out of all seemliness.

There had been a fair likelihood at one time that Old Eden might purchase the Golden Fleece for a cemetery. That arrangement would have been perfect for every one concerned. Norah Banes would have had a little money; "Little Casino" Slade would have been relieved of an onerous and humiliating burden; and Old Eden would have had a quiet resting place, out of the beaten path of daily affairs, yet not so far away as to give the impression of want of feeling.

The deal fell through, possibly that the Golden Fleece might later play its part in manifesting the power of truth, spoken in due season — and where it had never before been heard.

"There ain't enough rock on the claim, barrin' a little up in the no'theast corner, to hold it down, as you might say," the committee reported. "The Golden Fleece is too loose an' indef'nite like. A man digs a little hole one day an' th' next day a gust o' wind comes along an' takes hole an' all over t'other side of the valley. Nothin' would suit us better than to do a good turn for 'Little Casino' Slade, him bein' one o' the pioneers in Old Eden and a game sport, but the Golden Fleece ain't, as you might say, permanent enough for a cemetery."

"LITTLE CASINO" received the adverse report without a murmur. The Golden Fleece's two-man crew, which had been enjoying a holiday in town, he rousted out of the Last Chance Saloon and ordered back to work. They went, but without enthusiasm.

"Hen" Peck, the elder of the two and a pensioner of "Little Casino" Slade, had worked on the claim for better than eight months and had not yet been able to dig a hole deep enough to hide in. "It's the dustiest mine I ever worked in," "Hen" declared. "A man can work all day shovelin' that gray ashy stuff out of a hole, an' if he no more than turns his back for a minute to spit, there ain't no more hole. It's just like eatin' peas with a fork, so far as ree-sults is concerned."

"If you're so anxious to put down a shaft that'll stay where you put it, you might take a crack at that bunch of rock over there on the no'theast corner of the claim," "Little Casino" remarked ironically.

"Hen" regarded appraisingly the little clump of weathered gray rock, barely holding its own against the encroaching waves of volcanic ash which threatened to submerge it. He elected to ignore the note of irony in his employer's voice. "It was hard rock I was aimin' to get away from, when I took this here job on the Golden Fleece, but some day — if this swirlin', driftin' stuff gets me mad enuff — "

"Little Casino" emitted a clucking noise. Thus he expressed disbelief.

"Some day," "Hen" continued menacingly, "I'll get so blame sick of the dust, I'll tear into that there rock just for spite."

"Little Casino" was weary of the subject. He brought the discussion to an abrupt conclusion. "Yeh, an' waste a lot of good powder on a burnt-out bunch of lava!"

The next morning, acting as he did often, on a sudden and unreasoning impulse, "Little Casino" embarked for San Francisco.

"I've been pestering around the blighted desert till my throat crackles like a dried sheepskin. I figured it was about time I was comin' down to the city to ree-gale myself some — an' wet my whistle."

So "Little Casino'" explained his advent to Tom Rooney, the white-aproned Nestor of the Pioneer Bar — that little nook of other days which hides itself not far from the Mining Exchange. To those initiated in the mysteries of mining, the serene and philosophic shade of the Pioneer Bar is familiar ground. The Old Timers — some of them in their day drank out of the same canteen with "Little Casino's" dad — find in the Pioneer a retreat for their sunset years. They listen quietly and intently — the courtesy of fellowship. They speak little, but their few words drip wisdom.

"Minin's my game," "Little Casino" expounded. "I've played it up, down and sideways, from soup to nuts, all except this Mining Exchange thing, with its stocks and margins and such like; an' now I figure to take a crack at that. The porter down at the hotel where I'm givin' my sootcase a rest has a friend that knows a man that says Consolidated Virginia is all set to tear the roof right off that Mining Exchange."

Not the least remarkable quality of gray-bearded experience is its silence. The little audience of Old Timers — not one of whom but had, at one time or another, suffered financially for his faith in Consolidated Virginia — made no comment. Tom Rooney, behind the bar, wagged his head and chuckled, but he directed his remarks to a row of polished glasses, "I s'pose a man do have to try ev'ything — once in his life!"

But Youth is an optimist. "I've got a little sack of change on me — about fourteen hundred bucks — and I figure to play it as hard as the game will stand for." "Little Casino's" imagination soared. "If their little old Exchange gets shook up much — why, I'll buy 'em a new one." With that and a wave of his hand he was off.

"Soberin' is what that lad needs," Steptoe Johnson remarked caustically some moments after the swing doors of the Pioneer had settled into repose.

"Silver-Top" McGuire was never caustic. "When a man is young it takes a pickaxe to sober him — much," he remarked with a smile in his voice.

"Or a wife," Tom Rooney added from behind the bar.

"Straight" Farquhar and Dan Riordan nodded their agreement.

OF the two other reasons for "Little Casino's" trip to San Francisco — neither one of which he so much as suspicioned — Sol Rosenblum was the second. Fate — "Old John P. Fate," as Tom Rooney always called him — had been gunning for Sol Rosenblum for quite some time, and needed "Little Casino" and the Golden Fleece "to make the play."

Sol's business, according to the gold lettering on his office window two doors below the Mining Exchange on Bush Street, was to buy and sell mining stocks, also mines. Four generations of busted speculators have contributed to the well-being of the house of Rosenblum, father and son. Another generation is coming up to follow in their steps.

Sol himself is a fat little man, nearer fifty than thirty, rather addicted to tight-fitting clothes of a not too subdued black and white check pattern, and a diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand. Twenty-five years on Bush Street had taught him two things: first, that "the higher they go the farther they have to fall" (with reference particularly to mining stocks); and, second, that all men are liars.

Sol did not know what a motto was, but had he known and had he appropriated such a thing to his own use it would have been this:

"Truth is Golden; so why should a man be too free with it?"

On this particular morning, some half hour before the opening of the Exchange, Sol sat at his desk — doing nothing. In fact, that is all he ever did at his desk. It was a resting place where he paused between raids into his neighbors' preserves. He sat at his desk and made figures on the back of an envelope, meaningless figures by attention to which he avoided the diligent and critical eye of the maiden lady who was in her one person the establishment's cashier, bookkeeper and stenographer.

Because Sol was in one of his moments of suspended business animation, he welcomed more eagerly the sound of the opening door. He had an instant "hunch" that the newcomer would make "action," and "action" was what Sol craved that morning.

He did not at once rise from his desk, nor did he turn his head. Only his puffily lidded eyes veered to the right and made a moment's appraising inspection of the stocky, sun-

burnt young man, who seemed not quite sure that he was in the right place.

Sol did not leave him long in doubt. An expansive welcoming smile spread over the broker's fat face, and he sprang from his chair with all the grace and agility that can be expected from a man five feet two inches tall, and two feet five inches thick.

It was a common saying on Bush Street that Sol Rosenblum "could smell new money."

"If it ain't 'Little Casino' Slade, come down from the desert, mebbe to take some of our money away from us, eh?"

"Little Casino" was flattered. He grasped and shook the pudgy hand that was extended to him across the counter. He noted the sparkling diamond ring on the little finger of the left hand. Something whispered a warning to him, but he brushed it out of mind, and got right down to business.

"Con. Virginia looks like an excursion to me," he remarked gaily and confidently, "and I figure to buy a ticket — one way."

Sol winked shrewdly and leaned across the counter to give the conversation a more impressive air of secrecy. "I guess you know a thing or two, eh? Leave it to you young fellers to get on the front seat of the band-wagon! 'A one-way ticket!' Ha! Ha! That's a good one!"

He leaned further over and glanced this way and that to be sure that he was not overheard. "Now, listen, 'Little Casino' — —"

The details would make another story. It is enough to say that Sol had his doubts about Con. Virginia, but had a perfectly good plan to "clean up" on United Horseshoes, a less known property in the same district.

"It's like shooting fish in a net, making money on this here United Horseshoes. Believe me, you owe me something for letting you in on it!" the fat little broker concluded in a hoarse whisper.

ONE hour later, just after "Little Casino" had "got hisself all spread out to make a killin'," the bottom dropped out of United Horseshoes, carrying with it that young man's fourteen hundred dollars in change and some three thousand dollars more, for which he drew a check.

"I believed you and you done me dirt," he charged Sol Rosenblum angrily. "You sold me out; you said you wouldn't sell a share of United Horseshoes until I sold mine and you lied — like a yellow dog! That's what you are — a yellow dog — a mangy, yellow dog, a-a-a mangy yellow dog — with a crooked tail!"

Sol was quite as bewildered as he looked. His surprise was not that "Little Casino" called him a liar. Lots of people had called him that. His surprise was that "Little Casino" should have believed him in the first place. He felt that he was being assailed without just cause, and he protested.

"You've got me wrong, 'Little Casino.' If I tell you that I'll pay you ten thousand dollars at noon or that I'll meet you for a game of golf at 5 P. M., that's a promise, y'understand — and I make good. That's business, y'understand; or mebbe it's a pleasure, but a mine ain't either one of them things, and it ain't reasonable to expect a man to tell the truth about a mine or a minin' deal —"

"But you said —" "Little Casino" tried to interrupt.

"AIN'T I just telling you it don't make any dif'rence what I said, if it's about a mine. What's a mine, anyhow, but a hole in the ground? One man can see as deep into a hole in the ground as the next one."

"But you swore on a book that you wouldn't sell a share of Horseshoe without letting me know, so I could get out, too," "Little Casino" argued sourly.

Sol agreed complacently. "Sure, I remember saying that."

"An' then you turn right around and sell out, and leave me high an' dry, holdin' the sack," the miner persisted.

Sol shrugged his shoulders from his belt up. He despaired of enlightening his client. "Talkin' to you, Mr. Slade, is like pourin' water off a duck's back down a rathole, y'understand. A man never gets nowhere. I ain't denyin' that I told you I wouldn't sell out from under you, am I? Sure, I said that! An' it was all bunk, an' you shouldn't have fell for it, you bein' a grown-up man, and havin' found your way down here to Bush Street without any nurse-girl leadin' you or nothin'."

Never before had "Little Casino" met such a naïve and guileless scoundrel. He retreated from the office to the street. He had no answer for such candor. He did not know the rules of this Bush Street game. If he had been out in the desert, where everyone played the game on the level, or if it were just a matter of a fight, and he could get his fingers into the fat folds of Sol Rosenblum's neck!

It has taken a long time to work around to this part of the story, which is, indeed, the most important part of it, so "Little Casino" insists. It was just here that he met the real reason for his trip to San Francisco — met her, stepped on her toe, and almost knocked her off the sidewalk.

"I suppose you think that's smart!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am —"Little Casino" snatched his white felt sombrero from his head — "I — I was — I was thinking — —"

"Indeed!" the diminutive young lady remarked. The single word, with its rising inflection, completed "Little Casino's" confusion. Had he not been so apparently and so wholly helpless, the young lady might have made a detour and left him standing on the sidewalk. In fact, she moved to do that very thing — and changed her mind. She glanced from the bewildered desert man to the door of Sol Rosenblum's office, hesitated a moment, then came to a decision.

"So Sol Rosenblum got you, too." Disdainfully, she flipped a bunch of gaudy stock certificates from under her arm, then summed up the situation in a sentence. "I suppose it just comes natural for a man to be silly. Sol Rosenblum sold these to my father."

"Little Casino's" eye clouded — "darkled" was the word that occurred to the girl. "Rosenblum lied to me!" he growled.

"'Lied to you!'" she mimicked. "What did you expect him to do? My, don't I wish I were a man! Wouldn't I fix him, Sol Rosenblum and all the rest of them! Wouldn't I — just!"

The girl's fists were clenched, her head cocked to one side, her chin up. "Little Casino" found himself grinning.

"It wouldn't do you any sort of good," he countered. "You wouldn't be any good at lyin'. In the first place, they're faster'n you, havin' more practise, an' besides — —"

"Then why not try the truth?" she interrupted impatiently. "Play a game they do not understand! I would, if I were a man. I would turn the laugh on Sol Rosenblum and I would do it with the truth. I would sell him the most worthless hole in the ground in Nevada and then dig it deeper and show him how worthless it was — *and laugh at him!*"

IT was a new idea, and it was a girl's idea, both of which items were against it. On the other hand, this particular girl was so earnest as suddenly to set fire to "Little Casino's" enthusiasm, and he realized that nothing would suit him better than to hear her laugh — very merrily — at Sol Rosenblum.

"Great!" he shouted. "And I've got the very hole in the ground for the job; it's one in a million—*The Golden Fleas.*"

The girl had been about to speak. She stopped abruptly, then asked a question, doubtfully, as if she were not prepared to hear the answer.

"Are you 'Little Casino' Slade?"

"Little Casino's" jaw dropped. "Now what do you know about that! I didn't s'pose ever'body in San Francisco would have heard about me pickin' around in that worthless old ashpit — an' would be laughin — —"

The girl's voice was softer now. "They don't know, Mr. Slade; and they have no right to laugh. I know because I am Norah Banes."

"Little Casino" Slade was late — it was past ten o'clock — in returning to the Pioneer Bar. He surged through the swinging doors, not as he had gone out in the morning for his foray on the Mining Exchange, jauntily and gaily; and not by any means as he had emerged from the heated interview with Sol Rosenblum, bewildered

and sore. He was a man with a purpose now, and a plan, which he was not long in explaining to the very select and elderly coterie gathered about the table in the far corner of the Pioneer.

The little grog shop was but meagerly lighted, as befitted that section of the city at night. The noise and bustle and traffic of daylight had long since ebbed farther up town. Bush Street's gambling fever, that had washed and eddied about the Pioneer throughout the day, had fled and left it unexcited, serene.

It was that — its air of serenity — that distinguished the place, so in tone was it with the time-marked bar and mirrored back-bar of mahogany, smoky and dark and curiously carved. These had been brought "around the Horn" in the '50s. Deep in the fancifully cut scrolls, gray dust had long ago turned black, deepening the play of the shadows and making soft contrast with the rich glow of the mellow wood.

Glasses, spoons, the lemon-squeezer, all the paraphernalia of the back-bar spoke of long habitude. One could not imagine these familiar things being used in haste or thoughtlessly. The clock above the table was a ticking clock. One hears a ticking clock but seldom nowadays.

Here, indeed, was a place for counsel, a serene place, as of wise men grown old.

The group about the table — "Straight" Farquhar, Dan Riordan, "Silver-Top" McGuire and "Steptoe" Johnson — heard the young man through with attention. Tom Rooney even paused in his never-ending tasks behind the bar.

"The idea bein' that when I bust in on Sol Rosenblum an' tell him the Golden Fleas is a no-count hole in the ground and that the ore in it ain't worth a dollar an' six bits a ton — both of them things bein' so true they're almost unbelievable — Sol will think I'm lyin' and will want to buy in right quick."

So "Little Casino" concluded his explanation.

"AND you say a girl told you that idea?" "Straight" Farquhar asked.

"Little Casino" nodded. "And some girl, I'm a-tellin' you!" he added to his nod.

"And how did she happen to pick you out for a con-fy-dant?" questioned "Silver-Top" McGuire. "Was you by any chanct a-standin' in the middle of Bush Street a-hollerin' for help; or is it usual nowadays for young wimin to be givin' ideas to all the strange, freckle-faced miners they see millin' around the streets?"

"It ain't either one o' them things," "Little Casino" growled. "It's just that I happens to bump into her — as a feller will do, you know, when he ain't lookin' — and she sees that I'm honest and truthful appearing. For her scheme it needs a man that's truthful and honest looking, and that's me."

Old "Steptoe" Johnson regarded the young man sourly. "Humph! I s'pose with a little tryin' you could tell some truth almost as easy as you kin lie — or salt a claim."

Dan Riordan was not much of a talker. He had been turning the entire problem over in his mind, paying no attention to the conversation going on about him. The last words caught his attention.

"THAT would be the best way; it's always the best way to catch a sucker. Just salt your mine and sell it to him. It's been done a lot of times, and it's going to be done a lot more times — and I don't suppose there's anybody easier to skin than a Bush Street broker. I'm against wasting a lot of facts on such as them. Tellin' the truth to a party like Sol Rosenblum is just the same as fattening swines up on pearls."

"Not by no means!" "Little Casino" exclaimed authoritatively. "Norah says that saltin' a mine is the same as sayin' there is ore there when there ain't, which is not the truth; so that settles that idea!"

Dan Riordan was not inclined to give up his idea so easily. "This Norah must be a big woman," he surmised questioningly. The solemn wink which he tossed across the room to Tom Rooney escaped "Little Casino" Slade.

"No, she ain't; she's a little bit of a thing," "Little Casino" contradicted.

"Oh — ho-o-o!" Dan quavered. "So that's the way of it. I might have known it —"

"You might have known what?" the younger man demanded truculently.

Dan ignored him, turning his attention to the other gray-beards. "It's what I've always said, little women are the ones to look out for; they carry a powerful wallop — like dynamite; I remember —"

"'Dynamite!'" "Little Casino" exclaimed. Then quite ostentatiously he changed the subject. "So I'm going up to Old Eden to pester around the Golden Fleas for a while."

"And then come back and unload a lot of truth on Sol Rosenblum," added Tom Rooney from behind the bar, where he was polishing a row of little glasses. "It's a good idea, if it's wor-rked r-right, truth being wan of those things that has to be handled with a lot of care."

"Little Casino" snorted. "Huh! It's easy to tell the truth. Norah say —"

Tom Rooney waved his white bar towel. "There be lots about truth that your-r little Miss Norah knows naught of, and less that you know, me boy. A light shines br-rightest in the dar-rk. If ever-ry man told the truth, who would ever-r hear-rd tell of Geor-rge Washington. Ponder that, and when you see Miss Norah in the mor-rnin' give to her the ree-gar-rds of us young fellehs, and whisper to her that we will be lendin' a hand makin' the dar-rkness of Bush Str-reet dar-rker." Just a trace of his soft brogue showed the enthusiasm with which he looked forward to the event. Tom Rooney always lapsed into brogue when he became much interested.

While "Little Casino" Slade in the Pioneer Bar was thus enlisting the support of his legion of gray-beards, Norah Banes was gazing at a narrow strip of stars, visible through the breach between two houses which did their best to shut the light from her back bedroom window.

Without doubt that had been the most remarkable day of her life. She was quite too astonished — at everything from the moment the young, freckle-faced, blue-eyed miner had bumped into her on the sidewalk to the moment he had handed her out of the taxicab, following dinner in a big jazz-filled café — to do more than gulp now and then. "Little Casino" would have admired to see her gulp. It is a very pretty gesture when the gulper is a mite of a girl with slender, mobile throat, and eyes and mouth that have learned what lonesomeness is.

Most of all was she astonished at her partner. Old Man Banes had been too busy dying, when he wrote his last letter to her, to go into such details as age and freckles and blue eyes; to do more, in fact, than make a last despairing effort to insure his girl's future. She had supposed always that her partner was of the same old vintage as "Silver-Top" McGuire and "Straight" Farquhar and her father's other old cronies.

AND what she had heard about the Golden Fleece was a shock, too. The Golden Fleece had been her one 'Great Expectation" for a long time; n a moment, "Little Casino" had demolished that. "The most worthless hole in the ground in Nevada," she had wanted to sell to Sol Rosenblum. "I've got it — the Golden Fleas," "Little Casino" had answered with such wholehearted enthusiasm as to leave no doubt of his sincerity.

At dinner, to which he had persuaded her on the ground that partners should talk over their "business" affairs, "Little Casino" lied royally to make good that slip of the tongue and mend her broken dream of fortune. "I—I might be mistaken, you know, N-Norah — a venturesome experiment, that Norah — The Golden Fleas has a chance. Nobuddy can tell where the Lord'll put gold these days."

"No," she answered firmly, "you looked too truthful when you said it, as if it was a real pleasure — just to say what you thought."

A new idea occurred to him, for which he was very sorry about one second after it was out of his mouth. "Why, Norah" — he spoke her name more bravely this time — "to show you how sure I am that the Golden Fleas has a chance I'll buy your half interest; I'll pay —"

That almost ended the dinner. "I will not hear another word!" she interrupted sharply. "I wouldn't take —"

"Little Casino" quickly and warily retraced his wordy steps. "I was just thinking — —"

"You were 'just thinking' to give me charity, and I won't have it!"

"But you would sell to Sol Rosenblum," suggested "Little Casino," wisely steering away from troubled conversational waters.

"It would serve Sol Rosenblum right," she snapped. "And I could laugh at him; and, besides, we would both be ahead — being partners — if we sold to him."

"Little Casino" gave this idea the consideration due it, taking time also, unbeknown to his diminutive co-conspirator, to be thankful that he was a partner. At last, very gravely, he shook his head. "Nope — selling the whole mine won't do. We can get only one laugh out of that — and that's yours. I want to get a laugh of my own."

Norah did not quite follow the young man's reasoning. It sounded all right, but — —

"I don't want to sell out — unless you sell out, too, Mr. Slade. I would feel that I was deserting — we're partners — and partners ought to stick together." She had not intended to say that, but it just seemed bound to get itself said.

"Little Casino" swallowed hard, then spoke authoritatively. "Your half must go first; you get your money and your laugh, and then I'll get rid of my half."

"How?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Oh, don't you worry none about my half; I'll get rid of it," "Little Casino" assured her. "I've got a plan of my own for that — and I'll have a good laugh, too."

In fact he did have a plan, though Norah, looking at the stars long after she should have been asleep, would scarcely have been satisfied with it had she been informed of its simple details. That information "Little Casino" had reserved for his friends of the Pioneer Bar.

"We'll get one good laugh on Sol Rosenblum when he pays a fancy price for Norah's half interest in that old ashpit, but everybody on Bush Street is going to laugh when I *give* him my half — for nothing."

THE habitués of the Pioneer Bar were fast workers, and willing. Dan Riordan was inclined to be rebellious at first.

"I ain't saying," he argued, "that Sol Rosenblum won't fall for this truth racket. What I don't like about it is that it's a new wrinkle in the mining game. It's kind of — of — of unfair — like slipping in a cold deck in the middle of a game; and, besides, it isn't necessary. There's always been one sure and certain way to trim a sucker — a wise — sucker — like Sol Rosenblum; just shoot a bunch of coarse gold into a pile of rock and let him assay it. That's the way it's been done as long as I can remember, and before that, too; and I don't see any use in changing."

Neither had "Steptoe" Johnson been heartily in favor of the plan, but Dan Riordan's opposition put the matter in a different light. "Steptoe" leveled an accusing forefinger at the objection. "If it wasn't that people tried new things, Dan Riordan, we'd still be eatin' beans with a nut cracker, 'stead of boilin' 'em. It's old mossbacks like you — —"

"Me — old?" Dan challenged. "Huh! I wasn't anything but a toddler when you was wearing out your second razor; I — —"

"Steptoe's" answer was soft. "So? Now don't that just show that a man can't be believin' ever'thing he hears — —"

"WHAT'VE you been hearing, 'Steptoe'?" Dan demanded suspiciously.

"Steptoe" allowed his victim to dangle a moment before he utterly slew him. The others cocked their ears.

"It's common talk, Dan, or anyhow, it was common talk when my gran'dad was alive, that you was that identical boy that used to tease Methuselah when he was a baby and — —"

"Silver-Top" McGuire chortled and even "Straight" Farquhar smiled. "Let be, Dan," he admonished that red-faced disputant. "Your wits are too slow to keep up with a youngster like 'Steptoe.'"

"Ar-r-h! Too slow!" Dan growled. "Before you're through you will all be wishin' you had salted the Golden Fleece, and you'll be wanting me to do the job for you, mark my word!"

The very next morning Sol Rosenblum happened to see two gray-haired old gentlemen squinting at a piece of rock and scratching it with a knife, and wetting it and otherwise going through the motions that all old miners go through when they examine a piece of rock from a new "strike." He slowed his hurrying steps, stopping finally within hearing distance of them. It was in the corridor of the Mining Exchange. The place was thronged with miners, stock brokers, clerks from stores near by and far away, tattered old women — "mud-hens" they call them on Bush Street — bankers and bums. Mines and talk of mines were in the air.

"Luck ain't no name for it," he heard one of the gray-beards say to another. "'Little Casino' Slade is that lucky a rabbit's foot beside him looks like bad news."

"Sure," the other agreed, taking a closer squint at the little bit of rock. "An' until 'Little Casino' Slade sinks his pick into it the Golden Fleece never shows so much as a color."

That was the first news Sol had of the Golden Fleece, a loose trifle which he picked up by the way, as it were. "Steptoe" Johnson added to his fund of information. "Mind you, I ain't sayin' that I know anythin' about this here strike that 'Little Casino's' gone and made for hisself," "Steptoe" quibbled, "an' I'm not one o' them fellers that goes pussy-footin' around gossipin' about things he doesn't know anything about. But it sounds likely to me. For why? Because this here 'Little Casino' is sech a wuthless, lazy hound. It's the likes of him that always falls into a pot of money. Me, now, I could go out and dig holes in the desert till the end of time, an' I wouldn't get no more than a blister on my hand. That's how lucky I am."

"Sure, but a feller can't go believin' everything he hears on this street — 'ticularly about a mine," Sol objected.

"I ain't believin' it," "Steptoe" assured him. "If all the things that was discovered on this street was gold, buildin' rock would be scarce by comparison."

"Silver-Top" McGuire made the rumor yet stronger by his disbelief. "The very idear of thishyere 'Little Casino' findin' a mine! He couldn't find the High Life Dance Hall, even if the band was a-playin'; that's how good a finder he is."

Not a day passed that Sol did not get some news of the strike. It came by "desert wireless," a chance word here and another there. The very "chanciness" of the whole thing worked on Sol's inborn superstition. It was a "hunch," and he watched eagerly for new developments.

A stray page from a scrawled letter, left by some oversight on the counter of his desk, was one of these developments. Sol might have swept the stray page into the wastebasket had not his quick eye roaming halfway down the page caught the words "Golden Fleas." The page was neither the first nor the last of the letter, and it contained neither the name of the writer nor of the person to whom it was addressed, but it might well have been written by "Little Casino" Slade himself.

"ABOUT the leese you want on the Golden Fleas, I can't give no leeses without talkin' it over with my pardner, which is a woman by name Norah Banes. She owns a ½ intrest with me out of her dad dyin and leavin it to her and me. She is the air. Being a woman thataway, if she knew how rich the Golden Fleas was she wouldn't leese a ft. of it not even to old friends. If I can get her out — —"

There the page ended.

Sol had no more than finished the reading of it — and got it out of sight — when Tom Rooney, stout, rubicund and worried, drifted into the office. His quick eyes searched this way and that, over the counter and into the far corners of the room.

"'Dja lose somethin', Rooney?" Sol inquired solicitously.

"Just a bit of a letter," Tom answered. "It must've slipped from me pocket — you haven't seen it, have ye, 'Rosie'?"

Sol shook his little round head very positively. "Not here you ain't lost no letter, Rooney; because, y'understand, if you'd lost a letter here I would've saved it for you."

Tom Rooney cast a doubtful last

glance about the room, then edged his way out. "I must've dr-ropped it on the str-reet," he murmured. Once beyond sight of Sol's office he quickened his steps toward the Pioneer Bar.

"He's hooked!" Tom announced gleefully, "an' lucky it is for me, before I got the writer's cramp. That's the seventh letter-r I've dr-ropped under-r his ver-ry nose. Now, 'Little Casino,' all is set for you to come back from the desert. Cut loose!"

Luck, the stage manager of the mining game, marshals his puppets and his scenes always with an eye to the dramatic, else there would be no mining booms.

Mystery, hope and hysteria make mining booms, take possession of the faculties of the sanest and most hard-headed of men, and buffet them into fortune and out of it with all the slap-stick abandon of painted clowns.

The boom in Old Eden had laid its spell on Bush Street, and, among others, on Sol Rosenblum. Sane business men may say that they would never have done what Sol Rosenblum did, but sane business men are never caught in the vortex of mining booms. When they are caught they cease to be sane, a simple explanation, but true.

Sol believed that he was considering the Golden Fleece with all the cool level-headedness of a sane business man. He imagined himself in the place of "Little Casino" Slade. If he had made a big strike he would have been just as secret about it as "Little Casino" Slade had been. Still putting himself in the miner's place, he projected himself into the future and saw exactly what "Little Casino" would do next.

One thing only was possible. "Little Casino" must assuredly do that thing, to wit: see Norah Banes and buy her half interest in the property before she discovered its value. That is what Sol would have done had he been in the miner's place.

TO think these things had taken Sol no such time as to tell them. His conclusions were instantaneous when he read the scrap of the letter which, by such good fortune, had fallen into his hands. The next move was to an old ledger, containing the names of customers long since broke — most of them dead. The ink in that ledger was quite faded, but not so completely that he could not find the name of old man Banes, and his address, a number on Waller Street, in a dingy, long-neglected part of the city.

Sol made a note of this, attended to one or two other matters that were urgent, gave some curt orders to his maiden lady cashier, seized his check-book and popped out the door — just in time to meet "Little Casino" Slade face to face.

Not until later in the day did it occur to Sol that such a pat meeting could not have occurred without somebody's premeditation. At the moment he was startled and confused, wherefore he greeted the miner over-effusively.

"Where've you been, 'Little Casino'? I ain't seen you for a couple of weeks," he exclaimed, while he pumped the latter's hand up and down.

"I ain't been nowhere much, except to pester around Old Eden for a few days. Is there anything doing these days in United Horseshoes, or in any of them other pitfalls?" "Little Casino" inquired innocently.

SOL ignored the unpleasant subject of United Horseshoes. His active imagination told him that "Little Casino's" air of inconsequence was a trifle overacted. "Did'ja get on to anything good up there this time?" he inquired shrewdly.

Sol watched closely for some effect of this last shot, but not by so much as a flicker of an eyelash did "Little Casino" betray the fact of making a big strike. On the contrary, his attitude of careless indifference became even more pronounced.

"Nothin' much," he answered. "I've been peckin' around on the Golden Fleas — fixin' it up to slip to a sucker. You don't happen to have a sucker on your list, do you, 'Rosie'?"

Sol gulped. There remained to him now not a single lingering doubt as to the strike of the Golden Fleece. He even allowed himself the luxury of a slight feeling of pity for "Little Casino's" baldly transparent lies. He put one more question. He knew what the answer would be, but could not resist enjoying the amateurish blundering of this Bush Street novice.

"I've been told, 'Little Casino,' that your ledge is only about three inches wide and that it won't assay mor'n six bits a ton — is that right?"

The eyes of the two locked. The miner answered slowly and as if he were reciting a lesson. "Well, now, 'Rosie,' I would say that th' ledge was a little wider'n that — mebbe a foot wide in some places; but I don't think the devil hisself could get six bits a ton out of it." As if this ended the conversation, "Little Casino" turned to continue on his way, then stopped. "By the way, 'Rosie,' whereabouts is Waller Street? I — I've got a aunt lives out there, and — er — I better go out and tell her I got back safe from Nevada."

The broker was thinking fast now. "Waller Street — Waller Street — that's in Oakland. Anybody over there can point it out to you; but y'understand, 'Little Casino,' I'm in a hurry now, an' I've got to be movin'."

A minute and a half later "Little Casino" was in a telephone booth. "Is it you, Norah?" he demanded excitedly. "Get ready now — Sol Rosenblum is on his way out to see you and has his checkbook with him!"

It took an hour to settle the business out on Waller Street. Twenty thousand dollars was the good round sum which "Little Casino" and the old "Pioneers" had convinced Norah she should get. Sol did everything but shed tears, but the bargain was finally made and sealed with his check for one thousand dollars. Nineteen thousand dollars more Sol agreed to pay before the banks closed at three o'clock that afternoon on pain of forfeiting the first thousand. He would have paid the entire sum at once could his checking account have stood the strain.

Sol was out of the Waller Street house only a minute or so before Norah. She was that long telephoning the glad tidings to "Little Casino," waiting in the Pioneer Bar. The two boarded the same downtown car, he with his newly acquired option stowed safely in an inside pocket and she with her check for one thousand dollars clasped tight in her hand.

On the face of things it looked like Truth, the unknown amateur, had scored a knockout. However, at that very moment, something of utmost importance to the owners of the Golden Fleece had become known to all the world except them. The world gathered in wide-eyed excitement in front of the Stock Exchange. Not many minutes thereafter "Little Casino" and his bodyguard of graybeards sallied forth in that direction to meet and enjoy the final triumph of Miss Norah Banes.

Theirs was the spirit of jubilee. That nineteen thousand once in Norah's hands, they planned to serenade Sol Rosenblum with every note in the scale of mocking laughter.

"I GUESS there ain't nothin' in the world so deceivin' as truth," observed "Steptoe" Johnson.

"Onless it's a banana peel," "Silver-Top" McGuire amended.

"An' providin' it's handled sparing and artistical," this from "Straight" Farquhar, who spoke little, but always wisely. "For why, I think most of th' credit for this —"

Dan Riordan was not yet to agree. "It works all right; but it's too much trouble. The old ways is the best ways. Just take a piece of rock an' hammer some gold into it; that's all your sucker wants to see — just a piece of rock with some gold in it —"

They turned a corner just then and came in sight of the Stock Exchange.

"'Tis a fight!" Tom Rooney exclaimed, pressing forward the faster.

"Or a funeral," "Straight" Farquhar added.

"Little Casino" said nothing. He had an instant premonition of something gone askew. That crowd, tense and peering toward a common center, might have gathered for any one of a thousand other reasons, but something — the aching emptiness in the pit of his stomach — told "Little Casino" that Misfortune had come to him.

"Perhaps Sol had been run over — and killed — before paying that nineteen thousand dollars."

That thought flashed through his

(*Continued on page 121*)

The Philosopher

By W. Somerset Maugham

IT was surprising to find so vast a city in a spot that seemed so remote. From its walls, towards sunset, you could see the snowy mountains of Thibet. It was so populous that you could walk at ease only on the walls, and it took a rapid walker three hours to complete their circuit. There was no railway within a thousand miles, and the river on which it stood was so shallow that only junks of light burden could safely navigate it. Five days in a sampan were needed to reach the upper Yang-tze. For an uneasy moment you asked yourself whether trains and steamships were as necessary to the conduct of life as we who use them every day consider; for here a million persons throve, married, begat their kind, and died; here a million persons were busily occupied with commerce, art and thought. And here lived a philosopher of repute, the desire to see whom had been to me one of the incentives of a somewhat arduous journey. He was the greatest authority in China on the Confucian learning. He was said to speak English and German with facility. He had been for many years secretary to one of the Empress Dowager's greatest viceroys, but he lived now in retirement. On certain days in the week, however, all through the year he opened his doors to such as sought after knowledge and discoursed on the teachings of Confucius. He had a body of disciples, but it was small, since the students, for the most part, preferred to his modest dwelling and his severe exhortations the sumptuous buildings of the foreign university and the useful science of the barbarians; with him this was mentioned only to be scornfully dismissed. From all I heard of him I concluded that he was a man of character.

WHEN I announced my desire to meet this distinguished person my host immediately offered to arrange a meeting; but the days passed and nothing happened. I made inquiries, and my host shrugged his shoulders.

"I sent him a chit and told him to come along," he said. "I don't know why he hasn't turned up. He's a cross-grained old fellow."

I did not think it was proper to approach a philosopher in so cavalier a fashion, and I was hardly surprised that he had ignored a summons such as this. I caused a letter to be sent asking in the politest terms I could devise whether he would allow me to call upon him, and within two hours received an answer making an appointment for the following morning at ten o'clock.

I was carried in a chair. The way seemed interminable. I went through crowded streets and through streets deserted till I came at last to one, silent and empty, in which at a small door in a long white wall my bearers set down my chair. One of them knocked, and, after a considerable time, a peep-hole was opened; dark eyes looked through; there was a brief colloquy, and finally I was admitted. A youth, pallid of face, wizened, and poorly dressed, motioned me to follow him. I did not know if he was a servant or a pupil of the great man. I passed through a shabby yard and was led into a long, low room, sparsely furnished with an American roll-top desk, a couple of blackwood chairs and two little Chinese tables. Against the walls were shelves on which were a great number of books; most of them, of course, were Chinese, but there were many philosophical and scientific works in English, French and German, and there were hundreds of unbound copies of learned reviews. Where books did not take up the wall space hung scrolls on which, in various calligraphies, were written, I suppose, Confucian quotations. There was no carpet on the floor. It was a cold, bare and comfortless chamber. Its somberness was relieved only by a yellow chrysanthemum which stood by itself on the desk in a long vase.

I waited for some time, and the youth who had showed me in brought a pot of tea, two cups, and a tin of Virginian cigarettes. As he went out the philosopher entered. I hastened to express my sense of the honor he did me in allowing me to visit him. He waved me to a chair and poured out the tea.

"I am flattered that you wished to see me," he returned. "Your countrymen deal only with coolies and with compradores; they think every Chinese must be one or the other."

I VENTURED to protest. But I had not caught his point. He leaned back in his chair and looked at me with an expression of mockery.

"They think that they have but to beckon and we must come."

I saw then that my friend's unfortunate communication still rankled. I did not quite know how to reply. I murmured something complimentary.

He was an old man, tall, with a thin gray cue, and bright, large eyes under which were heavy bags. His teeth were broken and discolored. He was exceedingly thin, and his hands, fine and small, were withered and claw-like. I had been told that he was an opium smoker. He was very shabbily dressed in a black gown, a little black cap, both much the worse for wear, and dark gray trousers gartered at the ankle. He was watching. He did not know quite what attitude to take up, and he had the manner of a man who was on his guard. Of course, the philosopher occupies a royal place among those who concern themselves with the things of the spirit, and we have the authority of Benjamin Disraeli that royalty must be treated with abundant flattery. I seized my trowel. Presently I was conscious of a certain relaxation in his demeanor. He was like a man who was all set and rigid to have his photograph taken, but hearing the shutter click lets himself go and eases into his natural self. He showed me his books.

Decision

by

John Drinkwater

Had we our bodies to provide
With rule for an eternal date
Well should our intellectual pride
Upon the years for witness wait,
Holding our adversary's will
But heresy for time to kill.

But here where but a mood goes by
And we are folded from the sun,
In marriage of the grave to lie,
And every argument is done,
Each burning hour of argument
Is but in wrangling folly spent.

I will no cunning words devise;
Once told, I can but let you be
In your own patient counsel wise
Of my love's simple honesty,
While somewhere is an acre sown
That shall instruct us, bone by bone.

"I took the Ph.D. in Berlin, you know," he said. "And afterwards I studied for some time in England. But the English, if you will allow me to say so, have no great aptitude for philosophy."

Though he put the remark apologetically, it was evident that he was not displeased to say a slightly disagreeable thing.

"We have had philosophers who have not been without influence in the world of thought," I suggested.

"Hume and Berkeley. The philosophers who taught at Oxford when I was there were anxious not to offend their theological colleagues. They would not follow their thought to its logical consequences in case they should jeopardize their position in collegiate society."

"Have you studied the modern developments of philosophy in America?" I asked.

"Are you speaking of Pragmatism? It is the last refuge of those who want to believe the incredible. I have more use for American petroleum than for American philosophy."

His judgments were tart. We sat down once more and drank another cup of tea. He began to talk with fluency. He spoke a somewhat formal, but an idiomatic, English. Now and then he helped himself out with a German phrase. So far as it was possible for a man of that stubborn character to be influenced, he had been influenced by Germany. The method and the industry of the Germans had deeply impressed him, and their philosophical acumen was patent to him when a laborious professor published in a learned magazine an essay on one of his own writings.

"I have written twenty books," he said. "And that is the only notice that has ever been taken of me in a European publication."

BUT his study of Western philosophy had only served in the end to convince him that wisdom, after all, was to be found within the limits of the Confucian canon. He accepted its philosophy with conviction. It answered the needs of his spirit with a completeness which made all foreign learning seem vain. I was interested in this because it bore out a little theory of mine that philosophy is an affair of character rather than of logic; the philosopher believes not according to evidence, but according to his own temperament, and his thinking merely serves to make reasonable what his whole self regards as true. If Confucianism gained so firm a hold on the Chinese, it is because it explained and expressed them as no other system of thought could do.

My host lit a cigarette. His voice at first had been thin and tired, but as he grew interested in what he said it gained volume. He talked vehemently. There was in him none of the repose of the sage. He was a polemist and a fighter. He loathed the modern cry for individualism. For him society was the unit and the family the foundation of society. He upheld the old China and the old school, monarchy, and the rigid canon of Confucius. He grew violent and bitter as he spoke of the students, fresh from foreign universities, who with sacrilegious hands tore down the oldest civilization in the world.

"BUT you, do you know what you are doing?" he exclaimed. "What is the reason for which you deem yourselves our betters? Have you excelled us in arts or letters? Have our thinkers been less profound than yours? Has our civilization been less elaborate, less complicated, less refined than yours? Why, when you lived in caves and clothed yourselves with skins we were a cultured people. Do you know that we tried an experiment which is unique in the history of the world? You know something about our old system of examination?

"We sought to rule this great country not by force, but by wisdom. And for centuries we succeeded. Then why does the white man despise the yellow? Shall I tell you? Because he has invented the machine gun. That is your superiority. We are a defenseless horde, and you can blow us into eternity. You have shattered the dream of our philosophers that the world could be governed by the power of law and order. And now you are teaching our young men your secret. You have thrust your hideous inventions upon us. Do you not know that we have a genius for mechanics? Do you not know that there are in this country four hundred millions of the most practical and industrious people in the world? Do you think it will take us long to learn? And what will become of your superiority when the yellow man can make as good guns as the white and fire them as straight? You have appealed to the machine gun, and by the machine gun shall you be judged."

But at that moment we were interrupted. A little girl came softly in and nestled close up to the old gentleman. She stared at me with curious eyes. He told me that she was his youngest child. He put his arms round her, and, with a murmur of caressing words, kissed her fondly. She wore a black coat, and trousers that barely reached her ankles, and she had a long pig-tail hanging down her back. She was born on the day the revolution was brought to a successful issue by the abdication of the emperor.

"I thought she heralded the spring of a new era," he said. "She was but the last flower of this great nation's fall."

From a drawer in his roll-top desk he took a few pieces of cash, and, handing them to her, sent her away.

"You see that I wear a cue," he said, taking it in his hands. "It is a symbol. I am the last representative of the old China."

He talked to me more gently now, of how philosophers in long past days wandered from state to state with their disciples, teaching all who were worthy to learn. Kings called them to their councils and made them rulers of cities. His erudition was great, and his eloquent phrases gave a multicolored vitality to the incidents he related to me of the history of his country. I could not help thinking him a somewhat pathetic figure. He felt in himself the capacity to administer the state, but there was no king to entrust him with office, he had vast stores of learning which he was eager to impart to the great band of students that his soul hankered after, and there came to listen but a few wretched, half-starved and obtuse provincials.

Once or twice discretion had made me suggest that I should take my leave, but he had been unwilling to let me go. Now, at last, I was obliged to. I rose. He held my hand.

"I should like to give you something as a recollection of your visit to the last philosopher in China, but I am a poor man, and I do not know what I can give you that would be worthy of your acceptance."

I protested that the recollection of my visit was in itself a priceless gift. He smiled.

"Men have short memories in these degenerate days, and I should like to give you something more substantial. I would give you one of my books, but you cannot read Chinese."

He looked at me with an amicable perplexity. I had an inspiration.

"Give me a sample of your calligraphy," I said.

"WOULD you like that?" he smiled. "In my youth I was considered to wield the brush in a manner that was not entirely despicable."

He sat down at his desk, took a fair sheet of rice paper, and placed it before him. He poured a few drops of water on a stone, rubbed the ink stick in it, and took his brush. With a free movement of the arm he began to write. And as I watched him I remembered with not a little amusement something else which had been told of him. It appeared that the old gentleman, whenever he could scrape a little money together, spent it riotously in the street inhabited by ladies to describe whom a euphemism is generally employed. His eldest son, an assistant magistrate in the city, was vexed and humiliated by the scandal of this behavior; and only his strong sense of filial duty prevented him from treating the reprobate with severity. I dare say that to a son such looseness would be disconcerting, but the student of human nature could look upon it with equanimity. Philosophers are apt to elaborate their theories in the study, forming conclusions upon life which they know only at second hand, and it has seemed to me often that their works would have a more definite significance if they had exposed themselves to the vicissitudes which befell the common run of men. I was

(*Continued on page 126*)

In-Bad the Failer

By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan

"There is a tech — nic of success;
Made part of our — equipment, it —"

BLUP! Out of the fog and night something came against my bungalow door with a damp thud, such might conceivably have resulted from the impact of a drowned cat cast violently at the panels.

I am not a nervous man; but — arranging my tie here in the living room, where hung the only mirror of decent size that my dwelling contained — had I perhaps raised my voice with a disposition to intone those lines from our credo?

"Hello the house!"

I knew that voice — yet it could not be; Dane Seacrest was out of California, as far away as the oil fields of Yucatan, demonstrating there the principles I had taught him as a member of my Monday Success Circle.

"Open up!"

Another onslaught made the hinges jump and rattle. I hesitated, scarf in hand; the door gave a final hiccup and swung back. Standing there, his head almost brushing the lintel, I had barely an instant to know that my visitor was, as he himself would have put it, "giving me the eye", when the electric lights went off like a trick, and I said to him in the dark:

"Well, this is a surprise! But I am certainly delighted —"

"Let your voice fall at surprise," he rasped at me. "Are you ready, Gill?"

"Ready for what? Come in — or rather stay right where you are till I find the matches and a candle. These electrics are — wait —"

I WAS groping on the shelf to produce the humbler light we always keep at hand here in Siloam, for just this emergency, but I heard Seacrest make a long step across the threshold. Bang! He must be encountering an attractive but somewhat frail stool I had recently bought from the curio man in Liveoak. After that it sounded as though he backed into my gypsy table! I heard a vase crash and his voice said evenly:

"Paragraph three, section two, credo of Ralph Emory Gill's Success Circle — with improvements by One-Who-Has-Tried-'Em-Out. 'There is a technic of success — even if it's success in falling down-stairs — and I've got it.'"

Fumbling in the dark, getting toothpicks instead of matches, trying to light them, finding the sharp end with my thumb, I felt that curious sinking of the heart that Seacrest always seemed able to produce in me. No fit attitude for a teacher toward a pupil.

"Why this is glorious — glorious!" I hurried to say. "Me on my way to the Monday night meeting, you dropping in like Sindbad the Sailor to recount to us all the wonders of your voyagings."

"In-Bad the Failer," he parodied my words, sardonically.

AT last I got a candle to light. Peering at him in that dim illumination, he looked a trampish version of Mephisto. That scalp-lock which Lyria called his fighting signal was standing up; his face seemed strangely alive, and somehow dangerous; he wore, if I may be so poetic, the look that Lucifer might have worn after being pushed out of heaven, if he had landed on this, our earth, and was just picking himself up ready to start in for business with the inhabitants thereof. I glimpsed the damage he had done; it seemed impossible that any human being could have so wrecked the room in merely getting half way across it.

"Well, but —" I stared at him. The linen-duster-like thing he had on looked as though he might have slept in it.

"In-Bad the Failer," he grinned at me maliciously. "The man who's conquered the technic of making a thorough success of failure. Come on, Gilly, I want to go up to the meeting with you and see some one there."

I set my candle on the shelf and completed the adjusting of my neckwear. It was irritating to have him watch me, and know that my fingers were not so steady as I could have wished.

"You've got it around under your ear," he said. "Makes you look as if you'd been hung and cut down."

"Thank you." Preparing for departure, a new idea struck me. "Take the Morris chair over there," I suggested soothingly; "you must be tired."

"I am." There is a curious timbre to Seacrest's voice. I should be glad to be able to say any two words as he said those. It would be most effective in public speaking. But he only glanced at the chair, and moved a little impatiently in the direction of the door.

"Why not stay here, then, and rest?" I bent to the lower shelf of the table for two or three books I needed. "I suppose it was Lyria you wanted to see down at the meeting? I will carry any message you wish to send to her."

"Man," the sudden question exploded behind me, "were you ever kicked?"

"Kicked?" I turned swiftly about.

"All right," he said darkly, "move — if you don't want to be. Others have been."

I backed away — keeping my face to him, for a moment almost impelled to remind him that I was considerably his senior in years; that with him was the advantage in height and weight. Then I controlled the mere physical tremor, assuring myself that this was no more than his idea of wit.

"Shake a leg," he growled, "or we'll be late for the show."

"Is this wise?" I demanded of him. "Is it kind?"

"Kind? I don't get you."

"To me. Is it kind to me. I take it you really intend to go to my meeting in that sort of a coat, and — and —"

"This sort of pants," he finished for me. "Well, if I had any intention of doing so," he purposely left me guessing, "you would but have to object, of course, old dear."

"IT should be so," I agreed, with a little excusable heat. "These meta-physical classes which I teach have success for their watchword. My future — my present income, even — depends on keeping the tone affirmative. Are you, I ask, in an affirmative mood? And for heaven's sake, do you look affirmative?"

"You made me what I am
to-night,
I hope you're satisfied;"

then, as I disdained to reply to such levity, "All right. It was only Lyria I wanted to see; she's the only thing that counts down there. You don't even know that it's she who has made you and your Success Circle — made them. Come on. I want to see Lyria once — in the light — face to face — and then I won't trouble any of you further."

Getting through the door he dived suddenly, retrieved and thrust into the pocket of that flapping garment a sodden bundle, evidently the object he had thrown against the panels to attract my notice.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Fame and fortune." He strode ahead; I was very nearly running to keep up with him. And he continued to laugh — or snort — at intervals.

"You're a good scout, Mrs. Buxton," he said. "Lots of people whose money I'd rather have lost than yours"

It is not far from my bungalow to the club rooms of the Handicraft League. The Hall is made use of also by the entertaining squad of the Boy Scouts, Miss Hiffert's classes in batik, the Wesleyan Methodists for Sunday services, the firemen and others when they wish to give a dance. Ours are open meetings; silver offerings at the door; I was not situated to exclude any one from them. Did Seacrest, after all, mean to go to this one? Could I tide it over some way, and stave him off? In my nervousness, I began to talk fast. Before I knew what I was saying I found myself opening up to this most unsympathetic listener a long-cherished intention of mine to branch out; having done so well here, to try a larger field: Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Pasadena.

As we walked the dim way over the sand trails — Siloam has as yet no streets, for sidewalks there are paths through chaparral — he listened in a silence that was no less than ominous. At last:

"You couldn't put it across without Lyria," he said insultingly, "not even in a little three-up village like this. When you move out where money's plenty, and the nuts grow thick on the bough — does the lady go with you? Is that it?"

"She assuredly will if she is offered the opportunity," I gave him back with some sharpness.

We were near enough to the hall now that I could see through the windows the heads and shoulders of my seated audience, hear the phonograph playing a selection from Aida. Lyria had, as usual, been early, and held my meeting together for me; that dear girl could cover an awkward moment of delay as gracefully as I did myself. Seacrest startled me with a sort of snarl.

"Well, am I to congratulate you?"

I rather surprised myself by answering, "You may if you like."

It was a tremendous relief when Lyria herself opened the vestibule door and came running down to us. Now he would see her, and go on. She'd help me get rid of him. In the flurry of the encounter it did not seem strange to me that she showed no surprise at his presence, none at his broken shoes and preposterous clothing.

"Come in here, Dane Seacrest!" she cried almost sternly — anyhow, the tone was stern for Lyria.

He made no answer. I hastily spoke for him.

"No, no, Lyria. He doesn't want to. Not to-night. Later. He's not fit —"

"Been drinking, do you mean?" No repugnance in Lyria's tone, rather a curious relief. She drew nearer. "Oh, that doesn't matter!"

"Not." At last Seacrest spoke. "I'm painfully sober. But I don't want to go in there."

"Makes no difference what either of you wants," Lyria was half laughing, an incorrigible mood of hers with which I was fairly familiar. "In he goes."

She got him as far as the vestibule, and there he pulled back defiantly in front of the plate where lay the evening's silver offering — mainly two-bit pieces and dimes, with a scattering of halves, and the whole dollar which is Mrs. Buxton's regular contribution.

"Huh! That settles it. Cannot enter. Haven't got the price."

"Don't be ridiculous. The silver's a free-will offering. No one has to pay." Lyria shook his arm.

"One minute. Wait." He prodded with a forefinger up the cuffless sleeve of his coat, bringing down that Navajo bracelet which it has been his whim to wear ever since I have known him, saying, "Leave Snakoo the Snake pay my way, lady."

"Your serpent of wisdom? No, indeed. I'll not let you do that." And she spread both hands over the plate.

There is something unusual about Lyria's hands. They are helpless looking, very small for a grown woman; and, though she is apt to rate joy in physical terms — she told me once that reading the Sermon on the Mount made all her flesh happy on her bones — those hands of hers indubitably emanate pathos. Seacrest looked down at them now, lifted one and laid his bracelet under. From regarding them his glance wandered to a full survey of her figure.

"What a thrilling frock!" he said at last in an undertone, as one who bears reluctant testimony.

"Oh, do you like it?" Before my face and eyes, without asking me a word, she slipped that Indian bracelet of his on her wrist, straightened up and, raising her arms a bit, turned like a mannequin to display her costume. I had noticed at my first glimpse of her that it seemed to be something much beyond the occasion.

"Is that a new dress you have on?" I asked uncompromisingly.

"Very new," she smiled, waiting for Seacrest to speak.

"It looks expensive." I had noted with great surprise the richness of the material.

"Oh, it is. Mrs. Buxton gave me the crepe de chine for it. Some she brought over from China. I did the decorations in the batik class."

"Frankly," I said, "I find it rather gaudy — rather gaudy."

I WAS obliged to suppose that neither of them heard me. They stood looking at each other as though I had not been there. It would be idle to deny that Lyria was attractive; but I am a stickler for neatness, and her hair, thick, black, very fine and inclined to curl — I believe some one has said that a woman's hair is her chief glory — was always, to my thinking, more or less untidy. To-night it seemed to drift like a kind of cloud about her small pointed face and above her eyes — strange eyes, that I can only call lavender-blue, with brows and lashes blacker even than the hair. Well, perhaps that dress was picturesque, but I certainly felt that I should do well to modify her taste with my more conservative ideas.

"Batik," Seacrest said at last; "an autograph frock; expression of the wearer — eh? Green — blue — mauve; the markings on a moth's wing; and a keen little thread of scarlet for the touch of cruelty that I didn't use to know that you had in you."

"So you've found me out?" Lyria's laugh was positively elfin. "And I thought I was keeping my guilty secret well hidden. Though I always told you I didn't belong to your merely human creation; I draw part of my life from something mysterious that comes up beside the grass roots. That's why I ran back to-night and put on my moth-wing dress." She was looking through her eyelashes at him.

"You — ran back — and put it on?" Seacrest took a step toward her, but she caught the knob of the inner door, and stood poised on the threshold, half in the meeting, half with us. I spoke to her sharply.

"DO smooth your hair, Lyria; and then go in and change that record," for the Aida selection was nearing its close.

"Go change it yourself," she hustled me past her, jerking me around by the sleeve to whisper, "put on the one I have laid out ready. I'm coming in with Dane."

A sustained and destructive scratching from the Aida record; hastening to attend to it I noted what a full meeting we had. The new record in place, I had barely reached the platform when I realized that the flags and bunting from a Boy Scout rally were still on the walls and my phonograph was playing, "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

I imagine every one supposed that the decorations and music were part of my arrangement for his reception, when through the door appeared Seacrest, openly urged by Lyria. The class twisted in the seats and stared, then applauded. Mrs. Buxton began crowding to the aisle, hailing shrilly:

"Well, speak of angels! Daney Seacrest, as I'm alive!" She came on to the rostrum with him, declaring loudly, "If that platform'll hold me, I'm going up there and sit by this boy. Who's got a better right?"

"Nobody." Seacrest took her elbow to hoist her up the single step, pushed my big carved chair toward her, leaving me only an insecure, undignified campstool at the back of the table. She settled into it, a massive black-silk figure, with a face round, innocent, babyish in spite of her two hundred pounds and her fifty years. A nice way to treat my meeting! Yet a first principle with me in dealing with the very rich is to permit them always to lead; I offered no objection while the wealthy Mrs. Buxton took hold of this occasion as though it had been a tea party in one of her own parlors, and waved Seacrest to speak as she might have waved a hired entertainer.

"Well, how'd you leave things down in Yucatan?" she asked.

"About two jumps ahead of the police." Seacrest's tone was loud and carrying. As Mrs. Buxton didn't answer, simply presenting a face with the expression of a pat of butter, Dr. McLean, in the front row, voiced the astonishment of the audience with, "Why — that was bad."

"Two jumps better than worse," Seacrest suggested composedly. "If it hadn't been, you'd be missing the returned wanderer from your midst to-night."

Mrs. Buxton was grinning delightedly; there were inane giggles all over the room.

"Go ahead," she ordered him. "These people don't know a thing. I haven't let out a syllable. Only, just before you came in, I was saying that brave boys like you are the hope of the nation. They carry the American flag into the far countries of the earth. And wherever the American flag is planted, it — it —" Seacrest supplied her a word.

"It grows."

Lyria was the only one in the room, except myself, who did not join in the laugh that this raised. Now she'd got Seacrest in here talking, she sat turning his Navajo bracelet on her wrist, not looking at any one. I hate jingling ornaments. If she wanted the thing she might have asked me for it. After Seacrest put it in the plate, it was certainly mine.

The music ceased. Still she did not move. Perforce, I myself went down to attend to the phonograph, thus getting a full-face view of Seacrest as he stepped to the front of the platform; a grotesque figure, with his lank height, his crumpled clothing and disordered hair. Over his shoulder he gave his employer's wife one more curious look.

"YOU'RE a good scout, Mrs. Buxton," he said. "Lots of people whose money I'd rather have lost than yours," and he plunged into a narrative of his recent work for the Buxton Syndicate in pioneering the Yucatan oil fields.

I suppose that Seacrest exhibited in diction and delivery pretty well every error I was instructed to avoid in the teaching I had received at the school of elocution where I was prepared for public speaking. Granted that he had a sonorous, flexible voice, he notably omitted all customary and legitimate means of effect. Yet so great is the power of novelty — most of the matter he had to relate was entirely fresh to all of us — so doubly absorbing the earnestness of the speaker — and he seemed on fire with his subject so soon as he was really under way — he actually held that room full of people, myself also, for half an hour, as the saying is, spellbound. For the most part they were absolutely silent, though there were occasional little murmurs of appreciation.

"Ain't it a thriller!" Mrs. Buxton demanded when he paused.

Hand-clapping answered her. The moment this ceased so that he could be heard, Seacrest blurted abruptly:

"Good thing you got that in here. From now on there won't be anything to pound and clap for. Now I'm going to tell you what brought me to the state in which you here behold me; proved that I'm a success — nit; or only a success at failing."

"Yes — yes — yeh!" Mrs. Buxton nodded with the expression of one who had inside information. "Tell 'em about the scrapping."

"Nothing much to tell; plain and fancy variety, before breakfast, between meals, and taken well shaken on retiring — if you ever got to retire. About a week of that, fighting them at the oil fields, in the villages, in my hotel. Then I got the tip to duck out, as the only representative present on whom certain papers could be served. I beat it."

"Where did you go?" Mrs. Buxton, leaning forward, hands on knees, inquired. "Where did you go?"

"Jumped over the back fence of the hotel yard, after one last, long, lingering scrap, and started for California just as I was," he explained doggedly.

"Afoot?" Mrs. Buxton reared back and fairly screamed it.

While these two spoke as it were aside, the audience hung in tense interest. I might almost have said in anxiety, upon their words. Somehow it was not unpleasurable to me to realize that Seacrest's tatterdemalion appearance was no whim; he had indeed come to us a discredited fugitive.

"Afoot," he echoed the wealthy woman's word fiercely. "How else? No money, on the dodge, I ran through the desert, ran through the mountains, ran through the reed-beds, ran through the blue gums and the spinifex, ran till my front legs ached. I had to."

Little Coogler, a sad-faced child whose mother has no one to leave him with when she attends my meetings, and who mostly sleeps through them, here raised a bullet head from the maternal shoulder and croaked:

"Mr. Seacrest! Mr. Seacrest! I know why you ran. Yellow dog Dingo was after you!"

"SURE, several of him." Seacrest grinned at the urchin; the friendliest expression I had seen on his countenance that evening. "So, young man, I ran through the ti-trees; ran through the mulga; ran through the long grass; ran through the short grass; ran through the tropics of Capricorn and Cancer — ran till my hind legs ached. You, who are acquainted with yellow dog Dingo, will understand that I had to."

By this time the meeting was in an uproar. They hailed this flippant balderdash, choking with laughter over it, as though it had been the finest wit. Above the others the Coogler boy could be heard clamoring:

"Mr. Seacrest! Mr. Seacrest! Was yellow dog Dingo grinning like a rat-trap, or a coal-scuttle?"

They stopped their whooping and cheering for Seacrest to explain gravely:

"Like a horse-collar. And he was never getting any nearer, though he was never getting any further, all the way to the Rio Grande."

"And then you stood on your hind legs and hopped across!" young Coogler squealed. Seacrest shook his head.

"Not so easy as that, Roy. Those yellow dog Dingoes had chased me out of the oil fields; chased me out of my regular meal time; altered my shape so I'll never get it back, and played the old scratch with my legs."

He turned from the child, and addressed the meeting at large.

"NO doubt it was Gill's technic which I learned here in this Success Circle that enabled me to run faster than the police of Yucatan and several other heathen states. From the Mexican line I came, supported only by a sense of rectitude and the brake beams. My two large, honest but blistered feet bore me across the hill from Liveoak station to Siloam and your presence."

I have always known that Seacrest is vain of wearing a smaller shoe than I, though being considerably the taller man, but, in view of the lamentable condition of his footwear, I should certainly have said that he would have done well not to mention his pedal extremities. His audience didn't seem to agree with me. Those people, who were pursuing my course of study, who had gathered to hear me expound a philosophy for which I had sifted all the popular metaphysical cults, filtering at last a system wholly my own, again broke forth clapping and pounding. They fairly howled with mirth, and called to Seacrest gibberish of one sort and another which I could not understand, while any reply in sort that he offered was more or less lost in the general din. Only Lyria sat there with bent head, seemingly on the verge of tears. I observed that one of her hands was reaching for the plump fist with which Mrs. Buxton beat a cushiony knee in time to wheezy chuckles, and heard the girl whisper:

"He did the best he could. And — oh, he's had an awful time!"

"Gosh! I'm not blaming him," Mrs. Buxton got her breath with a jerk. "To hear him tell it's been as good as the Orpheum. But," she glanced up toward Seacrest's ear, "now you want to let the friends have the facts — don't you?"

"Facts?" Seacrest turned his head to stare. "What did you think I'd been giving them? Haven't I about emptied the fact basket?"

"Say!" She surged still further forward to return his gaze, "Don't you even know till yet who all that was chasing you?"

"Yellow dog Dingo. The police, rurales, gendarmes — the sworn officers, deputies and constables of Yucatan and intervening states."

She threw herself back.

"Why, you poor kid, they was men Jotham and the syndicate hired."

"What?" Seacrest glared. There was no clapping now, no sound anywhere in the room, while on his face incredulity slowly gave place to a curious, bewildered chagrin.

"Yep. He had your first warning of the trouble; but by the time he got action on it you was out in the brush somewhere, and nobody could locate you. Of course, he hired men to hunt you up."

"I'll tell the world he got good ones," said Seacrest slowly.

"Not as good as I got when I backed you to win, boy," Mrs. Buxton struggled to her feet and thumped his shoulder. "Oh, friends, ain't it lovely," she appealed to the audience, "ain't it just lovely to have him back in our good old Success Circle that was the beginning of all his great doings?"

"Great doings?" echoed Seacrest, almost fiercely.

"Sure. You ought to hear Jotham on the subject of Dane Seacrest. According to him, you never made one miscue from start to finish. When you sidestepped, it was the only thing to do. And if you'd a-hung around a little after you'd made your getaway — hid behind a tree or something — so's't our men could a-found you, why, you'd a-got the good news sooner — that's all."

Seacrest just stood glowering.

"Don't you get it yet?" Mrs. Buxton urged. "You're no failure — anywhere. You're a success all along the line: as a money-maker down there for us and for yourself; as a — er — negotiator, a diplomat; as a scrapper; and as a sprinter — no, a Marathon runner. On top of all that, look at your book — your book that you just sort of wrote on the side, and that's going to make a famous author of you. Why, what's the matter?"

FOR Seacrest, black, scowling, jammed a hand into his pocket and brought up something which I recognized as the slovenly bundle he had thrown at my door and later retrieved from my garden path, crying as he flung this contemptuously on the table:

"Well, look at it! This is no book. It's a rejected manuscript. I found it in my box at Liveoak, where they'd sent it back to me."

The announcement seemed to burst upon his hearers like the crack of doom.

"But we thought —" the cry came from them — "why, Lyria told us it was all settled!"

"So it is." Lyria had hold of the package, trying to pull it away from Seacrest. With her word it jerked loose, ripping along the edge, strips of galleys streaming from it as she held it up, shook it at us, calling out:

"These are printer's proofs. . . . Marked 'Immediate.' . . . Ought to be read yet to-night, and hurried back in the mail. Dane — you doubting

Thomas — this is no rejected manuscript; it's a book, in the active stages of being published. Here's fame and fortune."

It gave me a start to hear her use the three words Seacrest had uttered as he picked that thing up beside my doorstep. He repeated them after her now, but with none of her triumphant inflection, and stood there pushing the hair off his forehead, glancing around dazedly at his fellow students.

"Well, people," he said at last, grudgingly, "I guess we'll have to give the Success Circle right, so far as the Yucatan venture's concerned." He was silent a minute, and then added, "This book, too — it seems —"

His tone trailed off into a strange reluctance. I stepped around to the front.

"Come, come," I said. "Credit where credit is due, Seacrest. These friends all have the history of this affair; Lyria's even read out in our meetings portions of those first letters of yours while she was whipping them into shape for the magazine articles that made this book possible. If your success here hasn't come out of this Circle — from whence has it come?"

No answer to that; the meeting had practically broken up, the people leaving their seats, gathering around us. At last Seacrest answered my question with one of his own.

"Where would you say it came from, Gill?"

"Well, Lyria, as we see, has done her small, feminine best; you heard her say just now that she should have to sit up to-night to read these proofs; she has been faithful; but, when it comes to the matter of being famous, one really has to inquire whose name should have been signed to those magazine articles that attracted wide attention, or appear on that book which promises such great success."

"Hers — d'you mean?" Seacrest's face flushed strangely. Lyria stepped in between us, but before she could utter a remonstrance I spoke for her.

"I have allowed Lyria her tuition in this Circle in return for such services as she can render in a minor capacity about the classes and the meetings. But psychologically — psychologically, Seacrest, and friends — everything that our group functions takes its origin in me."

THERE was silence. Women began fastening their wraps, looking uncertainly at each other. I saw that they did not fathom the abstract nature of my speech, and added with some haste:

"Not that I would for a moment claim, as an individual, credit or emolument that a student of mine gained through my teaching."

"Well — I *thought* so!" Mrs. Buxton let out explosively upon the breath she had been holding.

"At that," said Seacrest sombrely, watching Lyria's hands as she rolled the slips and tucked them into that knitting bag in which she carried books or papers to and from the meetings, "for all of me, Gill, you might have the credit, and the money that you say will come to me through my connection with your Success Circle, if you'd show me a way out of the only real misfortune that can befall a man — and that floored me to-night — coming on top of all those imaginary ones I supposed I'd suffered."

"HERE — in Siloam? Before — or during this meeting?" I fronted him with ready argument, the teacher's best weapon. "Now, Seacrest, you have admitted that your other supposed misfortunes were really successes, and it was but your own impatience that misled you in regard to them. Perhaps this matter that you speak of so feelingly may be also but your own error. How was it — tell me and these good friends — that, here in Siloam, you met defeat?"

He echoed my words with what I can only describe as a screech of laughter.

"Met de feet! You said it. Where? Where does a man go when he thinks the world's bust through, believes the local constabulary's out after him, and seems to see that the publisher has rejected his manuscript? He runs to some woman. Wants to put his head down in her lap, have her stroke it and call him a poor boy. Doesn't believe that she'll go back on him because he's a down-and-outer. I'm no different from the others. I went to the lady of my heart for sympathy. Right there in front of her house is where I connected with de feet. They were hers. She came out and glanced me over, and didn't like the looks of me. Then she kicked me. She expressed her lack of interest in me just that forcibly."

The tenseness of the last few moments broke in hectic laughter over this stuff, which surely had no real humor in it. People began to go. Mrs. Buxton heaved herself out of her chair with:

"If you're going to begin on more of that foolishness I'd better get along to the hotel and a telephone. Jotham and the others don't know you're safe yet; still spending money to locate you, and if you start telling tales about jumping through the Spinifex — whatever that is — I'll just about stay around here till morning listening to you. Say," she stopped short as Seacrest was helping her off the platform, "you ain't given us the name of the lady that kicked you."

"And never shall," Seacrest said solemnly. "I'm going to be noble, and refuse to tell on that girl."

"Friends," I halted the shifting crowd with a raised hand, "I think we should all gather in this room to-morrow night for a regular class, this occasion having been so completely wrested from its true purpose."

"Would you say so?" Lyria was fumbling with her funny little homemade lantern, a bright tin can with a hole punched in the side to push the candle through, to be carried somewhat precariously by the candle butt. "I think this has been the biggest lesson ever given in the Success Circle." She jabbed a match at the table edge to light it, and finished impatiently, "And Dane Seacrest's a frightful example of people who don't know when they've succeeded. All they need is to learn to hang on."

"I hear you," Seacrest spoke softly from below the platform. "I'm putting them desperate precepts right into action. Lady, may I see you home?"

She went with him. Not a word about locking up. Nothing settled concerning to-morrow evening's meeting. I looked after them, and then around for some one who could take these tiresome details off my hands. Miss Hiffert got by me. Dr. McLean was too far away; besides, one does not like to ask such things of a man. I found myself jammed in the entry with the outgoing crowd, was pocketing the silver from the plate, when I saw Mrs. Buxton laboring past, last of the line.

"Would you mind," I said politely, "turning off the lights and locking up for me? I'm in a hurry. You have your car here, so a little delay can't matter to you."

"Well, of all the — !" I hurried past her face of astonishment. She seemed to be saying something more, in a shrill tone. Was it possible that a lady of her years and position would use such an expression as, "Who was your nigger this time last year?" I forgot speculation in hastening after Lyria and Seacrest.

AFTER what I had told him of my intentions toward the girl, why the fellow should have elected to thrust himself in, an unwanted third, and destroy the pleasure of my walk home with her, was more than I could see. It made me realize how greatly I had come to value those quiet strolls and chats which followed each of our gatherings. Yes, a little toning down, and Lyria would make a really charming as well as a useful companion for a man like me. I went briskly ahead. There they were; I saw the twinkle of her little lantern. If I could get rid of Seacrest I would to-night commit myself definitely with Lyria, and thus make sure that henceforth nothing could interfere with my exclusive right to her society.

Sounds from the Hall behind me; loud voices; the lights were still on, but apparently some one had turned back to assist Mrs. Buxton. When had I thus left things in confusion before? Never mind. It would be attended to. I had to take that risk. A good deal out of breath I drew up beside the two on the path and addressed the man.

"Seacrest, I followed you to say that I should be pleased to have you stop the night with me at my cottage. We could have a useful talk — when I return from taking Lyria home."

"If I stopped the night in your shack with you, Gill," he never slackened his pace, and drew the girl on by the arm which he held, speaking to me across her head, "we could have a talk — useful or otherwise — after *I* take Lyria home."

"Oh — we'll all of us just take each other home," Lyria laughed a little nervously, and I continued, walking on the other side of her. "Such a lovely night! This fog makes everything like a dream. The sleepy birds chirping in the chaparral —"

"That's no bird," Seacrest remarked. "That was a gopher squeaking."

"All right," agreed Lyria. "A gopher, then. I don't see why his chirping all by himself in the dark isn't as emotionally appealing as birds."

"Squeaking," Seacrest's mutter corrected her. But Lyria had staying power.

"A night like this," she said, "reminds me of one of those black-and-silverish Japanese prints. And the surf booming through the fog sounds like —"

"Gilly," Seacrest finished. "Gilly booms in a fog — every Monday evening. Silver offering at the door."

Lyria had kept in her own hand the little makeshift lantern which, as she held it, threw forward a tunnel of light, leaving our faces in darkness. The path suddenly narrowed. Seacrest should in decency have dropped back; what he did was to grip the girl's arm tighter and hurry her ahead so that the lantern fell. I heard him laugh as he said:

"Never mind. Gilly can pick it up."

I did so; at this season of the year the fire regulations are stringent. When I came once more within earshot of the two he was talking rapidly, as they threaded their way through some building material that encroached on the path, where a cottage was under construction beside Lyria's little cabin. She checked and turned to me. Seacrest went ahead a few steps and stopped.

"Give me the lantern, Mr. Gill," she said hurriedly. "I'll go from here alone." But I refused it to her, with:

"Be assured that I shall walk the entire distance to your door," and added in an undertone, "you must ask me in. I have something of importance to say to you, and there is no other way of getting rid of Seacrest."

"Huh?" sounded sharply from ahead. He had overheard.

"I'm not going to ask either of you in. Dane, be still." Lyria pushed past, gained her porch step, turned and faced us in the dusk, but addressed Seacrest as though they had been alone. "When I started for the meeting this evening I carried papers in this bag, the same as I do now."

"I know you did," he grunted belligerently.

"I had my lantern, but not lit. I was in a hurry, because Mr. Gill's always late, and I knew I had to be at the Hall in time to open up."

Seacrest said nothing. Her allusion to me as a person frequently behind time held me in an indignant silence.

"Coming out of a lighted room that way," she went on swiftly, "I couldn't see at first. My bag with the papers in it struck against a box or something; I thought the workmen must have carelessly left it in the path."

"Yes?" It seemed to me that in the dimness Seacrest made a slight move in her direction. I followed him up, quietly.

"I went past the box — or whatever it was," her words seemed to come now with difficulty, "Then I felt as though it ought not to be left there in the way for some one else to bump into, and I turned back. I didn't kick it — Dane, you know I didn't. I only sort of pushed at it a little with my foot. But it wasn't a box. It was a man. It walked away."

Silently, without any interval of time, Seacrest, who had been beside me in the path, was on the porch. And I had barely recognized that the tall shadow which represented him to my eyes was there, when it merged itself into that smaller shape. They were one. From them came his voice. I have mentioned its peculiar timbre at times; though he spoke low, every word reached me clearly.

"Now, Lyria. . . . you told me to hang on. That thing you kicked wasn't a box . . . but it wasn't a man either . . . a man wouldn't have walked away from you. Oh — my love — I'm hanging on. Is it any use?"

The soft, cooing, indistinguishable, perhaps inarticulate reply she made him, increased my discomfort to an indescribable apprehension.

What strange working of the physical, quite unprompted by the mental, betrayed me into striking a match and lighting the lantern before I should proffer it to its owner? I have mentioned that the little tin can affair sent forth a small tunnel of illumination; in the miniature spotlight thus contrived. . . .

When I furnished my room at college, I remember I chose — and admired — a picture called "The Huguenot Lovers." . . . There on the porch. . . . Those two . . . Lyria's hands clasped back of his neck, against the collar of that awful coat. . . . His bracelet on her white slim wrist.

I dropped the lantern, groped for it, stumbled over it, the voices all the time going on: his urgent, moving; hers, with a tenderness that fairly stabbed. For all I meant to them I might have been the gopher squeaking in the night, the houseless wind moving over the chaparral.

Everything remained dark. . . . Let the lantern go. . . . For me to consider marriage at all had been a weakness well nigh despicable, a dangerous concession. I found myself in the homeward path. My feet moved, but with difficulty. If I could get to the bungalow — some deep breathing — with the window open. . . . And a glass of malted milk — sipped — as hot as I could take it.

Beach Trails

by

Martha Haskell Clark

Little sweetfern-bordered paths that lead beside the sea,
Threading white through shifting dunes, and beach-grass rank and green,
All my world of city streets still is blent to me
With the scent of bayberry, and sea-winds salt and keen.

Little trails I know of old, wet with spray and sweet,
Blossomed pink with headland rose, fringed with sun-warmed pine,
Still the gull-wings buffet close through each squalid street,
Scudding clouds, and sunlit sails, and sea-gold still are mine.

Far below my window sounds the traffic-surge of surf,
Blue air leads to isles of dream beyond the black roofs' edge,
Still my heart, a vagabond, treads the sandy turf
Where the foam-flowers blossom white at the breakers' edge.

Some guard purses fat with gold, and clutch with jewelled hands,
I will walk my way content, if God but gives to me
The touch of sea-winds on my face, the shine of singing sands,
Down little sweetfern-bordered paths that lead beside the sea.

Starving fugitives living in flimsy, improvised shelters on the banks of the Volga—

The Girl at Syzran

By Paxton Hibben

SYZRAN is not on the Volga; it is the smaller Krymza that divides the town into two — and the Krymza last summer was as dry as a city street. But the Volga is only three miles away, so that Syzran is a typical Volga city, neither so large nor so important as Samara, and for that reason less visited by press correspondents and photographers in search of famine scenes. Very likely that was why, when I had jolted up from the Volga landing in a springless country cart, the townspeople whom I passed turned to look at me as if I were the first stranger who had visited Syzran since the war.

Along the Volga banks I had left thousands of wretched people encamped, one family next another in a vast jumble of human misery, clinging together for courage. They were waiting boats to take them away from the famine land — they neither knew nor cared where. When they had left their little farms in the country back of the river, they had little by little been hustled by hunger and the compulsion to move always farther, into a state of outcasts, forbidden to enter cities lest they deprive the city dwellers of their own meagre store.

For to these Volga folk the act of deserting the soil seemed a sort of surrender, and those who had given over the struggle in a sense cowards. The feeling obsessed not only those among whom these refugees came wistfully seeking mere food to keep them alive, but the refugees themselves. There was in them a great fear that they had chosen unwisely.

Families separated by board partitions; household goods exposed to the elements

A glimpse of the famine in Russia

But in Syzran the atmosphere was different. In the dried bed of the Krymza a few hundred refugee families were gathered, their fires sending up little wisps of smoke like the signals of castaways on a desert island. But these were not of the town, and the bolder who penetrated the marketplace were looked upon as stepchildren.

For the people of Syzran had their own absorbing problem, no less vital perhaps than that of the starving fugitives on the Volga bank. Their food stock would not last the winter out, and they knew it. With this consciousness there was going on daily in the town a subtle game of wits in which the stake was life and the forfeit death before next summer's harvest. Food was not mentioned. Yet he who lost sight of the ultimate stake — whose vanity or cupidity or heedlessness for a moment obscured the end — would suddenly see himself as a rider who has fallen in a steeplechase, not beaten as yet, perhaps, but fearfully handicapped. And the counters in this game were precisely the human weaknesses by which the single-minded are set apart from the timorous, the uncertain, the scatterbrained, the sentimental.

To the outward eye, it seems mere trading — that buying and selling which is not supposed to exist in a communist state. But the Russians themselves more frankly termed it "speculation". At first I did not quite understand why the barter of a pair of boots for a clock should be called speculation. So I asked a doctor of the Soviet Health Department, with whom I had strolled up to the market, why he used that word.

"Well, you see — that man who has just sold the boots and bought the clock may conceivably need the boots before the winter is over; but he will never need the clock. He is gambling. He believes that he can find some one stupid enough or short-sighted enough to buy that clock. He got the clock very cheap, for the man who gave the clock for the boots *had* to have the boots. But the other fellow figures that, being

The domes of St. Vassili tower over famine land

pressed by no immediate necessity, he will be able to trade the clock for something more nearly its value, and that in turn for something else, and so through many trades, pitting his shrewdness against the others, and laying away money when he can get it in the course of his bargains, he will come out at the crucial moment when food begins to grow scarce with something of a value to command food as its price. If he succeeds in that he will have won; if not — he will go to the wall."

We stood over a thin little girl, scarcely clad, who sat on a bit of sacking spread on the pavement behind a display of old shoes, with great holes worn in their soles, or split from end to end, and mere rags of what had once been garments but had come to be frayed tatters with many washings. No junk man would have looked twice at the collection. It was her stock in trade; but until we paused before her, no one had even glanced at her wares. That we had stopped at all was too much for her, and she put her arm up over her eyes, her face twisted with an effort to keep back the tears.

"You see," the doctor went on, "she has no chance. And yet she clings to it and fights for her little life to the last. Behind all buying and selling there lies in the final analysis this ugly business of life and death. We thought for a while that we had found a way to escape it — but here it is back again, reduced to its crudest reality in the face of sheer hunger."

"I take it you are a communist," I said. The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"I am a physician — that's all. In the Health Department there is no politics. In a few days — a week, maybe — I shall have that little girl in the hospital. But it will be too late. She will have struggled alone too long, and we haven't the foods to build up bodies weakened by undernourishment. I am not thinking of politics. I am thinking of that little girl's dependence upon the ability of the individual to fight life through alone — upon the enmity instead of the brotherhood of man. It makes me sick — all of this makes me sick!" And he waved his arm about in a sweeping gesture that included the whole market, and turned on his heel and strode away.

But once I had the clue, it fascinated me. I could not leave the place. I prowled about from booth to booth, and among the little displays ranged in groups of strangely heterogeneous articles spread upon the asphalt pavement. And always as I appraised each stock in trade, what the doctor had said came back to me, and I could see the pathetic wares as food, in January, when there would be no more food.

One man in particular drew me constantly back to his corner of the street market. He was a plunger, that man. After weeks of successful small trading, he had sunk his entire capital in one vast gamble, like a marine underwriter who has pledged all his assets to the insurance of a single ship. His sole stock in trade was a phonograph — a great, gorgeous phonograph, with an immense horn magnificently painted with wreaths of bright flowers, its whirling disc shimmering hypnotically in the sun as the plaintive strains of "The Last Night" or the staccato of "Karabieneki" filled the air. Little knots of people gathered round the speculator and his phonograph, listened to the music, and then shuffled on. No one even priced the thing. Once a newly married pair of simple peasant children — their combined ages could not have exceeded thirty-eight — stopped before the instrument, enchanted. He was evidently eager to buy, but, whether by instinct or sagacity, she was reluctant, and held him back. The speculator played all his best records and called into play every flattery, every trick of salesmanship. But in her heart the girl was afraid of the vast expense — two million rubles (about $20.00), the man had asked — and the sale was not made. As the two turned away, I saw the face of the speculator go gray; but he gave no other sign of the fear that clutched at his throat as surely as at the throat of the little girl, with her stock of worn out shoes and pitiful rags. An operator on Wall Street who had risked his fortune in an effort to corner a certain stock could not have been outwardly cooler or inwardly more uneasy.

I had myself come with the purpose of buying a "roobashka" — one of those hand-woven, linen shirts with a collar that fits close about the throat, which the Russians wear outside their trousers, bound in at the waist with a silken cord. I wanted an Ukrainian roobashka, with deep rows of colored embroidery about collar, cuffs and skirt, and as I passed through the crowds or paused at booths I asked from time to time where I could find one. Many of the men wore them, but there seemed to be none for sale among all the little things of every kind that were for sale in the market of Syzran.

"Refugees—clinging together for courage"

"The women make them during the long days in winter," a peasant who wore one told me. "We never bought them in the shops, even in the old days; and now of course there are no shops." But he obligingly led me to a booth on the sidewalk of the main market street where he said I could get my roobashka, if anywhere. It was a little booth, built of rough boards, with counter and sloping top to keep off the sun, but open in front. Behind the counter was a very pretty girl of perhaps twenty-four, and on the shelves behind her were not more than a dozen pieces of cloth, each rolled up as if it were a whole bolt — the odds and ends of a dry goods store: muslin, prints of various designs, ginghams, jaconet, nainsook.

I asked if she had a roobashka, and with smiling eagerness she took down the choicest of her little rolls and asked how many arshins I wished. Suddenly I found it very hard to explain to this girl that I did not want what she had for sale — that I was in search of a roobashka all made and duly embroidered in the Ukrainian style; but I managed it somehow, adding that perhaps she could find such a one for me, and that I would gladly pay whatever she asked if she could find me one.

Her face clouded.

"Oh, do take a few yards of this material and have one made," she urged. "It is *very* good material, you see, and you could easily have a roobashka made of it. I am afraid there are no ready made ones in Syzran. The ones you see the men wearing come from the Ukraine; we don't have them here on the Volga. And I want so much to sell something —it's been so long since I have sold anything. I'm not used to it, and I don't know how — and besides nobody is buying clothing, these days. Nobody can afford to."

As gently as I could, I told her that the stuff would be useless to me, as I had no one to make it up. She thought a bit.

"Perhaps I could manage to find one for you," she said finally. "I'll try. If you will come again to-morrow morning I may have just what you want."

"But I shall not be here to-morrow morning," I explained. "The car is to pick us up at the station at noon to-day, and I am to go on down the Volga to study the food situation."

Her expression hardened.

"Why?" she asked. "Just to see how desperately we are suffering?"

"No," I replied. "That is not quite fair. I mean to write about it, and to try to make the people in America see what a hideous business it is and what vast numbers of people are dying for want of a little help from us, who, perhaps, have more than we need to eat."

"You think — you think that anyone will help us — that the world has not really turned its back on us forever — you think that?" she asked with a catch in her voice, her eyes clouded over with tears.

"Yes," I said. "I do think that."

"And that all this horrible nightmare will really end, and before we are dead or too old to care, there will be a little chance for happiness for us — for me?" She put her two hands to her breasts, with clutching fingers outstretched, as if she would tear her heart out of her body and hold it up to me that I might see it, avid of life and joy and love and fulfillment, beating out its days in a losing struggle for mere existence.

I looked into her eyes and nodded gravely.

"Yes, I do," I said.

It was as if I had at one stroke cut a taut cord. Suddenly, she collapsed across the counter between us, and with her head buried in her arms broke into passionate weeping. I wanted to help, but I did not know what to do. I touched the soft mass of her chestnut hair, awkwardly, and she caught at my fingers and held my hand against her wet cheek and kissed it, murmuring between the sobs that shook her:

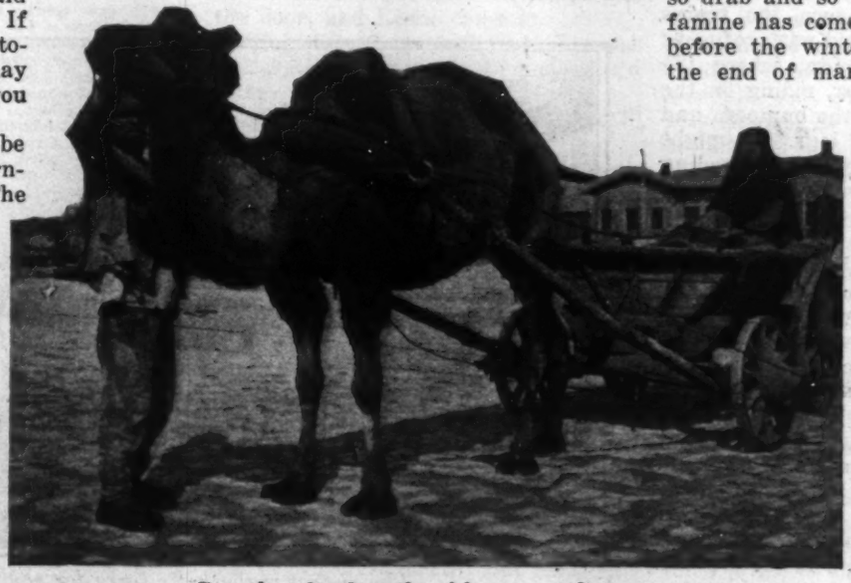
"Thank you — Oh! thank you — thank you —"

A knot of curious people began to gather about us, and I bent over and whispered to her to be of good courage, and comforted her as best I could. In a little while she straightened herself suddenly, and, dashing the tears out of her eyes, smiled at me.

"I am sorry," she said, very humbly. "I am foolish. But it has been such a long struggle, and I hate it all so! You see, I was in the *gymnasium* still at the beginning of the war, and I have never had anything of life or youth, and the years have gone by, so drab and so terrible, and now the famine has come and we all see that before the winter is over it will be the end of many of us. It is the survival of the fittest — and I am afraid in my heart that I am not one of the fittest. I want things too much — "

The crowd that had gathered began to disperse. Over the heads I could see the man with the phonograph eagerly pressing a possible customer. The little girl with the old shoes had fallen asleep in the warm sun, her head on her arm. Creaking down the

"A little, thin girl, scarcely clad, sat on a bit of sacking behind a display of old shoes"



Camels take the rôle of horses at Samara

Typical Volga farmer—hungry and homeless

street came a long row of carts loaded with dried Volga fish in sacks for the Soviet dining rooms. The exultant strains of "Ras pashol!" spread from the phonograph horn, wreathed with painted flowers. A line of thin little children pushed their way through the crowd, swinging the empty buckets in which they were going to fetch their daily allowance of milk and hot gruel, at the soup kitchen.

"Why don't you go away?" I asked the girl. She looked down, and spoke with some confusion.

"I want to. I dream of it every night — if only I could get away! . . . But I dare not. I have thought it all over, every side — and just — I do not dare. You see, it is so far, and that means that it will cost such a lot of money. I don't mean railway fare, of course; that costs nothing, I know. But I have seen the trains that go through, loaded with refugees from beyond the Volga, where the famine is at its worst, riding on the tops of cars and on the bumpers and hanging to loads of logs. It might take weeks to get anywhere traveling in that way. And one would have to eat, meantime, and that would cost money. I have so very little, and every time I feel that I must run away — that I cannot stand it any longer — I think of what it would be to be stranded somewhere beside the road, among strangers, with all the money gone — and terribly hungry, so hungry that one would do anything . . . And I am afraid — and I cannot do it. . . . Perhaps some day I shall. . . ."

"You see that tall man over there? Well, he is a commission merchant. He has diamond rings in his pockets and gold watches and brooches mounted with precious stones. They are not his, but he is selling them at any price he can get, for those who want to escape, and are trying to gather together the money to travel with." She beckoned the man over and at her command he brought out of his pocket a handful of jewelry. But I shook my head and, staring curiously, he moved off.

"He cannot sell them," the girl went on. "Who wants diamonds? Can one eat diamonds? If they are trying to prove to us that private property is of no value, they are succeeding!" She spoke with vehement bitterness.

"Then you do not believe in this government?" I asked.

"I loathe it! It is all down to the dead level. What chance is there for me in this sort of life? My father had money in the old days, and we lived in a big house and my brother and I were given an education and taught to need many things that few of these people know exist. This is all right for them — perhaps it is a little better than they had before; but for my brother and me it is horrible." She stooped and opened a door beneath the counter, crept through it, and stood before me, tall and strong and lovely. She was barefoot, and wore a man's jacket over a thin blouse and a threadbare skirt that had once been costly. "Look at me!" she said. "Am I to live on like this and to die like this? What do I know about selling dry goods? How can I survive against these hard-fisted peasant women who have bargained all their lives for a kopeck more on a pound of butter or a kopeck less on a vershok of cloth?"

She laughed a little wildly and caught my hands in both of hers.

"You must go," she said rapidly. "If your car is to meet you at noon, you are late now — and the station is two miles away. Forgive me — I never talk to anyone, and suddenly it came to be more than I could bear — and I have said it all to you. Thank you — and God bless you!" And she turned and fled through the crowd, leaving her booth unattended, with all its wares outspread.

Trudging down the main street and along the dusty road to the station I tried to think it straight. I stopped in at the Soviet soup kitchen for children and saw the lines of thin little youngsters getting a nourishment they had never had before, and I thought of what the doctor had said. And then I crossed the great military exercise ground between the town and the station, where thousands of fugitive families were camped in a sort of hideous publicity that was scarcely human, and came to the railway yards where hundreds of people were crowding into box cars and onto loads of timber with no thought of anything save to get away from the famine country and the shadow of death. And I thought of that girl fighting for her place on a flat car of swaying logs, penniless after many days, and still caught in the toils of hunger and friendlessness.

At the car Peotr, the Red Soldier, had a lunch of tinned salmon, crackers and cheese and canned apricots and tea waiting for me.

"Did you get your roobashka?" the others asked. I shook my head, and fell to, still thinking. An engine bumped our car into place on the end of the train of refugees. We should be leaving soon, I thought. Just then Peotr came hurrying in.

"Someone outside to see you," he said. I rose, dully, and looked out of the car window. It was she, her face grimy with sweat and the dust of the road, her chestnut hair flying, and something wrapped in a towel caught close to her bosom.

I ran to the step and helped her aboard, calling to Peotr to get her some food at once and a can of milk to take with her — a box of crackers, an armload of things to eat — anything. She was breathless from running.

"I've got it!" she cried. "I wrapped it up to keep it from the dust. Look! That is what you want, isn't it?" She tore the towel away and spread out a beautiful roobashka, with black and

(*Continued on page 118*)

The rudest makeshifts serve for shelter

The Breaking Point

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

"I'D like to go back to the ranch at Norada to clear up things, to fill in the gap in my memory and find out whether I'm a free man, before I ask Elizabeth's father for his consent to our marriage." Young Doctor Dick Livingstone was talking to Doctor David Livingstone, whom he knew as his uncle. The latter showed a dogged obstinacy and irritability that were oddly like fear. "You let well enough alone, Dick. There's no reason why you should not marry."

Lucy Crosby, David's widowed sister, who presided over his household, had mothered Dick from the time when, as a lad of twenty-two, David had brought him East to his home in the tree-shaded suburb of Haverly and sent him to medical college. She had always deplored David's course in the shaping of the boy's life and had warned him that some day Dick would have to be told.

Dick had taken Elizabeth Wheeler to see Beverly Carlysle in "The Valley". The actress' brother, Gregory, who happened to be standing at the rear of the theater with Bassett, a reporter, discovering Dick in the audience, behaved as if he had seen a ghost. Bassett learned later that Gregory believed Dick to be Judson Clark! The name brought back to Bassett the memory of a notorious murder case of ten years before: Clark, the reckless young millionaire, whom Beverly Carlysle, the actress, rejected for Howard Lucas; the murder of Lucas at Clark's ranch in Norada, Wyoming; Clark's escape and the general acceptance of his death in a mountain storm.

The next morning Gregory set out to find "Clark." (Dick had left his name at the box office.) At the Livingstone home he saw not Dick but Doctor David. Gregory told him who he was and urged him to get Dick away immediately as Bassett unfortunately had learned too much. After Gregory left David collapsed from a stroke.

Bassett's sympathies were with "Clark" in spite of the "big story", and he was seriously considering whether he ought to drop the whole thing when a newspaper's headlines the next morning started him toward Wyoming: "Is Judson Clark Alive? Wife of former ranch manager makes confession!" Maggie Donaldson on her death bed confessed that she and her husband and a stranger had cared for Jud Clark, who was ill from exposure, in a mountain cabin near Norada, immediately following the murder of Lucas. She had died leaving her confession unfinished.

The search for Clark was on again, with scores of reporters heading for Norada. From the moment of his arrival Bassett was amazed at the ease with which he linked up all his evidence to prove beyond a doubt that he had found Judson Clark.

Dick knew that David's illness was due to some great shock, and he had a shrewd suspicion that it had to do with himself, especially since Clare Rossiter, through pique at Dick's indifference to her charms, had foolishly gone to him with some unsavory gossip that was being whispered about his parentage.

His suspicions were confirmed by the receipt of a mysterious telegram addressed to Doctor David which Dick withheld from him and carried to Elizabeth's father, who, after hearing Dick's story, decided to accompany him to Norada just as soon as David and Lucy left for the seashore.

That night Elizabeth's brother Jim brought a great tragedy on the Wheeler house.

THERE had been a little dinner, one of those small, informal affairs where Mrs. Wheeler, having found in the market the first of the frying chickens and some fine green peas, bought them first, and then sat down to the telephone to invite her friends. Mr. Oglethorpe, the clergyman, and his wife accepted cheerfully; Harrison Miller, resignedly. Then Mrs. Wheeler drew a long, resolute breath and invited Mrs. Sayre. When that lady accepted with alacrity Mrs. Wheeler hastily revised her menu, telephoned the florist for flowers, and spent a long half hour with Annie over plates and finger bowls.

Jim was not coming home, and Elizabeth was dining with Nina. Mrs. Wheeler bustled about the house contentedly. Everything was going well, after all. Before long there would be a car, and Jim would spend more time at home. Nina and Leslie were happy again. And Elizabeth — not a good match, perhaps, but a marriage for love, if ever there was one.

She sat at the foot of her table that night, rather too watchful of Annie, but supremely content. She had herself scoured the loving cup to the last degree of brightness and it stood, full of flowers, in the center of the cloth.

AT Nina's was a smaller but similar group. All over the village at that time in the evening were similar groups, gathered around flowers and candles; neatly served, cheerful and undramatic groups, with the house doors closed and dogs waiting patiently outside in the long spring twilight.

Elizabeth was watching Nina. Just so, she was deciding, would she some day preside at her own board. Perhaps before so very long, too. A little separation, letters to watch for and answer, and then — —

The telephone rang, and Leslie answered it. He did not come back; instead they heard the house door close, and soon after the rumble of the car as it left the garage. It stopped at the door, and Leslie came in.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I guess Elizabeth will have to go home. You'd better come along, Nina."

"What is it? Is somebody sick?" Elizabeth gasped.

"He's been in an automobile accident. Steady now, Elizabeth! He's hurt, but he's going to be all right."

The Wheeler house, when they got there, was brightly lighted. Annie was crying in the hall, and in the living room Mrs. Sayre stood alone, a strange figure in a gaudy dress, but with her face strong and calm.

"They've gone to the hospital in my car," she said. "They'll be there now any minute, and Mr. Oglethorpe will telephone at once. You are to wait before starting in."

They all knew what that meant. It might be too late to start in. Nina was crying hysterically, but Elizabeth could not cry. She stood dry-eyed, by the telephone, listening to Mrs. Sayre and Leslie, but hardly hearing them. They had got Dick Livingstone and he had gone on in. Mrs. Sayre was afraid it had been one of Wallie's cars. She had begged Wallie to tell Jim to be careful in it. It had too much speed.

The telephone rang and Leslie took the receiver and pushed Elizabeth gently aside. He listened for a moment.

"Very well," he said. Then he hung up and stood still before he turned around. His face was white.

"It isn't very good news," he said. "I wish I could — Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth had crumpled up in a small heap on the floor.

All through the long night that followed, with the movement of feet through the halls, with her mother's door closing and the ghastly silence that followed it, with the dawn that came through the windows, the dawn that to Jim meant not a new day, but a new life beyond their living touch, all through the night Elizabeth was aware of two figures that came and went. One was Dick, quiet, tender and watchful. And one was a heavy woman in a gaudy dress, her face old and weary in the morning light, who tended her with gentle hands.

She fell asleep as the light was brightening in the east, with Dick holding her hands and kneeling on the floor beside her bed. . . .

It was not until the next day that they knew that Jim had not been alone. A girl who was with him had been pinned under the car and had died instantly.

JIM had woven his bit in the pattern and passed on. The girl was negligible; she was, she had been. That was all. But Jim's death added the last element to the impending catastrophe. It sent Dick west alone.

For several days after his visit to the Livingstone ranch Louis Bassett made no move to go to the cabin. He wandered around the town, made promiscuous acquaintances and led up, in careful conversations with such older residents as he could find, to the Clark and the Livingstone families. Of the latter he learned nothing; of the former, not much that he had not known before.

One day he happened on a short heavy-set man who had been the sheriff at the time of the Lucas murder, and who had led the search into the mountains. Bassett had brought some whisky with him, and on the promise of a drink lured Wilkins to

his room. Over his glass the sheriff talked.

"All this newspaper stuff lately, about Jud Clark being alive, is dead wrong," he declared, irritably. "Maggie Donaldson was crazy. You can ask the people here about her. They all know it. Those newspaper fellows descended on us here with a toothbrush apiece and a suitcase full of liquor, and thought they'd get something. Seemed to think we'd hold out on them unless we got our skins full. But there isn't anything to hold out. Jud Clark's dead. That's all."

"Sure he's dead," Bassett agreed, amiably. "You found his horse, didn't you?"

"Yes. Dead. And when you find a man's horse dead in the mountains in a blizzard, you don't need any more evidence. It was five months before you could see a trail up the Goat that winter."

Bassett nodded, rose and poured out another drink.

"I suppose," he observed casually, "that even if Clark turned up now, it would be hard to convict him, wouldn't it?"

The sheriff considered that, holding up his glass.

"Well, yes and no," he said. "It was circumstantial evidence, you know. Nobody saw it done. The worst thing against him was his running off."

"How about witnesses?"

"Accurately speaking, there were none. John Donaldson came the nearest, and he's dead. Lucas's wife was still alive, the last I heard, and I suppose the valet is floating around somewhere."

"I suppose if he did turn up you'd make a try for it." Bassett stared at the end of his cigar.

"We'd make a try for it, all right," Wilkins said somberly. "There are some folks in this county still giving me the laugh over that case."

THE next day Bassett hired a quiet horse, rolled in his raincoat two days' supply of food, strapped it to the cantle of his saddle, and rode into the mountains. He had not ridden for years, and at the end of the first hour he began to realize that he was in for a bad time. By noon he was so sore that he could hardly get out of the saddle, and so stiff that once out, he could hardly get back again. All morning the horse had climbed, twisting back and forth on a narrow canyon trail, groaning occasionally as is the way of a horse in the high trail. All morning they had followed a roaring mountain stream, descending in small cataracts from the ice fields far above. And all morning Bassett had been mentally following that trail as it had been ridden ten years ago by a boy maddened with fear and drink, who drove his horse forward through the night and the blizzard, with no objective and no hope.

He found it practically impossible to connect this frenzied fugitive with the quiet man in his office chair at Haverly, the man who was or was not Judson Clark. He lay on a bank at noon, while his horse, hobbled, grazed with grotesque little forward jumps in an upland meadow, and faced the situation squarely. Either Dick Livingstone was Clark, or he was the unknown occasional visitor at the Livingstone Ranch. If he was Clark, and if that could be proved, there were two courses open to Bassett. He could denounce him to the authorities and then spring the big story of his career. Or he could let things stand. From a professional standpoint, the first course attracted him; as a man, he began to hate it. The last few days had shed a new light on Judson Clark. He had been immensely popular; there were men in the town who told about trying to save him from himself. He had been extravagant, but he had also been generous. He had been "a good kid", until liberty and money got hold of him. There had been more than one man in the sheriff's posse who hadn't wanted to find him.

He was tempted to turn back. The mountains surrounded him, somber and majestically still. They made him feel infinitely small and rather impertinent, as though he had come to penetrate the secrets they never yielded. He had almost to fight a conviction that they were hostile.

After an hour or so he determined to go on. Let them throw him over a gorge if they so determined. He got up, grunting, and leading the horse beside a boulder, climbed painfully into the saddle. To relieve his depression he addressed the horse jocularly:

"It would be easier on both of us if you were two feet narrower in the beam, old top," he said.

Nevertheless, he made good time. By six o'clock he knew that he must have made thirty odd miles, and that he must be near the cabin. Also that it was going to be bitterly cold that night, under the snow fields, and that he had brought no wood axe. The deep valley was purple with twilight by seven, and he could scarcely see the roughly-drawn trail map he had been following. And the trail grew increasingly bad. For the last mile or two the horse took its own way.

He wandered on, through fords and out of them, under the low-growing branches of scrub pine, brushing his bruised legs against rocks. He had definitely decided that he had missed the cabin, when the horse turned off the trail, and he saw it.

It was built of rough logs, the chinks once closed with mud, which had fallen away. The door stood open, and his entrance into its darkness was followed by the scurrying of many little feet. Bassett unstrapped his raincoat from the saddle with fingers numb with cold, and flung it to the ground. He unhitched and removed the heavy saddle, hobbled his horse and removed the bridle, and turned him loose with a slap on the flank.

"For the love of Mike, don't go far, old man," he besought him. And was startled by the sound of his own voice.

By the light of his candle lantern the prospects were extremely poor. The fir branches in the double-berthed bunk were dry and useless, the floor was crumbling under his feet, and the roof of the lean-to had fallen in and crushed the rusty stove. In the cabin itself some one had recently placed a large flat stone in a corner for a fireplace, with two slabs to back it, and above it had broken out a corner of the roof as a chimney. Bassett thought he saw the handiwork of some enterprising journalist, and smiled grimly.

He set to work, with the resource of a man who had learned to take what came, threw the dry bedding onto the slab and set a match to it, brought in portions of the lean-to roof for further supply for the fire, opened a can of tomatoes and set it on the edge of the hearth to heat, and sliced bacon into his diminutive frying-pan.

It was too late for any examination that night. He ate his supper from the rough table, drawing up to it a broken chair and afterwards brought in more wood for his fire. Then, with a lighted cigar, and with his boots steaming on the hearth, he sat in front of the blaze and fell into deep study.

He was aching in every muscle when he finally stretched out on the bare boards of the lower bunk. While he slept small furry noses appeared in the openings in the broken floor, to be followed by little bodies that moved cautiously out into the open. He roused once, and peered over the edge of the bunk. Several field mice were basking in front of the dying embers of the fire, and two were sitting on his boots. He grinned at them and lay back again, but he found himself fully awake and very uncomfortable. He lay there, contemplating his own folly, and demanding of himself almost fiercely what he had expected to get out of all his effort and misery. For ten days or so men had come here. Wilkins had come, for one, and there had been others. And had found nothing, and had gone away. And now he was there, and the end of the procession, to look for God knows what.

He pulled the raincoat up around his shoulders, and lay back almost sullenly. Then — he was not an imaginative man — he began to feel that eyes were staring at him, furtive, hidden eyes, intently watching him.

Without moving he began to rake the cabin with his eyes, wall to wall, corner to corner. He turned, very stealthily, and glanced at the door into the lean-to. It gaped, cavernous and empty. But the sense of being watched persisted, and when he looked at the floor, the field mice had disappeared.

He began gradually to see more clearly, as his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, and he felt, too,

that he could almost locate the direction of the menace. For as a menace he found himself considering it. It was the blank, windowless east wall, opposite the bunk.

After a time the thing became intolerable. He reached for his revolver, and getting quietly out of the bunk, went to the doorway and threw open the door, to find himself peering into the blackness like a wall, and to hear a hasty crunching of the underbrush that sounded like some animal in full flight. He pulled himself together then, although he still stood staring out. The cold night air on his face, the feel of the pine needles under his stockinged feet, brought him back to sense and normality. Some creature of the wilderness, a deer or a bear, perhaps, had been moving stealthily outside the cabin, and it was sound he had heard, not a gaze he had felt. He was rather cynically amused at himself. He went back into the cabin, closed the door, and stooped to turn his boots over before the fire.

It was while he was stooping that he heard a horse galloping off along the trail.

He did not go to sleep again. Now and then he considered the possibility of its having been his own animal, somehow freed of the rope and frightened by the same thing that had frightened him. But when, with the first light, he went outside, his horse, securely hobbled, was grazing on the scant pasture not far away.

Before he cooked his breakfast he made a minute examination of the ground beneath the east wall, but the earth was hard, and a broken branch or two might have been caused by his horse. He had no skill in woodcraft, and in the broad day his alarm seemed almost absurd. Some free horse on the range had probably wandered into the vicinity of the cabin, and had made off again on a trot. Nevertheless, he made up his mind not to remain over another night, but to look about after breakfast, and then to start down again.

He worked on his boots, dry and hard after yesterday's wetting, fried his bacon and dropped some crackers into the sizzling fat, and ate quickly. After that he went out to the trail and inspected it. He had an idea that range horses were mostly unshod, and perhaps the trail would reveal something. But it was unused and overgrown.

Not until he had gone some distance did he find anything. Then in a small, bare spot he found in the dust the imprints of a horse's shoes, turned down the trail.

Even then he was slow to read into the incident anything that related to himself or to his errand. He went over the various contingencies of the trail; making his way on to town; a forest fire, and the alarm sounded — this although no sign of fire showed anywhere. In short, he refused to grant that the incident was anything but fortuitous, until months later, he found its real explanation, too late to be useful.

He set resolutely about his business, which was to turn up, somehow, some way, a proof of the truth of Maggie Donaldson's dying statement. To begin with, then, he accepted that statement, to find where it would lead him, and it led him, eventually, to the broken-down stove under the fallen roof of the lean-to.

He deliberately set himself to work, at first, to reconstruct the life in the cabin. Jud would have had the lower bunk, David the upper. The skeleton of a cot bed in the lean-to would have been Maggie's. But none of them yielded anything.

Now then, having accepted that they lived here, it was from here that the escape was made. They would have started the moment the snow was melted enough to let them get out, and they would have taken, not the trail toward the town, but some other and circuitous route toward the railroad. But there had been things to do before they left. They would have cleared the cabin of every trace of occupancy; the tin cans, Clark's clothing, such bedding as they could not carry. The cans must have been a problem; the clothes, of course, could have been burned. But there were things, like buttons, that did not burn easily. Clark's watch, if he wore one, his cuff links.

It occurred to him that they might have disposed of some of the unburnable articles under the floor, and he lifted a rough board or two. But to pursue the search systematically he would have needed a pickax, and reluctantly he gave it up and turned his attention to the lean-to and the buried stove.

The stove lay in a shallow pit, filled with ancient ashes and crumbled bits of wood from the roof. It lay on its side, its sheet-iron sides collapsed, its long chimney disintegrated. He was in a heavy sweat before he had uncovered it, and was able to remove it from its bed of ashes and pine needles. This done, he brought his candle-lantern and settled himself cross-legged on the ground.

His first casual inspection of the ashes revealed nothing. He set to work more carefully then, picking them up by handfuls, examining and discarding. Within ten minutes he had in a pile beside him some burned and blackened metal buttons, the eyelets and a piece of leather from a shoe, and the almost unrecognizable nib of a fountain pen.

He sat with them in the palm of his hand. Taken alone, each one was insignificant, proved nothing whatever. Taken all together, they assumed vast proportions, became convincing, became evidence.

Late that night he descended stiffly at the livery stable, and turned his weary horse over to a stable-man.

"Looks dead beat," said the stableman, eyeing the animal.

"He's got nothing on me," Bassett responded, cheerfully. "Better give him a hot bath and put him to bed. That's what I'm going to do."

He walked back to the hotel, glad to stretch his aching muscles. The lobby was empty, and behind the desk the night clerk was waiting for the midnight train. Bassett was wide awake by that time, and he went back to the desk and lounged against it.

"You look as though you'd struck oil," said the night clerk.

"Oil! I'll tell you what I have struck. I've struck a livery stable saddle two million times in the last two days."

The clerk grinned, and Bassett idly pulled the register toward him, and scanned the pages.

"J. Smith, Minneapolis," he read. Then he stopped and stared. Richard Livingstone was registered on the next line above.

DICK had found it hard to leave Elizabeth, for she clung to him in her grief with a pathetic wistfulness. He found, too, that the family depended on him rather than on Leslie Ward for moral support. It was to him that Walter Wheeler looked for assurance that the father had had no indirect responsibility for the son's death; and it was to him that Jim's mother, lying gray-faced and listless in her bed or on her couch, brought her anxious questionings. Had Jim suffered? Could they have avoided it? And an insistent demand to know who and what had been the girl who had been with him.

In spite of his own feelings that he would have to go to Norada quickly, before David became impatient over his exile, he took a few hours to find the answer to that question. But when he found it he could not tell them. The girl had been a dweller in the shady by-ways of life, had played her small unmoral part and gone on, perhaps to some place where men were kinder and less urgent. Dick did not judge her. He saw her, as her kind had been through all time, storm centers of the social world, passively and unconsciously blighting, unmalicious, victims as well as victimizing.

He secured her former address from the police, a three-story brick rooming house in the local tenderloin, and waited rather uncomfortably for the mistress of the place to see him. She came at last, a big woman, vast and shapeless, and with an amiable loose smile, and she came in with the light step of the over-fleshed, only to pause in the doorway and stare at him.

"My God!" she said. "I thought you were dead!"

"I'm afraid you're mistaking me for some one else, aren't you?"

She looked at him carefully.

"I'd have sworn — " she muttered, and turning to the button inside the door, she switched on the light. Then she surveyed him again.

"What's your name?"

"Livingstone. Doctor Livingstone. I called — "

"Is that for me, or for the police?"

"Now see here," he said pleasantly,

"I don't know who you are mistaking me for, and I'm not hiding from the police. Here's my card, and I have come from the family of a young man named Wheeler, who was killed recently in an automobile accident."

She took the card and read it, and then resumed her intent scrutiny of him.

"Well, you fooled me all right," she said at last. "I thought you were — well, never mind who. What about this Wheeler family? Are they going to settle with the undertaker? Because I tell you flat, I can't and won't. She owed me a month's rent, and her clothes won't bring over seventy-five or a hundred dollars."

As he left, he was aware that she stood in the doorway looking after him. He drove home slowly in the car, and on the way he made up a kindly story to tell the family. He could not let them know that Jim had been seeking love in the by-ways of life. And that night he mailed a check in payment of the undertaker's bill, carefully leaving the stub empty.

On the third day after Jim's funeral he started for Norada. An interne from a local hospital, having newly finished his service there, had agreed to take over his work for a time. But Dick was faintly jealous when he installed Doctor Reynolds in his office, and turned him over to the mystified Minnie to look after.

"Is he going to sleep in your bed?" she demanded belligerently.

She was only partially mollified when she found Doctor Reynolds was to have the spare room. She did not like the way things were going, she confided to Mike. Why wasn't she to let on to Mrs. Crosby that Doctor Dick had gone away? Or to the old doctor? Both of them away, and that little upstart in the office ready to steal their patients and hang out his own sign the moment they got back!

UNUSED to duplicity as he was, Dick found himself floundering along an extremely crooked path. He wrote half a dozen pleasant, non-committal letters to David and Lucy, spending an inordinate time upon them, and gave them to Walter Wheeler to mail at stated intervals. But his chief difficulty was with Elizabeth. Perhaps he would have told her. There were times when he had to fight his desire to have her share his anxiety as well as know the truth about him. But she was already carrying the burden of Jim's tragedy, and her father too was insistent that she be kept in ignorance.

"Until she can have the whole thing," he said, rather drearily.

Beside his own trouble, Dick's looked dim and nebulous. Other things could be set right; there was always a fighting chance. It was only death that was final.

Elizabeth went to the station to see him off, a small slim figure in a black frock, with eyes that persistently sought his face, and a determined smile. He pulled her arm through his, so he might hold her hand, and when he found that she was wearing her ring he drew her even closer, with a wave of passionate possession.

"You are mine. My little girl."

"I am yours. For ever and ever."

But they assumed a certain lightness after that, each to cheer the other. As when she asserted that she was sure she would always know the moment he stopped thinking about her, and he stopped, with any number of people about, and said:

"That's simply terrible! Suppose, when we are married, my mind turns on such a mundane thing as beefsteak and onions? Will you simply walk out on me?"

HE stood on the lowest step of the train until her figure was lost in the darkness, and the porter expostulated. He was, that night, a little drunk with love, and he did not read the note she had thrust into his hand at the last moment until he was safely in his berth, his long figure stretched diagonally to find the length it needed.

"Darling, darling Dick," she had written. "I wonder so often how you can care for me, or what I have done to deserve you. And I cannot write how I feel, just as I cannot say it. But, Dick, dear, I have such a terrible fear of losing you, and you are my life now. You will be careful and not run any risks, won't you? And just remember this always. Wherever you are and wherever I am, I am thinking of you and waiting for you."

He read it three times, until he knew it by heart, and he slept with it in the pocket of his pajama coat.

Three days later he reached Norada, and registered at the Commercial Hotel. The town itself conveyed nothing to him. He found it totally unfamiliar, and for its part the town passed him by without a glance. A new field had come in, twenty miles back in the mountains, and had brought with it a fresh influx of prospectors, riggers and lease buyers. The hotel was crowded.

That was his first disappointment. He had been nursing the hope that the surroundings which he must once have known well would assist him in finding himself. That was the theory, he knew. He stood at the window of his hotel room, with its angular furniture and the Gideon Bible on the stand, and for the first time he realized the difficulty of what he had set out to do. Had he been able to take David into his confidence he would have had the names of one or two men to go to, but as things were he had nothing.

The almost morbid shrinking he felt from exposing his condition was increased, rather than diminished, in the new surroundings. He would, of course, go to the ranch at Dry River, and begin his inquiries from there, but not until now had he realized what that would mean; his recognition by people he could not remember, the questions he could not answer.

He knew the letter to David from beginning to end, but he got it out and read it again. Who was this Bassett, and what mischief was he up to? Why should he himself be got out of town quickly and the warning burned? Who was G? And why wouldn't the simplest thing be to locate this Bassett himself?

The more he considered that, the more obvious it seemed as a solution, provided, of course, he could locate the man. Whether Bassett were friendly or inimical, the fact remained that he knew or was finding out something concerning himself which David was keeping from him.

He was relieved, when he went down to the desk to find that his man was registered there, although the clerk reported him out of town. But the very fact that only a few hours or days separated him from a solution of the mystery heartened him.

He ate his dinner alone, unnoticed, and after dinner in the writing room, with its mission furniture and its travelling men copying orders, he wrote a letter to Elizabeth. Into it he put some of the things that lay too deep for speech when he was with her, and because he had so much to say and therefore wrote extremely fast, a considerable portion of it was practically illegible. Then, as though he could hurry the trains east, he put a special delivery stamp on it.

With that off his mind, and the need of exercise after the trip insistent, he put on his hat and wandered out into the town. The main street was crowded; moving picture theatres were summoning their evening audiences with bright lights and colored posters, and automobiles lined the curb. But here and there an Indian with braids and a Stetson hat, or a cow-puncher from a ranch, in boots and spurs, reminded him that after all this was the west, the horse and cattle country. It was still twilight, and when he had left the main street behind him he began to have a sense of the familiar. Surely he had stood here before, had seen the court-house on its low hill, the row of frame houses in small gardens just across the street.

It seemed infinitely long ago, but very real. He even remembered dimly an open place at the other side of the building where the ranch men tied their horses. To test himself he walked around. Yes, it was there, but no horses stood there now, heads drooping, bridle reins thrown loosely over the rail. Only a muddy automobile, without lights, and a dog on guard beside it.

He spoke to the dog, and it came and sniffed at him. Then it squatted in front of him, looking up into his face.

"Lonely, old chap, aren't you?" he said. "Well, you've got nothing on me."

He felt a little cheered as he turned back toward the hotel. A few encounters with the things of his youth, and perhaps the later cloud would clear away. Already the court-house had

stirred some memories; he could not connect himself with the building, but viewed from this angle he saw the street as something connected with his father, and after a time he got what it was.

He was riding down the street at night on a small horse, and his father was beside him on a tall one. He looked up at his father and he seemed very large. The largest man in the world. And the most important.

It began and stopped there, and his endeavor to follow it further resulted in its ultimately leaving him. It faded, became less real, until he wondered if he had not himself conjured it. But that experience taught him something. Things out of the past would come or they would not come, but they could not be forced. One could not will to revive them.

He stood at a window facing north that night, under the impression it was east, and sent his love and an inarticulate sort of prayer to Elizabeth, for her safety and happiness, in the general direction of the Arctic Circle.

Bassett had not returned in the morning, and he found himself with a day on his hands. He decided to try the experiment of visiting the Livingstone ranch, or at least of viewing it from a safe distance, with the hope of a repetition of last night's experience. Of all his childish memories, the ranch house, next to his father, was most distinct. When he had tried at various times to analyze what things he recalled, he had found that what they lacked of normal memory was connection. They stood out, like pictures, each complete in itself, brief and having no apparent relation to what had gone before or what came after.

But the ranch house had been different. The pictures were always superimposed on it; it was their background. He was standing on the mountain looking down at it, and his father was pointing to it; the tutor, who was afraid of horses, sitting at a big table in a great wood-ceiled and wood-panelled room; a long gallery or porch built along one side of the building and rooms added on to the house, so that one had to go along the gallery to reach them; a gun-room, full of guns.

When, much later, Dick was able calmly to review that day, he found his recollection of it confused by the events that followed, but one thing stood out as clearly as his later knowledge of the almost incredible fact that for one entire day and for the evening of another, he had openly appeared in Norada and had not been recognized. That fact was his discovery that the Livingstone ranch house had no place in his memory whatever.

He had hired a car and a driver, a driver who asserted that this was the old Livingstone ranch house. And it bore no resemblance, not the faintest, to the building he remembered. It did not lie where it should have lain. The mountains were too far behind it. It was not the house. The fields were not the proper fields. It was wrong, all wrong.

He went no closer than the highway, because it was not necessary. He ordered the car to turn and go back, and for the first and only time he was filled with bitter resentment against David. David had fooled him. He was a man, not a child, and David had fooled him. He made no attempt just then to go further into causes and reasons. He sat beside the driver, his face glowering and his eyes hot, and let his indignation burn in him like a flame.

HOURS afterwards, he had, of course, found excuses for David, accepted them, rather, as a part of the mystery which wrapped him about, but they had no effect on the decision he made during that miserable ride back to Norada, when he determined to see the man Bassett and get the truth out of him if he had to choke it out.

Bassett was fairly stupefied when he saw Dick's signature on the hotel register. It destroyed, in one line, every theory he held. That Judson Clark should return to Norada after his flight was incredible. Ten years was only ten years after all. It was not a lifetime. There were men in the town who had known him well.

Nevertheless, for a time he held to his earlier conviction, even fought for it. He went so far as to wonder if Clark had come back for a tardy surrender. Men had done that before this, had carried a burden for years, had reached the breaking point, had broken. But he dismissed that. There had been no evidence of breaking in the young man in the office chair. He found himself thrown back, finally, on the story of the Wasson woman, and wondering if he would have to accept it, after all.

The reaction from his certainty in the cabin to uncertainty again made him fretful and sleepless. It was almost morning before he relaxed, on his hard hotel bed, enough to sleep.

He wakened late, and telephoned down for breakfast. His confusion had not decreased with the night, and while he got painfully out of bed and prepared to shave and dress, his thoughts were busy. There was no doubt in his mind that, in spite of the growth of the town, the new-comer would be under arrest almost as soon as he made his appearance. A resemblance that could deceive Beverly Carlysle's brother could deceive others, and would. That he had escaped so long astounded him.

By the time he had bathed he had developed a sort of philosophic acceptance of the new situation. There would be no exclusive story now, no scoop. The events of the next few hours were for every man to read. He shrugged his shoulders as, partially dressed, he carried his shaving materials into the better light of his bedroom.

With his face partially lathered he heard a knock at the door, and sang out a not uncheerful "Come in." It happened, then, that it was through his mirror that he learned that his visitor was not the waiter, but Livingstone himself. He had an instant of stunned amazement before he turned.

"I beg your pardon," Dick said. "I was afraid you'd get out before I saw you. My name's Livingstone, and I want to talk to you, if you don't mind. If you like I'll come back later."

He perceived two things simultaneously; that owing probably to the lather on his face he had not been recognized, and that the face of the man inside the door was haggard and strained.

"That's all right. Come in and sit down. I'll get this stuff off my face, and be with you in a jiffy."

But he was very deliberate in the bathroom. His astonishment grew, rather than decreased. Clearly Livingstone had not known him. How then had he known that he was in Norada? And when he recognized him, as he would in a moment, what then? He put on his collar and tied his tie slowly. Gregory might be the key. Gregory might have found out that he had started for Norada and warned him. Then, if that were true, this man was Clark after all. But if he were Clark, he wouldn't be there. It was like a kitten after its tail. It whirled in a circle and got nowhere.

The waiter had laid his breakfast and gone when he emerged from the bathroom, and Dick was standing by the window looking out. He turned.

"I'm here, Mr. Bassett, on rather a peculiar — " He stopped and looked at Bassett. "I see. You were in my office about a month ago, weren't you?"

"FOR a headache, yes." Bassett was wary and watchful, but there was even then no particular unfriendliness in his visitor's eyes.

"It never occurred to me that you might be Bassett," Dick said gravely. "Never mind about that. Eat your breakfast. Do you mind if I talk while you do it?"

"Will you have some coffee? I can get a glass from the bathroom. It takes a week to get a waiter here."

"Thanks. Yes."

The feeling of unreality grew in the reporter's mind. It increased still further when they sat opposite each other, the small table with its Bible on the lower shelf between them, while he made a pretense at breakfasting.

"First of all," Dick said, at last, "I was not sure I had found the right man. You are the only Bassett in the place, however, and you're registered from my town. So I took a chance. I suppose that headache was not genuine."

Bassett hesitated.

"No," he said at last.

"What you really wanted to do was to see me, then?"

"In a way, yes."

"I'll ask you one more question. It may clear the air. Does this mean anything to you? I'll tell you now that it doesn't, to me."

From his pocketbook he took the note addressed to David, and passed it over the table. Bassett looked at him quickly and took it.

"Before you read it, I'll explain something. It was not sent to me. It was sent to my — to Doctor David Livingstone. It happened to fall into my hands. I've come a long way to find out what it means."

He paused, and looked the reporter straight in the eyes. "I'm laying my cards on the table, Bassett. This 'G', whoever he is, is clearly warning my uncle against you. I want to know what he is warning him about."

Bassett read the note carefully, and looked up.

"I suppose you know who 'G' is?"

"I do not. Do you?"

"I'll give you another name, and maybe you'll get it. A name that I think will mean something to you. Beverly Carlysle."

"The actress?"

Bassett had an extraordinary feeling of unreality, followed by one of doubt. Either the fellow was a darned good actor, or —

"Sorry," Dick said slowly. "I don't seem to get it. I don't know that 'G.' is as important as his warning. That note's a warning."

"Yes. It's a warning. And I don't think you need to tell me to tell you what about."

"Concerning my uncle, or myself?"

"Are you trying to put it over on me that you don't know?"

"That's what I'm trying to do," Dick said, with a sort of grave patience.

The reporter liked courage, when he saw it, and he was feeling a reluctant admiration by that time.

"You've got your courage with you," he observed. "How long do you suppose it will be after you set foot on the streets of this town, before you're arrested? How do you know I won't send for the police myself?"

"I know damned well you won't," Dick said grimly. "Not before I'm through with you. You've chosen to interest yourself in me. I suppose you don't deny the imputation in that letter. You'll grant that I have a right to know who and what you are, and just what you are interested in."

"Right-o," the reporter said cheerfully, glad to get to grips, and to stop fencing that was getting nowhere. "I'm connected with the *Times Republican*, in your own fair city. I was in the theater the night Gregory recognized you. *Verbum sap.*"

"This Gregory is 'G.'?"

"Oh, quit it, Clark," Bassett said, suddenly impatient. "That letter's the last proof I needed. Gregory wrote it after he'd seen David Livingstone. He wouldn't have written it if he and the old man hadn't come to an understanding. I've been to the cabin. My God, man, I've even got the parts of your clothing that wouldn't burn! You can thank Maggie Donaldson for that."

"*Donaldson*," Dick repeated. "That was it. I couldn't remember Maggie Donaldson. The woman in the cabin. And Jack. Jack Donaldson."

He got up, and was apparently dizzy, for he caught at the table.

"Look here," Bassett said, "let me give you a drink. You look all in."

But he shook his head.

"No, thanks just the same. I'll ask you to be plain with me, Bassett. I am — I have become engaged to a girl, and — well, I want the story. That's all."

And, when Bassett only continued to stare at him:

"I SUPPOSE I've begun wrong end first. I forgot about how it must seem to you. I dropped a block out of my life about ten years ago. I'm not proud of it, but it's the fact. What I'm trying to do now is to fill in the gap. I owe it — you see, I owe it to the girl."

When Bassett could find apparently nothing to say, he went on:

"You say I may be arrested, if I go out on the street. And you rather more than intimate that a woman named Beverly Carlysle is mixed up in it somehow. I take it that I knew her."

"Yes. You knew her," Bassett said slowly. At his tone Dick flinched.

"I wasn't — married to her?"

"No. You didn't marry her."

"See here, Clark, this is straight goods, is it? You're not trying to put something over on me? Because if you are, you needn't. I'd about made up my mind to follow the story through for my own satisfaction, and then quit cold on it. When a man's pulled himself out of the mud as you have it's not my business to pull him down. But I don't want you to pull any bunk."

Dick winced.

"Out of the mud!" he said. "No. I'm telling you the truth, Bassett. I have some fragmentary memories, places and people, but no names, and all of them, I imagine from my childhood. I pick up at a cabin in the mountains, with snow around, and David Livingstone feeding me soup with a tin spoon." He tried to smile and failed. His face twitched. "I could stand it for myself," he said, "but I've tied another life to mine, like a cursed fool, and now you speak of a woman, and of arrest. Arrest! For what?"

"Suppose," Bassett said after a moment, "suppose you let that go just now, and tell me more about this — this gap. You're a medical man. You've probably gone into your own case pretty thoroughly. I'm accepting your statement, you see. As a matter of fact it must be true, or you wouldn't be here. But I've got to know what I'm doing before I lay my cards on the table. Make it simple, if you can. I don't know your medical jargon."

Dick did his best. The mind closed down now and then, mainly on the unpleasant. No, there was no injury required. He didn't think he had had an injury. A mental shock could do it, if it were strong enough. And fear. It was generally fear. He had never considered himself braver than the other fellow, but no man liked to think that he had a cowardly mind. Even if things hadn't broken as they had, he'd have come back before he went to the length of marriage, to find out what it was he had been afraid of. He paused then, to give Bassett a chance to tell him, but the reporter only said: "Go on. You lay your cards on the table, and then I'll lay mine out."

He went on. He didn't blame Bassett. If there was something that was in his line of work, he understood. At the same time, he wanted to save David anything unpleasant. (The word "unpleasant" startled Bassett by its very inadequacy.) He knew now that David had built up for him an identity that probably did not exist, but he wanted Bassett to know that there could never be any doubt of David's high purpose and his essential fineness.

"Whatever I was before," he finished simply, "and I'll get that from you now, if I am any sort of a man at all it is his work."

He stood up and braced himself. It had been clear to Bassett for ten minutes that Dick was talking against time, against the period of revelation. He would have it, but he was mentally bracing himself against it.

"I think," he said, "I'll have that whisky now."

Bassett poured him a small drink, and took a turn about the room while he drank it. He was perplexed and apprehensive. Strange as the story was, he was convinced that he had heard the truth. He had, now and then, run across men who came back after a brief disappearance, with a cock and bull story of forgetting who they were, and because nearly always these men vanished at the peak of some crisis they had always been open to suspicion. Perhaps, poor devils, they had been telling the truth after all. So the mind shut down, eh? Closed like a grave over the unbearable!

HIS own part in the threatening catastrophe began to obsess him. Without the warning from Gregory there would have been no return to Norada, no arrest. It had all been dead and buried, until he himself had revived it. And a girl, too! The girl in the blue dress at the theater, of course.

Dick put down the glass.

"I'm ready, if you are."

"Does the name of Clark recall anything to you?"

"Nothing."

"Judson Clark? Jud Clark?"

Dick passed his hand over his forehead, wearily.

"I'm not sure," he said. "It sounds

familiar, and then it doesn't. It doesn't *mean* anything to me, if you get that. If it's a key, it doesn't unlock. That's all. Am I Judson Clark?"

Oddly enough, Bassett found himself now seeking for hope of escape in the very situation that had previously irritated him, in the story he had heard at Wasson's. He considered, and said, almost violently:

"Look here, I may have made a mistake. I came out here pretty well convinced I'd found the solution to an old mystery, and for that matter I think I have. But there's a twist in it that isn't clear, and until it is clear I'm not going to saddle you with an identity that may not belong to you. You are one of two men. One of them is Judson Clark, and I'll be honest with you, I'm pretty sure you're Clark. The other I don't know, but I have reason to believe that he spent part of his time with Henry Livingstone at Dry River."

"I went to the Livingstone ranch yesterday. I remember my early home. That wasn't it. Which one of these two men will be arrested if he is recognized?"

"Clark."

"For what?"

"I'm coming to that. I suppose you'll have to know. Another drink? No? All right. About ten years ago, or a little less, a young chap called Judson Clark got into trouble here, and headed into the mountains in a blizzard.

"He was supposed to have frozen to death. But recently a woman named Donaldson made a confession on her death-bed. She said that she had helped to nurse Clark in a mountain cabin, and that with the aid of some one unnamed he had got away."

"Then I'm Clark. I remember her, and the cabin."

There was a short silence following that admission. To Dick, it was filled with the thought of Elizabeth, and of her relation to what he was about to hear. Mentally, he braced himself for what was coming.

"I suppose," he said at last, "that if I ran away I was in pretty serious trouble. What was it?"

"We've got no absolute proof that you are Clark, remember. You don't know, and Maggie Donaldson was considered not quite sane before she died. I've told you, there's a chance you are the other man."

"All right. What had Clark done, then?"

"He had shot a man."

The reporter was instantly alarmed. If Dick had been haggard before, he was ghastly now. He got up slowly and held to the back of his chair.

"Not — murder?" he asked, with stiff lips.

"No," Bassett said quickly. "Not at all. See here, you've had about all you can stand. Remember, we don't even know you are Clark. All I said was — "

"I understand that. It was murder, wasn't it?"

"Well, there had been a quarrel. The law allows for that, I think."

Dick went slowly to the window, and stood with his back to the room. For a long time the room was quiet. In the street below long lines of cars in front of the hotel denoted the luncheon hour. An Indian woman with a child in a shawl on her back stopped in the street, looked up at Dick and extended a beaded belt. With it still extended she continued to stare at his white face.

"What sort of murder?" he said at last, without turning.

"The man was shot. I knew him. He wasn't any great loss. It was at the Clark ranch. I don't believe a conviction would be possible, although they would try for one. It was circumstantial evidence."

"And I ran away?"

"CLARK ran away," Bassett corrected him. "Whether he lived or died, he is dead to the authorities here."

After an even longer silence Dick turned.

"I told you there was a girl. I'd like to think out some way to keep the thing from her, before I surrender myself. If I can protect her, and David — "

"I tell you, you don't even know you are Clark."

"All right. If I'm not, they'll know. If I am — I tell you I'm not going through the rest of my life with a thing like that hanging over me. Maggie Donaldson was sane enough. Why, when I look back, I know our leaving the cabin was a flight. I'm not Henry Livingstone's son, because he never had a son. I can tell you what the Clark ranch house looks like." And after a pause. . . . "Can you imagine the reverse of a dream when you've dreamed you are guilty of something, and wake up to find you are innocent? Who was it?"

Bassett watched him narrowly.

"His name was Lucas. Howard Lucas."

"All right. Now we have that, where does Beverly Carlysle come in?"

"Clark was infatuated with her. The man he shot was the man she had married."

Shortly after that Dick said he would go to his room. He was still pale, but his eyes looked bright and feverish, and Bassett went with him, uneasily conscious that something was not quite right. Dick spoke only once on the way.

"My head aches like the mischief," he said, and his voice was dull and lifeless.

He did not want Bassett to go in with him, but he went, nevertheless. Dick's statement, that he meant to surrender himself, had filled him with uneasiness. He determined, following him along the hall, to keep a close guard on him for the next few hours, but beyond that, just then, he did not try to go. If it were humanly possible he meant to smuggle him out of the town and take him east. But he had an uneasy conviction that Dick was going to be ill. The mind did strange things with the body.

Dick sat down on the edge of the bed.

"My head aches like the mischief," he repeated, "look in that grip and find me some tablets, will you? I'm dizzy."

He made an effort and stretched out on the bed. "Good Lord," he muttered, "I haven't had such a headache since — "

His voice trailed off. Bassett, bending over the army kit bag in the corner, straightened and looked around. Dick was suddenly asleep and breathing heavily.

For a long time the reporter sat by the side of the bed, watching him and trying to plan some course of action. He was overcome by his own responsibility, and by the prospect of tragedy that threatened. That Livingstone was Clark, and that he would insist on surrendering himself when he awakened, he could no longer doubt. His mind wandered back to that day when he had visited the old house as a patient, and from that along the long road they had both come since then. He reflected, not exactly in those terms, that life, any man's life, was only one thread in a pattern woven of an infinite number of threads, and that to knot the one thread was to interfere with all the others. David Livingstone, the girl in the blue dress, the man twitching uneasily in the bed. Wilkins, the sheriff, himself, who could tell how many others, all threads.

He swore in a whisper.

The maid tapped at the door. He opened it an inch or so and sent her off. In view of his new determination even the maid had become a danger. She was the same elderly woman who looked after his own bedroom, and she might have known Clark. Just what Providence had kept him from recognition before this he did not know, but it could not go on indefinitely.

AFTER an hour or so he locked the door behind him and went down to lunch. He was not hungry, but he wanted to get out of the room, to think without that quiet figure before him. Over the pretence of food he faced the situation. Lying ready to his hand was the biggest story of his career, but he could not carry it through. It was characteristic of him that, before abandoning it, he should follow through to the end the result of its publication. He did not believe, for instance, that either Dick's voluntary surrender or his own disclosure of the situation necessarily meant a conviction for murder. To convict a man of a crime he did not know he had committed would be difficult. But, with his customary thoroughness, he followed that through also. Livingstone acquitted was once again Clark, would be known to the world as Clark. The new place he had so painfully made for himself would be gone. The sensation would follow him, never to

be lived down, and in his particular profession confidence and respect were half the game. All that would be gone.

Thus by gradual stages he got back to David, and he struggled for the motive which lay behind every decisive human act. A man who followed a course by which he had nothing to gain and everything to lose was either a fool or was actuated by some profound unselfishness. To save a life? But with all the resources Clark could have commanded, added to his personal popularity, a first degree sentence would have been unlikely. Not a life, then, but perhaps something greater than a life. A man's soul.

It came to him, then, in a great light of comprehension, what David had tried to do, to take this waster and fugitive, the slate of his mind wiped clean by shock and illness, only his childish memories remaining, and on it to lead him to write a new record. To take the body he had found, and the always untouched soul, and from them to make a man.

And with that comprehension came the conviction, too, that David had succeeded. He had indeed made a man.

He ate absently, consulting his railroad schedule and formulating the arguments he meant to use against Dick's determination to give himself up. He foresaw a struggle there, but he himself held one or two strong cards — the ruthless undoing of David's work, the involving of David for conspiring against the law. And Dick's own obligation to the girl at home.

He was more at ease in the practical arrangements. An express went through on the main line at midnight, and there was a local on the branch line at eight. But the local train, the railway station too, were full of possible dangers. After some thought he decided to get a car, drive down to the main line and send it back.

He went out at once and made an arrangement for a car, and on returning, notified the clerk that he was going to leave, and asked to have his bill made out. After some hesitation he said: "I'll pay three-twenty, too, while I'm at it. Friend of mine there, going with me. Yes, up to to-night."

AS he turned away he saw the short, heavy figure of Wilkins coming in. He stood back and watched. The sheriff went to the desk, pulled the register toward him and ran over several pages of it. Then he shoved it away, turned and saw him.

"Been away, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes. I took a little horseback trip into the mountains. My knees are still not on speaking terms."

The sheriff chuckled. Then he sobered.

"Come and sit down," he said. "I'm going to watch who goes in and out of here for a while."

Bassett followed him unwillingly to two chairs that faced the desk and the lobby. He had the key of Dick's room in his pocket, but he knew that if he wakened he could easily telephone and have his door unlocked. But that was not his only anxiety. He had a profound conviction that the sheriff's watch was connected with Dick himself. Wilkins, from a friendly and gregarious fellow being, had suddenly grown to sinister proportions in his mind.

And, as the minutes went by, with the sheriff sitting forward and watching the lobby and staircase with intent, unblinking eyes, Bassett's anxiety turned to fear. He found his heart leaping when the room bells rang, and the clerk, with a glance at the annunciator, sent boys hurrying off. His hands shook, and he felt them cold and moist. And all the time Wilkins was holding him with a flow of unimportant chatter.

"WATCHING for any one in particular?" he managed, after five minutes or so.

"Yes. I'll tell you about it as soon as — Bill! Is Alex outside?"

Bill stopped in front of them, and nodded.

"All right. Now get this — I want everything decently and in order. No excitement. I'll come out behind him and you and Bill stand by. Outside I'll speak to him, and when we walk off, just fall in behind. But keep close."

Bill wandered off, to take up a stand of extreme nonchalance inside the entrance. When Wilkins turned to him again Bassett had had a moment to adjust himself, and more or less to plan his own campaign.

"Somebody's out of luck," he commented. "And speaking of being out of luck, I've got a sick man on my hands. Friend of mine from home. We've got to catch the midnight, too."

"Hard luck," Wilkins commented rather absently. Then, perhaps feeling that he had not shown proper interest, "Tell you what I'll do. I've got some business on hand now, but it'll be cleared up one way or another pretty soon. I'll bring my car around and take him to the station. These hacks are the limit to ride in."

The disaster to his plans thus threatened steadied the reporter, and he managed to keep his face impassive.

"Thanks," he said, "I'll let you know if he's able to travel. Is this — is this business you're on confidential?"

"Well, it is and it isn't. I've talked some to you, and as you're leaving anyhow — it's the Jud Clark case again."

"Sort of hysteria, I suppose. He'll be seen all over the country for the next six months."

"Yes. But I never saw a hysterical Indian. Well, a little while ago an Indian woman, named Lizzie Lazarus, blew into my office. She's a smart woman. Her husband was a breed, dairy hand on the Clark ranch for years. Lizzie was the first Indian woman in these parts to go to school, and beside being smart, she's got Indian sight. You know these Indians. When they aren't blind with trachoma they can see further and better than a telescope."

Bassett made an effort.

"What's that got to do with Jud Clark?" he asked.

"Well, she blew in. You know there was a reward out for him, and I guess it still stands. I'll have to look it up, for if Maggie Donaldson wasn't crazy some one will turn him up some day, probably. Well, Lizzie blew in, and she said she'd seen Jud Clark. Saw him standing at a second story window of this hotel. Can you beat that?"

"Not for pure invention. Hardly."

"That's what I said at first. But I don't know. He wouldn't mind coming back and giving us the laugh, if he thought he could get away with it. He didn't know fear. Only time he ever showed funk was when he beat it after the shooting, and then he was full of hootch, and on the edge of 'D. T.'s' "

"A man doesn't play jokes with the hangman's rope," Bassett commented, drily. He looked at his watch and rose. "It's a good story, but I wouldn't wear out any trouser-seats sitting here watching for him. If he's living he's taken darn good care for ten years not to put his head in the noose; and I'd remember this, too: Wherever he is, if he is anywhere, he's probably so changed his appearance that Telescope Lizzie wouldn't know him. Or you either."

"Probably," the sheriff said, comfortably. "Still I'm not taking any chances. I'm up for re-election this fall, and that Donaldson woman's story nearly queered me. I've got a fellow at the railroad station, just for luck."

BASSETT went up the stairs and along the corridor, deep in dejected thought. The trip, of his own making, was closing, and his active mind was busy with schemes for getting Dick away before it shut entirely.

It might be better, in one way, to keep Livingstone there in his room until the alarm blew over. On the other hand, Livingstone himself had to be dealt with, and that he would remain quiescent under the circumstances was unlikely. The motor to the main line seemed to be the best thing. True, he would have first to get Livingstone to agree to go. That done, and he did not underestimate its difficulty, there was the question of getting him out of the hotel, now that the alarm had been given.

When he found Dick still sleeping, he made a careful survey of the second floor. There was a second staircase, but investigation showed that it led into the kitchens. He decided finally on a fire escape from a rear hall window, which led into a courtyard littered with the untidy rubbish of an over-crowded and under-manned hotel, and where now two or three

(*Continued on page 116*)

The Soviet Censor at Work in Russia

By Leo Pasvolsky

THE war gave America a taste of the administrative restriction of the printed and spoken word, and that taste proved to be far from pleasing to the freedom-loving American palate. As a result, the Espionage Act and Mr. Burleson came in for their full share of criticism and denunciation. Of course, many European countries have habitually, without even the plea of war necessity, much greater restrictions of the speech and of the press than those which America imposed in time of war. But America quite naturally chafed under the unwonted condition, and this chafing still persists even to the present day, when the war restrictions, though they are still on the statute books, remain for the most part merely a dead letter.

DURING the years of America's participation in the war, I was editor of a large Russian-language daily newspaper in New York. My newspaper's loyalty was never for a moment questioned, nor were we ever deprived of any of the privileges accorded during the war to the loyal press of the country. Yet, in spite of this, my own experiences with the Post Office Department and with the office of its Solicitor-General are not among my pleasantest recollections of the war. Far be it from me to take up the cudgels for the defense of that Department's policies during the war, but even with my personal experience as a background, whenever I hear my radical or near-radical friends rail against the administrative restrictions imposed by the Government during the war, I always feel like consoling them with a recital of conditions along similar lines as they exist in Soviet Russia. I find this especially fitting, because most of those to whom I offer or would like to offer my consolation are either in sympathy with the Soviets, or else describe themselves as "neutral observers" of the Soviet experiment — which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, really amounts to the same thing.

My consolation runs somewhat as follows:

Suppose that the American Communist Party were to seize power in the United States to-day and were to apply to America the same methods that had been applied to Russia. Then, some reporter or advertising solicitor (the latter was actually the case in Petrograd) would be appointed the Commissar of the Press. His first act would be to forbid the newspapers to print paid advertisements. This would immediately force a large number of newspapers out of business. His next step would be to confiscate certain printing shops and supplies of print paper for the use of the party and government publications. The net result would be that in the course of the first few months of the communist régime, most papers would be forced out of existence.

Then suppose that on the plea of revolutionary necessity, all the rest of the non-communist papers and magazines would be ordered shut down. In this manner, during the first six months of the régime, all of the newspapers and other periodicals published to-day in the whole country would disappear. Their place would be taken exclusively by the official organs of the party and of the government, or by newspapers fully acceptable to the government. Unanimity of public opinion in favor of the new régime would then be established, on the same principle on which, according to story, the governor of a Chinese province was elected to his office unanimously: immediately after the election, the governor ordered the execution of all those who had voted against him.

Now imagine that at the same time a State Publishing Department would be established as part of the central government. In the hands of this Department would be concentrated all of the book publishing business, the publishing houses existing at the present time having been in the meantime confiscated by the government. Only a dozen or so publishing houses would be left in the hands of private individuals or of cooperative groups, but these would be subjected to a complete control of the State Publishing Department and of the Commissariat of Public Instruction, because they would have to depend upon these institutions for paper, printing facilities, and final approval in the choice of books to be published. Thus the Department and the Commissariat would have powers possessed by no press or book censor under the sun.

NOW suppose further — —

But let us stop imagining and supposing. I have never yet succeeded in convincing my radical and near-radical friends for the simple and incontrovertible reason that they have never wished to be convinced. Besides, the picture of conditions in Soviet Russia with regard to literary censorship, which I am trying to convey, is already clear enough. Let us better turn to a few concrete instances of the Soviet censor at his work.

I have before me a set of rare and valuable documents. The first is a pamphlet by the editor of one of the cooperative publishing houses suffered to exist in Petrograd by the State Publishing Department. It bears the imprint, "Petrograd, 1921," and is marked on the cover, "Circulated in the Manner of a Manuscript." It is a protest against the decision of the State Publishing Department to order the liquidation of the dozen remaining non-monopolized publishing houses. In his preface, the author explains that the pamphlet is intended for distribution among Soviet officials and responsible communist leaders, and makes the following significant statement:

"It is a struggle that is but too uneven. Our opponents hold all authority, and in their hands in the whole periodical press. We are sentenced to extinction and are not permitted to say a single word in our own defense. All of my efforts to induce the newspapers to publish my protest as a matter of discussion have failed. The only thing that remains is the old and tried method of invoking the aid of the 'free printing press' and publishing this pamphlet without the permission of the powers that be."

THE author of the pamphlet draws aside for us the curtain that conceals the interior of the censor's work under the Soviets. Let us pass in review some of the actual cases reported.

In 1919 the Commissariat of Public Instruction placed an order with the "Alkonost" Publishing House in Petrograd, one of the few cooperative publishing firms still operating at that time, for the publication of six books by several well-known writers, such as the poets Alexis Remizov, Andrey Byely and Vyacheslav Ivanov, the latter two at that time already entirely in sympathy with the Soviet régime. By July of that year, one of the books was already off the press, while the others were in the process of manufacture. But on July 3, Comrade Lisovsky, the Commissar of the Press and Propaganda for the city of Petrograd, issued a decree forbidding the "Alkonost" to publish these six volumes.

The managers of the publishing house, after futile negotiations with the Commissar, invoked the aid of Maxim Gorky, who wrote a letter of protest to Lisovsky, in which he said:

"All these books will be distributed by the Commissariat of Public Instruction and the Central Bureau of the Press. They are all of very great importance, since they represent an attempt on the part of a group of writers to search into their own attitude toward the reality. Large expenditures have already been made in the way of paper, and much labor has been spent for composition and printing. For these reasons, I appeal to you to rescind the order, forbidding

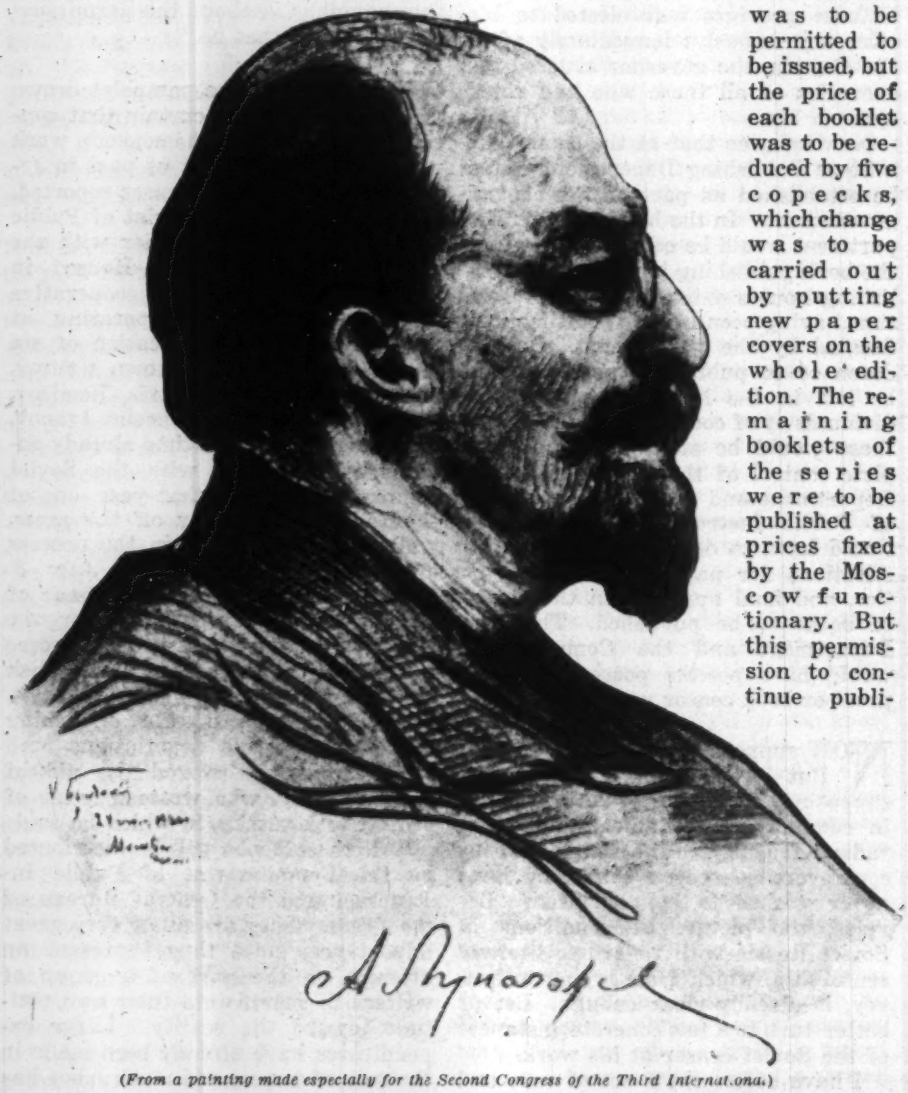
the publication of these books. There are so few books in existence just now. The agitation literature cannot exhaust all the needs of the spirit. The book is an instrument of culture, one of its true marvels. And books are of special value now, when men become so rapidly transformed into savages. I am leaving for Moscow, where I shall report to the Council of People's Commissaries the need of giving freedom to the work of publishing books."

Maxim Gorky went to Moscow and made his report. At the same time, three of the writers connected with the "Alkonost" Publishing House also went to Moscow, as a delegation sent to call on A. V. Lunacharsky, the Commissary of Public Instruction. After all this, the "Alkonost" was finally permitted to publish the six books in question, but Lisovsky was not even rebuked from Moscow. On the contrary, he remained in his place and a year later issued a similar order against the "Alkonost," this time really carrying it out.

Another publishing house in Petrograd, the "Kolos," began to have its serious difficulties with the censor much earlier. In 1918 the "Kolos" began the publication of a cheap edition of stories for popular circulation. Works of the standard writers were thus offered at low prices. But after twelve numbers of the series had been issued, a telegraphic order was received from Moscow, over the signature of the Chief of the Literary and Publication Division of the Commissariat of Public Instruction, P. I. Lebedev-Polyansky, directing that the whole edition of the series be confiscated and the board of managers of the "Kolos" be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The charges against the managers of the firm consisted in an accusation that they reprinted portions of works by writers who had sold all their rights to the State Publishing Department, without asking first for permission of the Commissariat of Public Instruction.

The managers of the "Kolos" immediately sent a delegation to Moscow, where endless negotiations were entered into with the Commissary of Public Instruction, with the Secretary of the Council of People's Commissaries, as well as with Lebedev-Polyansky himself. As a result, it was finally found possible to placate the infuriated censor, who imposed the following terms on the publishers: the edition was to be permitted to be issued, but the price of each booklet was to be reduced by five copecks, which change was to be carried out by putting new paper covers on the whole edition. The remaining booklets of the series were to be published at prices fixed by the Moscow functionary. But this permission to continue publication was given only five months after the original order, forbidding it, had been issued. By that time, the price of labor and materials had increased so much that it was no longer possible to continue the publication of the series on the terms prescribed from Moscow. It was entirely given up, after nearly ruining the firm financially.

The "Kolos" had a similar experience with Lisovsky. It applied for permission to publish four books on sociology, one of them by P. L. Lavrov, the eminent revolutionary leader and the greatest of Russian sociologists, and another with an introduction by Lavrov. The application was denied by Lisovsky, who explained that Lavrov's works are nothing but "old junk, which ought to be thrown away anyhow, instead of spending on them good print paper."



(From a painting made especially for the Second Congress of the Third International)

Analoly Lunacharsky, Soviet Commissary of Education and official head of the Soviet Censorship system

AT about the same time, Lisovsky ordered the "Kolos" to stop all work which was being set up according to the old spelling. The managers of the firm asked for permission to finish the composition of an important volume which they were then bringing out on the subject of "The Arts and the People." About half of the book had already been set up according to the old spelling. Lisovsky agreed to let the composition of the first half of the book stand as it was, but ordered the second half set up according to the new system. No entreaties or protests or complaints availed in this case, and the publishers found themselves forced to destroy the composition.

Here is an instance of the experiences of the "Kolos" with the various censors. The editor of the firm applied to the State Publishing Department for permission to publish a volume, dedicated to the memory of P. L. Lavrov, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of his death, under the editorial direction of Lavrov's daughter. The application was denied, the denial being given in the following document, signed by V. V. Vorovskoy, Chief of the State Publishing Department:

"The State Publishing Department considers it impossible to permit the immortalization of the memory of P. L. Lavrov by the publication of a volume of articles, since these articles are not the work of Lavrov himself, but have been written by persons, grouping themselves about the publishing firm 'Kolos,' and, as it is known to the State Publishing Department, holding views in opposition to the Soviet authority, for which reason they may be likely to give not so much an objective study of Lavrov, as an apology for their own party."

The truly amazing thing about this action on the part of the Chief of the State Publishing Department was that he did not even inquire about the contents of the volume to be published, or about the list of writers who were to contribute to it. As a matter of fact, this list contained the names of the

most eminent Russian professors of history and sociology, as well as the name of Peter Kropotkin.

But Vorovsky was not satisfied with issuing this prohibition. He also forbade the "Kolos" to publish the works of N. K. Mikhailovsky, another cherished name in the annals of the Russian revolutionary movement. In issuing this order, Vorovskoy wrote under the date of March 2, 1920: "The State Publishing Department considers untimely the publication of the works of N. K. Mikhailovsky, and recommends that you use the paper at your disposal for the publication of agitation literature."

Here is another incident concerned with the publication of Lavrov's works. The Petrograd Division of the Press demanded that the text of Lavrov's famous work on "The Social Revolution and the Problems of Morality" be presented to it for censorship. When this demand was refused by the editor of the firm the Division of the Press denied his application for permission to publish the work. In his new application the editor had to explain that it was the same Lavrov who had written the book entitled, "The Paris Commune," which is one of the standard classics of communism, that his works had to be published abroad because the censorship of the Imperial régime had kept them out of Russia, and that this was merely the first attempt to publish in Russia herself the book that had been published in Western Europe twenty-five years before.

Peter Kropotkin, famous theoretician of anarchism, who died several months ago. Publication of some of his best works was forbidden by the Soviet censor

PROBABLY the most interesting instance of Soviet censorship is the treatment by the same redoubtable Comrade Lisovsky of the Petrograd publishing firm, "The Voice of Labor," which was owned by the anarchist party, and published nothing but their party literature. He forbade them to publish two volumes of the great revolutionary leader, Michael Bakunin, who is as much an international figure as any radical leader in history. The same prohibition extended to the works of such eminent writers on anarchism as Malatesta and Pelloutier, as well as to two standard works by Peter Kropotkin. On one occasion the board of managers violated some trifling decree issued by the stern Commissar of the Press, and he fined them twenty thousand roubles, which was collected in the form of books, confiscated at their own discretion by the agents of the Division of the Press.

Even more characteristic was the treatment accorded to this publishing house by the State Publishing Department. The firm applied for a supply of paper on which to print three of Kropotkin's most widely known general works, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," "The Great French Revolution" and "Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution." The representative of the State Publishing Department, Comrade Sacks, replied that the Department would itself undertake the publication of these books. The representative of the firm then explained to Sacks that that would be contrary to Kropotkin's desires in the matter, for he is unalterably opposed, as a matter of principle, to having his books published by any state institution. Sacks immediately replied that he would consent to giving the firm the necessary paper for the publication of Kropotkin's works, but on condition that the title page would carry the imprint of the State Publishing Department. Again, the representative of "The Voice of Labor" explained to the Soviet functionary that such an arrangement cannot be acceptable either to Kropotkin or to his publishers, whereupon Sacks announced that he would not give the firm the paper for which it was asking, but would prefer to see Kropotkin's works unpublished.

And all this was done at the time when the Soviet authorities boasted before the whole world of the tender care with which they were surrounding Kropotkin!

Dozens of instances are reported when the State Publishing Department, acting in its capacity of an all-powerful censor, would prohibit the publication of some classics on the ground that it was making arrangement for publishing that work itself, yet the work would never see light. Here is a characteristic instance: The Petrograd cooperative publishing house, "Mysl," asked the State Publishing Department for permission to publish the works of N. P. Ogaryov, the famous revolutionary poet, whose complete works had never appeared in Russia because of the conditions of censorship under the Imperial régime. The firm had the necessary paper and sought merely the permission of the department for the publication of the manuscript, which had been carefully prepared and annotated by a noted literary critic, N. E. Shchogolev. The application was denied peremptorily on the ground that the State Publishing Department would undertake the publication of Ogaryov's works.

Immediately after that Sacks invited Mr. Shchogolev to call at the Department and offered to publish his edition of Ogaryov. Mr. Shchogolev consented and undertook to have the manuscript ready for immediate delivery to the department. That was in the summer of 1920. Over six months went by before he received word from the department, and then, in February, 1921, he was informed that, owing to the shortage of paper, the department decided to postpone indefinitely the publication of this work.

BUT even under such truly impossible conditions of Soviet censorship the few publishing houses which still remained in existence managed to continue their work, at least from time to time succeeding in putting books into circulation. Writers, editors and publishers grouped together around these few firms, putting all their effort into coping with the difficulties of a purely technical nature, and particularly with that greatest of their handicaps, the unprecedented censorship introduced by the Soviet régime. In this way things went on until the end of 1920, when the State Publishing Department decided to put out of existence all the remaining publishing houses. It succeeded eminently in this endeavor, and by the action of the Eighth Congress of Soviets, in December, 1920, the last vestiges of free literary activity in Soviet Russia were swept away entirely.

The Soviet leaders in Russia have boasted before the world of the outstanding worth which they attach to the work of education. Their agents and apologists throughout the world have told marvelous tales of the work of enlightenment that is being done in Russia under communism. Suppression of free speech has been justified on the plea of revolutionary necessity; on similar grounds, the destruction of all the oppositionary press has been explained. We have been told that freedom of speech and freedom of the press usually have a political bearing—and *à la guerre comme à la guerre.* But surely not even the most ardent of the apologists for the Russian communist experiment can find a shred of explanation, and still less of justification, for the policy of murdering the brains of Russia through the incredible system of censorship that has been established in Russia during the past four years.

Communism in Russia has succeeded not only in wrecking the economic life of the country and reducing to utter starvation the granary of the world. It has done something that is infinitely more criminal. It has deliberately destroyed Russian literature, that most marvelous manifestation of the Russian spirit which had won for it an envious and world-wide recognition.

Deprived of the opportunity to publish their works and, consequently, earn a living by writing, the Russian literary men have been forced either to flee from Russia and starve abroad or else to seek employment in the various Soviet institutions of government. There they eke out scanty livelihood while their creative spirit pines away. Having monopolized the whole process of publication, the Soviet régime placed its management in the hands of persons utterly unfitted for the task. The result has been that the literary men of Russia who had not fled abroad found themselves compelled to choose between menial employment in the government offices and work for the State Publishing Department, the latter choice involving the submerging of their literary selves in the whims and idiocyncrasies of the present day ignorant and arrogant masters of Russian letters. Practically all of them chose the first.

The All-Russian Union of Writers recently completed an investigation of the condition of Russian literary men during the three year period from 1918 to 1920. Questionnaires were sent out to all the professional writers who could be reached by the union. When the replies were compiled it was found that more than 90 per cent of these professional writers no longer make their living by literary work; they have become petty officials in the Soviet bureaucratic machine. One of the questions was: "What part of your total income came from literary work — before and now?" And almost in every case, in which formerly 100 per cent of the total income was furnished by literary work, now the percentage ranges from 0 to 25. In no case does it go above that.

The author of the pamphlet from which we have taken the story of the Soviet censor's work sums up the situation in the following words:

"All those literary tendencies which had always constituted such a source of wealth for our artistic literature have now been stricken out of Russia's life. Criticism, which had such a glorious place in the life of Russia, no longer exists. Publicism died on the very night when the Bolshevist revolution took place. An end has been put to all the seekings and strivings that had actuated our literary effort. Literary work as a profession has practically disappeared in Russia. The whole of Russian literature, caught in the stranglehold of 'Soviet censorship,' lies lifeless and still. Never, in the darkest periods of our history, did our literature find itself in so pitiful and so hopeless a state."

But there still remains the State Publishing Department — alone in the field since its guiding spirits had succeeded in crushing entirely the spirit of free enterprise in literary activity. For the characterization of its work I shall turn to my second document, two open letters addressed to the Eighth Congress of Soviets, as a futile attempt to protest against the action of the State Publishing Department in crushing the last publishing firms not monopolized by the State. The first of these letters is by Peter Kropotkin; the second, by Maxim Gorky.

The venerable philosopher of anarchism, who died several months after the letter I have before me was written by him, attempted to prove to the Congress of Soviets that literary work requires a great deal of personal and individual initiative, which it cannot have when placed in the hands of governmental institutions. He tried to point out the madness and folly of doing such a thing, for, said he, "Surely it was not in vain that humanity had been struggling a thousand years for the freedom of the press and had won it at the cost of terrific sacrifices."

"To kill this liberty," he continued, "to place this great, free work of culture in the hands of government officials would mean that you, representatives of Russia's workmen and peasants, have become the blind tools of the sombre past; it would mean that the lofty aspirations of socialism have become inextricably bound up with violence and a triumph of utter obscurantism."

Maxim Gorky's appeal to the Congress of Soviets was no less striking. He began by reciting the tragic dearth of books in present-day Russia. In December, 1920, when this letter was written, a copy of a text-book on pathology for use in the higher schools cost 150,000 roubles, while a copy of a full course of physics could not be purchased for under 300,000 roubles. Students had to form into groups of fifteen and twenty in order to collect enough money among them to purchase the necessary text-books. As an inevitable result "the Republic will have very poor physicians, engineers, chemists, and other professional specialists."

The letter related amazing facts regarding the work of eradicating illiteracy, which is one of the proudest boasts of the Soviet régime. In many instances men who had learned to read very quickly soon forgot what they had learned, for there was nothing to read except agitation literature, which is usually incomprehensibe even to a fully literate man. There have been numerous cases when men would learn how to read in the spring, fail all through the summer in obtaining any books by the reading of which they would be able to practice what they had learned, and then forgot the very letters of the alphabet.

OF the work of the State Publishing Department Gorky said:

"The State Publishing Department has now existed for three years, but if we cast a glance over what it has done we shall see that this institution works very poorly and without any plan at all. Even when it comes to agitation literature the department is very inefficient, often issuing the faulty translations as they had been done under the Imperial régime; there have been cases when whole printed and bound editions had to be destroyed

(*Continued on page 127*)

Inchin' Along

The Story of the Piney Woods School in the Black Belt of Mississippi

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

YASSUH," said the Reverend Hector McLaurin in recapitulation, "befo' 'Fessor Jones come to Piney Woods we was a slow draggin' people."

He sat up straight in his rocking chair, his hands on his knees, and looked from one of us to the other with alert and interested eyes from a black face alight with affability and courtesy and eagerness. He had come to pay us a call in the brand-new, one-room cabin that was home to us for the week of our visit to the Piney Woods Country Life School, twenty-four miles south of Jackson, three miles from the village of Braxton (the school's post office), on the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad, in the Black Belt of Mississippi.

The first class in the first building

Through the open door we could see the campus — partially cleared, hilly acres, with a dozen whitewashed buildings set about in the various greens of the original forest of pine and hickory, sassafras and sweetgum, magnolia and dogwood, and all those other trees whose very names are redolent of "the sweet South."

FROM where we sat we could read two of the signs the 'Fessor had nailed to the trees: "If you think you're a dub, you're a dub," and, "The gods sell everything to labor."

It was only May, but the dogwood blossoms were long since gone, some of the magnolia buds had burst and the cape jasmines burgeoned on the edge of bloom. The air was full of the strong, sweet smell of the hot sun on the pines. From the topmost twig of a blackgum tree a mocking bird flung out lavish loops and roulades of song and another flung them back to him from the topmost twig of a pine. Summer lay heavily on Mississippi.

"A slow draggin' 'people," the Reverend Hector McLaurin repeated. (He was "engaged in pastoral work" and knew the value of repetition for emphasis.) "Howbeever, dat was nine years ago, an' all dat time 'Fessor 's been sayin' to 'um, 'Hol' yer haid up, kin' er pa'alel wid yer body, look de white folks in de eye an' speak out. Dey ain't go'n' *do* nothin' ter yer!' "

He was interrupted by a tremendous clangor. A small boy in a man's broadcloth coat with the tails and cuffs missing and the shoulder seams coming down almost to his elbows — P. J. he said his name was — was ringing the bell, that is, he was beating lustily with a hammer on a steel rail suspended from the limb of an oak — they need almost everything at Piney Woods — and at the sound some two hundred students poured out of the buildings and along the winding paths beneath the trees, changing classes. The girls wore their home-made uniforms — gray for that South upon whose sustaining friendship the school is founded, trimmed with blue for the North, without whose financial assistance it could not have been built — and the boys were mostly in overalls.

High above it all, helping to repair the tank that holds the school's water supply, the 'Fessor, a Negro, too — there are no white people about the place — wore them also, impinging their darker blue upon the pale blue of the sky.

"An' now," our visitor went on, while the air was still full of the echoes of P. J.'s strokes, "now you can tell a Piney Woods studient ennywhere yer meet 'um." His kindly face shone with pride. "Yassuh, dey strains deirse'ves up lak er man an' lif's deir foots plumb an' clair. Yassum "Fessor 's done dissolved de problem out fer us! He sholy has."

During the week of our stay there we came to feel that even if the problem — the heart-breaking, soul-sapping "Negro-Problem" itself, that hangs over the beautiful South like a black miasma — is not some day "dissolved" by Piney Woods methods, it is, at any rate, of no such texture as can wholly resist them. A few more schools like that, and perhaps it pales to gray; enough of them, and, who knows? — it may be that the Reverend Hector used the right word and, like the City of Dreadful Night, "it *dissolveth* in the daylight fair"!

For at Piney Woods they learn things like these: ploughing, horseshoeing, washing and ironing, sewing, cooking, basket making, carpentry; they are working *with* the white people and never against them; they exact courtesy from their white neighbors only (and successfully) by extending it; their graduates desire to apply what they have learned, there at home, for the good of the South; and the motto of the school is: "Be good, do good, and make a little money."

"Do you want an education," its prospectus asks the Negroes of that part of the South, "or would you rather remain ignorant?" And then it lays down half a dozen financially gradated plans, beginning with Plan No. 1, for the most opulent, who must give to the school, in payment for tuition, board and lodging eight dol-

They are experts alike with needle or hammer

lars a month in money and one hour a day in work, and ending with Plan No. 6, for the execution of which, "No money is required, just a heart and mind desiring an education. Student works during the day in helping to build up the school and goes to school from 6:30 to 8:30.

"AFTER working under Plan Six for one year a student has paid for a year's schooling and also the second year's, so that he goes into day school at the beginning of the second term. Under this plan we help students out with their clothing and other necessary expenses. Each plan is clear and plain. You don't have to see about it. Pack up and come on. We will accept yearlings, chickens, hogs and farm produce at the market price same as cash money. If a student brings a cow or colt it will pay for a year's schooling or more.

"This is your opportunity. You can never again say in life, 'I did not have a chance.' This is your chance."

Good, straight talk. Are there any to respond to it?

Here are a few typical replies:

"good morning professor how is all I is well and al of the family are well. your most wel come leter was received a few days ago glad was I to hear of the ofer you made.

"Now father were expecting to help me by seling a cow but the cow eat so many acorns she died. So father say he can let you have some molases if they will be al rite for pay.

"if they wont do then i will hafter come and be a work boy as we aint got no money and i sure does want to edicate. Rite me al about it. cause i will work at enything, and the boy that are coming with me are going to let you have a young heifer for his scholing."

"I am writing, asking will you please allow me a chance for an education. . . . I am a poor country girl. . . . On account of unconvenient I can't attend school regular. I admires and education, I have a clean character, and I have a sweet mama, but my dad is not kind, he has been a drunkard up until now, but I love him, but he will not educate his children.

"Write and tell me the chance you can allow me, I will work my way if you will let me come in that way. Answer soon, (Please be a papa for me and help me.)"

"I has heard of your school and I has one little boy nine years old and I would like to ask you in the name of the Lord is there any way you can fix to take him. I have no husband I am a widow and this boy is bad and I would like for you to rite and tell me could you take him and make him work. I have no money to pay on him. He don't know much so I don't know what grade you take them."

And consider the case of Mary Ruffin, who succeeded the Reverend Hector in our rocking chair that May morning.

Because she could read aloud to him from the newspaper and the Bible and write the answers to his letters, Mary's father thought that her progress to the sixth grade in the local school near her home had supplied her with a superabundance of education. When Mary read of the Piney Woods School in the paper and wanted to go, he could never be brought to give his consent. He rejected every proposal that Mary made. She would work her way and pay her own railroad fare; he wouldn't even have to carry her trunk. But no; he meant for her to stay at home, to remain unmarried and to continue to plough, milk the cows, look after the horses and pick cotton, and to give half of what she earned to him and half to her mother to be applied towards the payment of the family debt at the store.

BUT of all the children Mary was the only one who wanted an education, and her mother was with her. She let Mary hold back the haif of her earnings that her father thought was being paid to the store. Several months of saving, and there was enough for the trip. Her father watched her, to see that she didn't get away. But one day when he himself was gone, she left. She walked twelve miles to the railroad, spent the night with a family of her acquaintance and the next morning boarded the first train she had ever been on and journeyed to Piney Woods.

Learning trades of house, farm and shop

She never heard directly from her parents — her father will not permit her mother to write — but sometimes a rare message comes through a relative on another mail route, six miles away. They send her nothing, and she is struggling on alone, saddened but determined. She gets up at four o'clock and is at work by half-past four, helping to cook breakfast for two hundred people. She works until two and then studies. She recites between six and seven and goes to bed between eight and nine. Fifty dollars a year would endow a scholarship for her and enable her to finish her course in half the time. Looking at us with lighted eyes out of a weary face, she explained that she is working towards the day when she can be matron in a school and help other negro girls who are "more unfortunate than she is." She's worth helping.

AND there was Bertha McCalipan. She heard of the school and wanted to go. Plan Six would take care of her if she could get there, but she was without clothes or railroad fare, her parents were dead, and she had no means of earning money. And *there is very little money in Bertha's neighborhood.* We submit this list — just as she recounted it herself — of her friends and the things they gave her to get her to school as more eloquent than anything we could write in behalf of the uncountable young Negroes in the South who, like Bertha McCalipan and Mary Ruffin, "want to edicate."

"Aunt Hester Robinson," she said, "gave a pound of butter and a dime,
Grandma Willis gave a chicken,
Aunt Lucy McCornell fo' bits,
Sarah Pernell, a chicken,
Effie McCoy cooked a cake and gave five cents,
Sam McCoy, five cents,
James Buckner, two bits,
Mrs. Church, seven cents,
Meal Kyle, two bits,
Mollice Pernell, a few things,
Chlora Pernell, a dime,
Bessie Harvey, one of her dresses,
Washington Lincoln Johnson, two pecks of meal,
Mandy Willis, one of her waists,
Angie Wilson, a dozen eggs."

The chickens, dimes, two bits, eggs, dresses and other things were not wasted. The work that Bertha did was satisfactory to the school. And after she had been there for a year and was wishing for a second term, the aunt with whom she lived sent to the principal this testimony with regard to its effect upon her at home:

"Dearest Mr. Jones;

"While sitting here to-night thought to drop you a few lines to let you here from me I am well and I truly hope you are the same.

"I got your most kind welcome letter a few month ago and I was sure glad to hear from you.

"How are you at this time?

"Dear Sir I am glad to write to you and tell you about the improvement that you has made in Bertha she is better in the wash tub and in the fields and in kitchen and in the house. She is better everywhere I put hir then she was tho she have ben sick last week and she did not stop I see you have made a enprovement in hir thire if she had not been to Braxton she woulder took the bed.

"WELL so much for that I will go and tell you my bisness that cause me to write to you lisen Mr. Jones I wans to send Bertha back and she has worked so faithful sence she came home and I want to pay enough for hir to go to school in the day now if she work in the morning and in the evening after school is out then what will you charge me for hir going to school.

"Well she say she wants to come if she hafter do like she did last year but I ames to do all I can for hir and I want you and your dear wife to do the same well you write as soon as you get this and let me here so I will no what to do. Oh yes there is some boys here who wants to work for there schoolen by so doing git an education by worken a half a day and going to school the other half well I am going to send you Bertha bro and too more I gess they ar coming

"But you look for Bertha and hir brother first of next month just as soon as you reply to this letter.

"Now I will draw of and wait on your reply.

"Your truly
"LUCY MC CORNELL."

Engineering and electrical sciences feature at the school

Sadie McGee came to Piney Woods in a wagon with her mother, all she had in a meal sack. But her mother brought along two geese — as matriculation fee. Later she drove down eight more geese, and these and the work of Sadie's hands saw her through the school.

They pay with cow peas, canned fruit, melons, ducks, chickens, sugar cane, sorghum, 'possums, shoats, and pinders; they pay with anything and everything that they can raise or make, and they pay with work, work, work, and a very little money.

MRS. PHOEBE COLLINS came to see us with all her children: a descending scale from Larla Lee, aged ten, through Mary Lee, C H (after the first two letters in Charles, his father's name), and Irene Magnolia, to L C (after the 'Fessor), who while we talked lunched in deep content from the original home dairy. Bright eyed, exuberantly alive, sturdy young foundations that the school is building upon.

Charles Collins, the father, saw a school catalog that his brother had, and wanted to go. He wrote, and was encouraged to come on without seeing about it. But there were many difficulties, including lack of money, "a little scatterin' debt," the possession of cows, pigs and chickens, and the family. It took three years to pry them loose from their limpet hold on the rocks of Morton, Mississippi, where Charles was working on the skidder for a lumber mill. In the event the 'Fessor called on him there and by the light of a lantern — they had no lamps — dissolved *his* problem out for him.

The school paid the little scatterin' debt, accepted the cows, pigs and chickens, the same as cash money, for board, lodging and tuition, helped the Collinses load everything they had into wagons, and enrolled the whole family as students, excluding only L C, of the home dairy.

The father is in the sixth grade with his oldest daughter, the mother and Mary Lee attend the fourth, C H and Irene Magnolia (who is three years old and knows her A B C's) go it alone, and even L C has his educational path laid clearly out before him.

All honor to the Collinses. There aren't many families that have the stuff in them to arise when the chance comes and go to school *en bloc*. We wish we could get the up-and-coming look of them into this paper — a certain Irishness, as it were — a combination of vigor, humor and keen interest in the world about them that certainly ought to be marketable somewhere, some day.

In the case of Laney Brown the difficulty was not money. It lay even deeper. She told us her own story. We know she will pardon the frankness of this repetition of it, since it is put forward out of respect and admiration.

After completing the fifth grade, Laney Brown stopped school for eight years. She would have stopped forever if she hadn't heard the 'Fessor when he was speaking one day at Mendenhall, near her home. He spoke of the advantages of an education and of how it was never too late to get one, and he spoke to some purpose, for Laney Brown, a woman now of twenty-four, her educational beginnings eight years behind her, climbed onto the seat of a wagon, cracked the whip over her team of mules, and drove to his school, her snuff stick behind her ear, the light of determination in her eyes.

The snuff stick has gone — with most of the old habits of Laney Brown's life, and her point of view, and the ugly, graceless garments in which she came to Piney Woods. She wore a pretty, well cut plaid gingham gown, with a white dimity collar and white shoes as she sat in the rocking chair in our cabin and told us how she meant to finish the course and then do something "to help her people".

NO one could observe the Piney Woods School as we did, at close range for a week, wandering about the grounds, visiting the classes, talking with students and instructors, sharing their picnics and watching their commencement, and come away unmoved to pity and sympathy by three outstanding things: the need of these people for education, their desire for it, and the determination of almost every one of them to use it *to help the race.*

Competent instruction along familiar lines makes efficient, happy workers of the boys

And how the race, as they know it, needs help! A scant sixty years removed from slavery, loaded with God knows what handicaps of inherited inertia and unintelligence, almost unbelievably poor, rigidly isolated and humiliated, not only socially but intellectually as well, even by their best friends among the whites — is it a case for *justice?* Will not the great Republic be shamed if it be less than generous? As long as there are Mary Ruffins and Bertha McCalipans and Laney Browns stumbling painfully along in the Piney Woods, it is going to be the business of those of us who traverse the same intellectual ways swiftly and happily in our inherited mental automobiles to stop when we can, climb down and hold out steadying hands to them, to give to the spirit that moves them at least "the wages of going and not to die."

"WHAT are you going to do when you finish?" we asked a boy in the broom making shop.

"I'm goin' to Athaca," he said. (He meant Africa.) "Dey say my people deir ain't got no leaders."

The dim light of a half comprehended resolve shone through his simple face as he turned towards us eagerly to see the effect of his announcement.

Going to Athaca! There is an unusual pathos in the phrase. Camelot, Tir n'an Og, the Fortunate Isles — Athaca! God help him on his way.

But all the others meant to stay in the South. The school gets positions for some of them in the North every year, but only for those who mean to return.

Down by the spring, in the log cabin that serves for a laundry — a crude affair of iron tubs and pine wood fires — we met a frail girl named Ella Gray, who has been up north twice, broadening her outlook, increasing her usefulness and saving money to go on with her education.

During one scorching summer when she stayed on at the school to pay her way through the following term, this is the kind of work she did: piled and burned brush on the new ground; cut brush and pine saplings; planted corn; hoed corn; dug potatoes; worked in the garden; picked blackberries in the woods and preserved them for the school; set type for "The Pine Torch," the school paper; washed and ironed and cooked; milked two cows every morning, and attended night school.

Then when she went home for a few days' vacation, she stripped sugar cane, picked cotton, put up berries, and sewed for her mother.

It must have been a real desire for service that took her back from Iowa, where her gentleness and intelligence won for her a certain position as Miss Gray, to Mississippi, where, except inside of the pale of the old snake fence of the Piney Woods School, she must always be Ella, and a nigger.

The school chooses those to be sent North whose level heads and loyal hearts can be trusted to bring them back home again. Each of them is trained in the hope that he will be a Moses to his own people. Their old song says in its sad, strongly rhythmed, cotton-hoeing chorus:

"Go down, Moses!
Way down in Egypt lan',
An' tell ol' Pharaoh,
Let my people go!"

The Pharaoh that holds them fast is Ignorance. And Negroes like the 'Fessor are seeing that clearly and telling it over and over and over again to the others.

AND the others need a lot of telling. There is a mighty tradition of ignorance, inertia and superstition to be overcome.

"Look er here, 'Fessor," said his neighbors in genuine alarm, when the little steam engine had been got under way and, through a dynamo and home-made system of wiring, was giving out electric light to all the buildings and the grounds, "don' yer 'spec' dat stuff 'll jump off 'n dem wires an' scoot all thoo der county, an' git in our cotton an' spile de crops?"

And, "'Fessor 's done got along all right, 'cause he 's kep' de Lord in front of him," said an old man solemnly when a system of overhead irrigation produced fresh vegetables in August, "but now he ain't gwine er have no mo' luck — tryin' ter mek it rain. When de Lord *want* it ter rain, it'll *rain.*"

Deeper still go the roots of some of it — how deep no man knows.

Girl students and the departments which provide a trade for each

" 'Fessor," said an old man one day who had walked a long way for a conference, "my wife 's done runned away, an' I 'se come to you, 'cause I knows you can he'p me. Ef I c'u'd get ter New Arleans, dere 's guphers an' conjurers dere c'u'd uppermind you, great as you is, an' git dat woman back 'fore Saturday, an' fix her so she 'd neber leave no mo' — an' dey 'd neber even have ter *see* her!

"Dey gits it f'um de high ones," he went on in a whisper, "way back in de fur parts er Virginny. It's called er *Jack*, or mos' peepul dey calls it er *han'*. An' when dey gits it, den dey can do ennything dey wants ter. De debils go to yer home while yer wife is in peaceful sleep, an' dey sprinkle some powdah under yer do' step, or dey plant sumpun' dere, an' widout 'spectin', yer wife goes out de nex' mornin' an' steps over it, an' den dey 's jes' as good got 'er as er dollar!

"Now, 'Fessor, you boun' ter hev er han', 'caise nobody ain't neber seed nothin' lak dis place fer niggers befo'. 'Fessor, *please* wu'k yer han' for me! *Please* fetch dat woman back!"

The 'Fessor promised to help in any way he could: the woman came back, and his reputation as a conjure nigger was firmly established in some quarters.

This quintet has been schooled to quick work as broom makers

The 'Fessor is fond of referring to the work that he and his faculty are doing as "spraying a human orchard." It's a good phrase. Human souls in black bodies are blossoming around him there in the Black Belt of Mississippi as they are blossoming in white bodies in the Blue Blood Belt of old New England, and in the one place as in the other they need help, stimulation, protection, spraying, from their fellows if they are going to ripen into good fruit as citizens of the United States. For these black, native-born Americans, though disfranchised, *are* "citizens of the United States and of the State in which they reside," and derive their title from precisely that same section and article of our Constitution that confers it upon the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Piney Woods faculty are active, energetic sprayers, and as the crop is harvested Mississippi is going to be their debtor.

From typing to washing runs the girls' curriculum

Richard Williams, for example, was a thief. At the age of eleven he outraged the peace and dignity of the State of Mississippi by stealing bread at Handsboro. He had no relatives, and yielding to a kindly impulse and not knowing what else to do with him, the sheriff brought him to Piney Woods. The day of the picnic he was sent over to sit by us on the ground and talk about himself. But that was outside his line.

"How are you, Richard?"

"Slow fer luck an' through fer trouble," he replied, and this cryptic remark was all we got out of him.

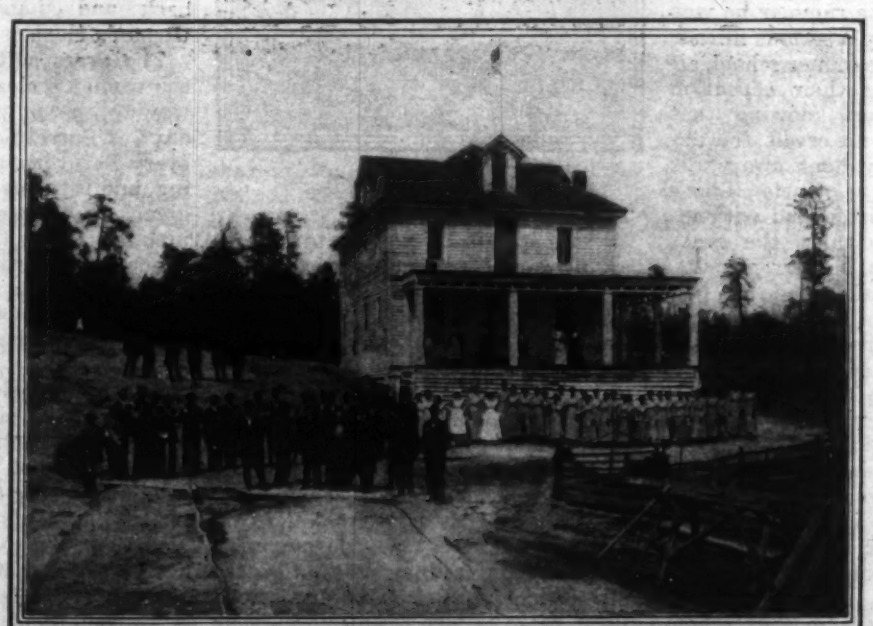
It had a sombre, fatalistic and yet humorous sound that comported oddly with his years.

He sat beside us, not impolitely, as long as we wanted him to, but gazed far off over the piney woods like a wild thing, and wouldn't talk.

Poor little sullen, battered, bewildered piece of human driftwood! If you had seen him that day of the picnic and then looked across the grass at the 'Fessor's wife, you would have felt that it was a very kindly wave indeed that landed him at her feet.

She has many qualifications that fit her for the position she holds as her husband's first assistant, but most important, it seems to us, are her intelligent understanding of the needs of the primitive and childlike Piney Woods folk that she, a successful Middle-Western business woman, has, with a fine generosity of spirit, made *her own people* in thought, and word, and deed, and the fact that she *cares* — cares about the suffering, the deprivation, the hardship, the frustration of their lives, and tries unceasingly to help them.

It is a pleasure to remember her pleasant, wholesome face. It is one of those whose goodness declares itself unmistakably and immediately. We found in it an explanation of many little happinesses, many little mental and moral cleanlinesses that we observed.



To-day's class in to-day's building: the main schoolhouse

And what about the 'Fessor? Too much for inclusion here. He's a story all to himself. His name is Lawrence C. Jones. He's the nigger in the Piney Woodpile and the explanation of everything. But it would all have been very different without his wife.

If you had come off to boarding school in a blood-red skirt

and a yellow waist — and if you had been raised to regard such things as norms of style, why wouldn't you? — and some of your fellow students had derided you into tears, you would be very glad that it was a woman like this that came to suggest gently how much more becoming she thought your old homespun was, and then sent you out to walk with other carefully selected devotees of homespun to be comforted.

Probably very few who read this have had the pleasure of pulling the under-lip out until it makes a pouch, filling it half full of snuff from a little cylindrical tin can and then luxuriously kneading its contents against the teeth at leisure with a brush made from a sweetgum or a blackgum twig and carried conveniently about behind the ear when not in use. But if your fathers and mothers had "dipped" it is probable that at least some of you would have done it, too, and that a white students' variant of Piney Woods would be just the place to send you to.

They have declared war to the death on dipping. "This is the snuff dippers' table," says a drastically cruel sign in the dining room, and at that table snuff is sifted over the food, and those who sit there eschew the filthy habit with reasonable celerity or leave the place.

There is a broad and honest substratum of altruism under the Piney Woods School. Last summer sixty boys and forty-two girls were enrolled who paid nothing. During the ten years of its existence at least six hundred such moneyless students have passed through its whitewashed classrooms. A goodly number when we remember that the school's genesis was the 'Fessor on one end of a log and a solitary pupil on the other.

UNCLE 'LIGE CAMPBELL is an unbelievably picturesque old man who lives with his wife down the road a piece and sells sassafras roots by the foot from festoons strung on a rope around his neck. One summer he was confined to his bed by a serious illness. The students at the summer school, all working to pay for their education the following winter, knowing that they would receive no credit for absence, so that every hour away was money lost, went to Uncle 'Lige's house, cleaned it within and without, cooked the meals, cleared the grass out of the late crops, dug his peanuts, stripped his cane and made it into molasses, pulled his fodder and out of their meager purses made up one dollar and fifteen cents and left it with the old man after they had all had prayer meeting together. Not a large amount, was it? These things are all relative. It seems larger when the 'Fessor tells you that some of those who gave five cents didn't have as much as a dollar in money in the world and didn't know where more would come from.

There are two boys in that school who have been there for five years, Clifton and Sandy Moore. They have no relatives except a sister. During the five years no one has ever been to see them, and the sister has sent them nothing but two shirts. The school has fed them, housed them, taught them, clothed them, even paid their doctors' bills, in return for such small services as they could render about the place. Certainly it has been a fountain in life's desert to them.

A royal corn crop

Which brings us very naturally to that unique and characteristic institution, the Barrel Room. North, south, east and west, people who wanted to help the struggling little school have sent clothes to its students, and as they came these have gone into the Barrel Room. Not only Clifton and Sandy Moore, but hundreds of other destitute boys and girls — yes, and men and women, too — have been clothed out of those barrels. If you have garments that you do not need, send them to the Piney Woods Country Life School at Braxton, Mississippi, and if there is any wear left in them the 'Fessor's wife will see that somebody gets it out — and you may count on its being somebody who needs them.

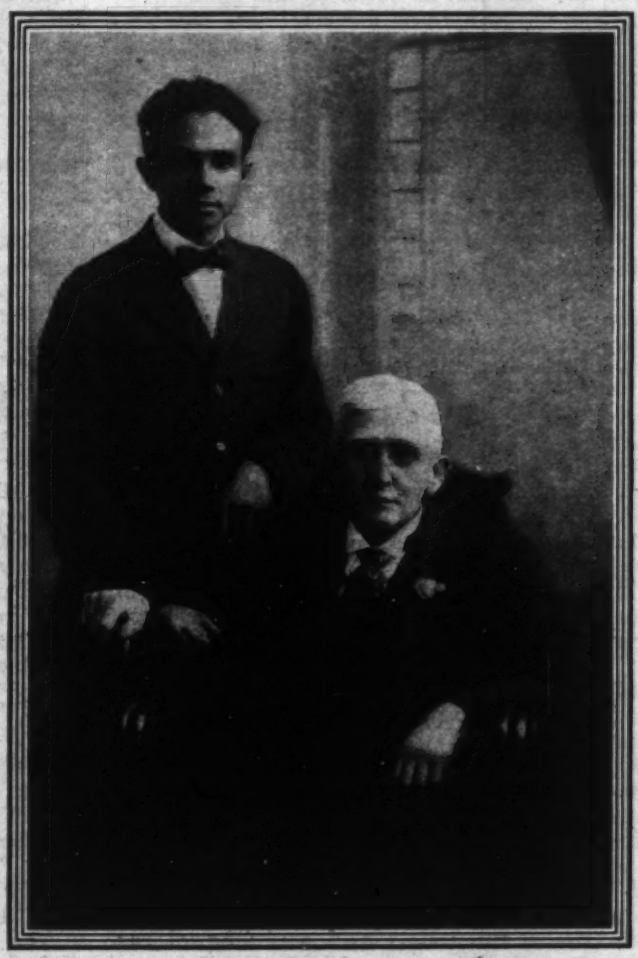
The 'Fessor's wife knows about such things. As Grace M. Allen, for three years before her marriage she conducted the Grace M. Allen Industrial School at Burlington, Iowa — where (incidentally) over half of her pupils were white. When the clothes that are sent to her are finally thrown away they have been squeezed as dry of usefulness as that tinder-like residuum Louisianians call *bagasse* that comes out of the back door of a sugar mill has been squeezed dry of the juice of the cane that it once was. When the mother of sixteen children — most of them daughters — returned to her as useless an old-fashioned white skirt with "folds voluminous and vast", she welcomed the chance for an object lesson. Everybody knew about the skirt. Its peculiarities had excited a good deal of comment. She ripped it up and made two waitresses' aprons, a waist, a dust cap, and two handkerchiefs, all attractive enough to please the fastidious. And then she held a little exhibit, to show the solid potentialities of that much good white cloth.

THE Barrel Room was why the shoes and stockings of so many of the destitute girls on the chapel platform at commencement time were white. The Barrel Room explained the sprinkling of high heels — made for other promenades than the scraggy hillsides of the campus at Piney Woods. Out of the Barrel Room came the ancient dress suit that an old man still wears on Sundays to his little church away off down there in the woods; and the blue army coat from the northern soldiers' home that has become a Piney Woods woman's admired best; and, *vice versa*, the woman's cloak that covers on certain more important occasions the manly form of the Reverend — but it wouldn't be fair to give his name. He likes the cloak, and only the 'Fessor and his wife ever smile at it, and then only behind his back and thankfully, for even a woman's cloak is better than none.

The dress suit, the army coat and the woman's cloak that has found its way to the pulpit date back to the days of Barrel Sales. They were held every Saturday at seven in the morning, and it seems a pity they had to be given up on account of the school's inability to pay the State a prohibitive license fee in order to bring their continuance within the law. For they were doing a lot of good. The garments for two weddings — one black and one white — came out those barrels. The people used to gather for the sales from miles around, and some of them were black and some were white, but all of them were poor. The school sold only those things its teachers and students couldn't use — and it sold them *cheap*.

Everything at Piney Woods was erected by student labor. They have a (second-hand) sawmill; their own electric light, telephone and water sys-

tems; a mill for crushing sorghum and pans for boiling down the juice into syrup; a grist mill that serves the surrounding country on the basis of one-eighth toll. They sell hot-bed plants, and they make buggies for the local market. There is a mothers' club whose ameliorating influence was vouched for in accents of unmistakable sincerity by half a dozen of its members questioned by us as they drove or walked past our cabin door. Two graduates — women — are kept regularly on extension work, traveling from local school to school, handing on to others less fortunate anything and everything useful they have learned at Piney Woods. They hold farmers' conferences. The 'Fessor goes about and lectures wherever they want him. They have brought into that part of the State the first registered cattle and hogs, the first overhead irrigation system, and the first double-row corn planter; they have built the first silo, and they have engineered the first social service meeting ever held there for white and colored together.



Captain Asa Turner, Chairman of the Board of Truslees and Lawrence C. Jones, Principal

THE 'Fessor started ten years ago with precisely nothing. To-day the school owns 1,500 acres of land ("stump land," that is, or cut-over land—worth about 150 acres of land in Iowa,) and eight large and several smaller frame buildings, and the total valuation of its property is $45,000.

Last year the enrollment was 300 students. One hundred and sixty of them boarded at the school and 140 lived in the community round about. The 'Fessor estimates that from the beginning they have handled a grand total of at least 3,000 students, and through their extension and lecture work have reached about 40,000 people in a community where the rural schools for negroes rarely ever go past the fifth and sixth grades, where many are open only for three or four months in the year, and have from 75 to 125 pupils to each teacher, and where some of the teachers are paid twelve and fourteen dollars a month. It was six miles to the nearest of these schools when the Piney Woods School was started.

Most of its activities were summarized for us in the commencement exercises of 1920, which, at the dictates of the weather, were held as usual in early May. Perhaps there have been other commencements like it, but to us it was unique.

On the platform within the whitewashed walls of "Taylor Hall"—named for the ex-slave who ten years ago gave the forty acres and the fifty dollars that brought substance and shape to the 'Fessor's dream of the school-to-be—the graduating class demonstrated what it had learned to do by doing it.

A girl whose subject was "The Power of the Hand" explained the uses of shorthand and typewriting and took dictation in shorthand on the blackboard. Stenographers are trained at Piney Woods only for use in the school.

While she transcribed it on a typewriter another told of the duties of "The Modern Teacher" and, with some of the smaller day pupils to help her, showed the simple physical exercises that are taught at Piney Woods, explained the necessity of individual drinking cups and showed the audience how to make them from sheets of white paper. Then she set her small assistants to planting beets and lettuce in a bit of a sample garden there on the stage and went on to tell how the modern teacher gives entertainments and organizes clubs to raise money to buy lime for whitewash, which she makes with her own hands without waiting for help from others, and while her pupils, their garden finished, whitewashed a miniature school house, ended by stressing the value of home training in preventing the use of vulgar language.

"The Advantages of a Dressmaker" included a bird's-eye view of the history of sewing and the complete and competent construction of a blouse from pattern to buttons.

This, of course, wasn't done in a moment. As the seamstress finished her talk and sat down to a cutting table, a strong young fellow, the set of whose shoulders still remembered khaki, began to speak of "The Advantages of Every Farmer Being His Own Mechanic." "Lack of mechanical ability, that has kept the Southern farmer in the position he occupies today. He cannot afford to pay a mechanic, and he can't do it himself. And yet all he needs is a blacksmith shop and a few tools." And then he stepped over to a little portable forge, made the bellow roar until the flames sprang up like flowers, and with the ringing clang of the anvil drowned the click of the typewriter, the swish of the whitewash brushes and the rattle of the sewing machine, as he welded a Piney Woods-made buggy tire.

Undisturbed by the variegated racket, "The Bread Maker," coming next, talked a little and did a good deal to clarify for the audience the principles of her art. The yeast, the sponge, the batch of dough, a word or two on light bread versus hot biscuits, an inevitable reference to the younger Lytton's apparently immortal jingle about books and cooks, and the bread was put to bake in a little stove, as all of us turned to consider "The Advantages of a Young Man Knowing How to Do Concrete Work."

THE concrete was mixed and poured and moulded, and made first into bricks and then into blocks, and into the midst of the process one thrust himself forward who knew "How To Build Up a Run-Down Farm," and showed how the corn plant feeds from the seed for the first eight days; how a wrong choice of fertilizers brings potato bugs, and how they can be destroyed; the necessity for a change of crops; the cause of rust and fungus; the folly of leaving two-thirds of a corn crop in the field instead of putting it into a silo, and how proteins, fats and carbohydrates should balance in feeding stock.

A girl swabbed shrilly piping chicks with tobacco juice to protect them from mites, and showed us how eggs are tested; another swung a little printing press into action and struck off copies of "The Pine Torch"; rag rugs were woven, shuck hats were made, shoes were mended by a girl with sturdy strokes that would have done credit to old Hans Sachs, pine

(*Continued on page 118*)

The Soviet in Ward Eleven

By Elmer Brown Mason

THE sun pushed its molten bronze disk over the edge of the world, rose slowly as though reluctant to add the fury of its rays to the humid heat continuing from the night. Two larks, emigrants from the Old World to Long Island, rose high above the acres of long barrack-like shacks and poured out limpid glory from the clouds upon an earth changed to ugliness at the hands of man. From some of the smaller buildings faint spirals of kerosene-inspired smoke rose straight up into the still air. A bugle sounded first call. As though it had been a signal the larks ceased their rhapsody and floated down to earth. Then, clear and silvery sweet, came the first notes of reveille.

Within a tiny cubicle, lettered on the outside ORDERLY ROOM, a tired-eyed nurse filled in the last sheet of a government form and wrote down the date, July 3d. Then she rose wearily and went outside into the long building, her felt-soled shoes making no sound as she walked its length, glancing sharply at the occupants of the narrow hospital beds on either side, thirty to the right, twenty-nine to the left. Some were awake and spoke to her in low voices to avoid disturbing their sleeping comrades, some, half between sleep and waking, watched her with dull, expressionless eyes. Here and there she dropped a word, paused to pull a pillow straight or touch a pulse. Half way up the line she stopped by the side of a bed on which lay a big man, one pitifully short arm in bandages outside the sheet, and his face deadly pale. He smiled up at her.

"Holding out all right, Top?" she asked, bending down to smooth his covering.

"I THINK so . . . Yes, I'm all right, Miss Simpson," he answered, but his face contracted with pain as he spoke.

The girl watched him sharply for a moment.

"We'll fix you up pretty soon, Top," she said finally. "It was good work holding out through the night."

"It wasn't nothin'," he answered, a momentary flush of pleasure bringing color to his cheeks, "I'll sleep 'bout 'leven when it's quiet."

The nurse nodded and passed on. She stopped again at the last bed on the left side of the ward and leaned over the figure of the boy who lay breathing heavily there. When she straightened up again her face was wearier than before.

Some of the men were up and flocking toward the wash room in various stages of deshabille as the girl passed noiselessly back to the orderly room. Another nurse entered and laid a handful of books on the desk.

"Anything unusual?" she queried.

"No, I'm dead tired, though, Ruth," the first nurse answered, then continued, "I think the Top ought to have a shot — half a grain — he got through the night without it. Didn't sleep a wink, just fought. The boy, left at the end of the ward, is going. Better have the screens put around him pretty soon. Every one else is doing all right. Tony told me about his adored lieutenant, of course, just before daylight. I *wish* we could get the psycho-cases into another ward, wish this ward could be sorted out."

"SO do I, Anne," the new nurse answered, "but I think Tony would go if you separated him from his buddies. They certainly treat him nicely."

"Yes, you're right," Anne Simpson agreed, after pondering wearily for a moment. "If we only had more room it wouldn't be so bad, if we could only get the boys outdoors! I'm going after the matron again for those awnings — they'd help a lot. My, but it's hot! *What* a climate for a hospital!"

An orderly entered and handed Ruth Brown some papers, took those she gave him, and passed out. The girl glanced quickly through them.

"Three new patients for Ward Eleven," she announced angrily. "Do they think this building stretches? Now we'll have to move up all the beds a little closer again."

"Anæmia case," Miss Simpson read from the paper the other nurse handed her. "Two discharged patients back. They are always so sick, poor dears, when they come back," she added.

"Well, thank God for Major Wells, anyway," Ruth Brown answered with apparent irrelevance.

"Yes, he's a man," agreed Anne Simpson, "God bless him."

Mess call sounded. Those of the patients who could walk trooped out to an adjoining building. Orderlies brought in breakfasts to the bedridden. Ruth Brown stepped silently up the long room and bent over the Top, a hypodermic needle in her hand.

" 'Mornin', Miss Brown," he smiled up at her, baring his uninjured left arm.

Across the aisle, Tony, propped up in bed, was narrating:

". . . da smoke all 'round so I can't see noboda but da Lieutenant. Da machine gun shoot jus' in front. Da Lieutenant say, 'Are you wid me, Tony?' An' I say, 'I'm wid you, Lieutenant.' We crawl through da smoke an' da Lieutenant throw da bomb an' kill three men at da machine gun. Two more put up da hand. Da Lieutenant say, 'Go back,' an' they go back, an' da rest of da company come up. Then I fall down an' get up but da Lieutenant don't get up. He ain't got no head. He was good fella, da Lieutenant," the little Italian concluded tonelessly.

"I'll bet he was," the Top volunteered.

"Da Lieutenant, he tell me once . . ." began Tony again, but the Top interrupted him, the lash of a command in his voice, "Eat your breakfast, Banana."

Obediently the little Italian turned to the food on the board across his knees, and the men around him, who had been listening, began to talk. The boy from Tennessee in the next bed to Tony addressed the nurse:

"Yo' all reckon I can get up today, Miss Brown?"

The girl glanced at the temperature chart fastened to the head of his bed.

"If you feel like it — really, I guess you can," she answered.

"I reckon I will," he stated. "It ain't so sult'y when yo's up."

"How 'bout lil' game of stud?" suggested the occupant of the bed on his right. "You wanta in, Top?"

"I'll play for 'n hour," the one-armed man answered, his eyes now bright as the morphine took hold. "Can't have *all* my pay go back to Indianner."

YOU'VE said it," heartily agreed the boy on the other side of Tony.

The Top sat on the Italian's bed, Bill from Indiana on the bed across, the Tennessean had a chair between the beds. Two of the breakfast boards served as a table.

Anne Simpson had gone to her quarters to rest. The walking cases came back from the mess hall next door. Two new nurses were changing dressings, while Ruth Brown examined charts, helped wash hands and faces, administered medicine. It was warm in Ward Eleven, in spite of six electric fans that kept the air in motion Nevertheless the men were not unhappy; the place hummed with talk, even those who were bedridden joined cheerfully in. Newspapers rustled, several card games were going on noisily. Some men were still eating their breakfasts since there were not enough orderlies to attend to them all at once.

It was close to eleven o'clock when Ruth Brown called down the ward: "Inspection in ten minutes," then added, half appealingly, "Don't you boys get me into trouble."

Abruptly the card games came to

an end. There was a scurry of putting away, a straightening of pillows. Most of the men got back on their beds, a few sat on chairs near where they slept. The talk began again in a more subdued key, ceased entirely as the Top snapped out "'Tention!" The men who were seated came to their feet and stood stiffly, eyes to the front, the men on the beds lay motionless and silent.

"Ease! Ease!" rumbled the fat medical major, coming into the ward from the orderly room. The men standing up sat down again, those in bed relaxed. The major spoke a few words to Ruth Brown, then waddled to the bed on the left at the upper end. He bent over it for a moment, whispered a few words to the nurse and passed on to the next patient. Working from the upper end of the ward he came to the Top.

"Well, how goes it, old timer?" he asked.

"It's gettin' kinda sore again," the boy answered. "If the major would look at it . . ."

The bandages were removed from the stump of an arm and the medical officer probed it gently with an enquiring finger. It was red and angry in one spot, drew a wince from its owner.

"'Nother little piece of bone," the major grunted. "You must be pretty near all bone, sergeant."

The boy grinned in spite of his pain, and submitted stoically to further manipulation.

"May have to get that piece out," the major grumbled. "Yep, may have to get it out in a day or two. Put the Top on a light diet, nurse. Won't be much, my boy," he concluded in kindly tones. "Just a little quick cut an' then a drainage tube."

"Will the major have to use an anesthetic?" the sergeant asked anxiously.

"What's that? Local, only local, just a needle. Can't waste any more ether on you," and he pulled the boy's head straight on the pillow with rough tenderness.

ONE after another he looked at every man in the ward, sometimes passed on with hardly a word, sometimes stopped for several minutes. He lingered longest over Tony, even told him a story the point of which was obvious but not over-delicate. The men in the adjoining beds laughed. The little Italian smiled wanly but only after he saw that it was expected of him. Near the orderly room the major paused, hauled a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket, and read in a testy voice, running his words together:

"Sub-order XT 736.

"1. There shall be no playing cards for money, throwing of dice or any other form of gambling in hospital wards. Penalty for disobedience: court martial under Article er, um, etc.

"2. Commanding officers will be held responsible for the enforcement of this order. Ah, um! Must be posted in each ward."

"You men note this! Nurses aren't commanding officers, of course. Inspection will be at eleven o'clock as usual. Word will be sent in advance of any extra inspection. Don't let me catch you gamblin'. Rest!" and he waddled out the door.

"Now ain't that a helluva note!" exclaimed the man on the left of the Italian. "There goes our stud game! What do they expect us to do all day, play that there game of parchesi for matches?"

"SOLID bone," sniffed the Top, patting his closely cropped head. "You're solid bone, Red, from the collar up. Didn't you hear the major tell us that nurses didn't matter an' that he'd send word of all inspections. Helluva lot he cares whether we play stud or not. He's a reg'lar fellar."

"I didn't get him," Red answered in apologetic tones. "He *is* a reg'lar fellar. Don't know what I'd do if I didn't have that thar stud game to wake up to."

"Da Lieutenant he was regula fella," began Tony. "He say to me 'Are you wid . . .'"

"Yo' all goin' to have 'nother piece of bone took outen yo' all?" broke in the boy from Tennessee hastily.

"Yep," the Top answered, "in a few days, but I don't have to take that damn ether. That's worse'n bein' cut." He glanced anxiously across at the little Italian, but Tony had subsided, slipped back into the hazy world where he mostly dwelt.

An orderly carried two screens up the ward, placed them around the narrow bed at the end on the left. Nurse Brown slipped inside them.

"What got him?" Bill whispered across to the sergeant, nodding towards the screens.

"Gas case," the Top whispered back.

"An' me with only a short leg!" Red exclaimed, "an' a few broke ribs. I'll say I'm lucky!"

The men up and down the ward continued to talk but their eyes were on the screens, their tones lowered. In a few moments Nurse Brown came out again from between the screens and went into the orderly room. Next, stretcher bearers entered the upper end of the ward and a still form was carried out. The nurse returned with clean sheets and remade the bed. The screens were moved back against the wall.

It was growing hotter minute by minute. The men had all crawled back on their beds. Conversation had practically ceased. The Top was sound asleep, a smile on his white, tired face. The whirr of the six electric fans was the predominating note in the long room. Suddenly, without warning, one of them clicked sharply, grated, then ran down with a long drone. The nurse came and looked at it, then, with the assistance of one of the patients, took it from its shelf and carried it out to the orderly room. The big negro who had been sleeping beneath it, woke with a groan, rolled his eyes upwards until they were all white.

"Whar my fan?" he demanded of the world.

"It's gone bloey, Smoke," his neighbor answered, then added, "Gawd, ain't it hot!"

"Ah wahnts mah fan," the negro insisted fiercely, "Ah wahnts mah fan. Ah gotta right to a fan fo' me."

Several soldiers turned on their beds interestedly. One spoke: "Ain't no more fans, Mose. You can have ours, though — can't he, buddie?" he spoke to the man next to him, "if nurse will let us move it."

The negro sat bolt upright on his bed and beneath the sheets it was plain that his legs ended at the knees. Sweat rolled from his forehead, tears flowed from his eyes.

"Ah don' wahn't yo' fan, white boy," he moaned, "Ah wahnt *mah* fan. Ah gotta right fo' a fan, ahm a volunteer ah is, not no drafted man. Ah gives up mah job as Pullm'n portah fo' to go to the wah, an' I gets me no legs. Ah gotta right to fan fo' *me!* Ain't the gov'ment nevah goin' to do nothin' fo' me?"

"Snap out of it, Smoke!" snarled the Top. "They'll get you a new fan as soon as they can. Snap out of it! I wanta sleep."

The negro slipped back between the sheets, then hid his head beneath the pillow and his bed shook.

"I didn't like it at first when they put me in hyah with that thar nigger," Tennessee said in low tones to his left-hand neighbor, "but I kinda get him now. He shuah got a right to a fan fo' his two legs — an' yo' all know thar ain't no extra fans. M'ss Brown hadta have the last one mended."

"THEY oughta have fans this weather," Bill answered. "Seems somebody oughta thought of them gettin' busted."

"Aw, they're too busy fightin' over them there bonuses to bother 'bout such things as fans," Red volunteered from across Tony. "Whatcha goin' to do with yours, Tennessee?"

"Boahd, jus' boahd," the mountaineer answered luxuriously, lying back on his pillow. "Whar I come from, in the mountings, boahd cost twenty dollars a month. I get more'n fifty dollars from this hyah bonus when it goes through an' that gives me more'n thirty to trade with — *if* I want to trade. I reckon I'll jus' boahd fo' a piece, though."

Anne Simpson slept till noon and then woke to stifling heat. It was impossible for her to stay in bed longer and she rose, her head throbbing, and dressed. She felt that she must get some air and hurried outdoors. There was not a breath stirring and she was glad to get out of the heat of the sun. Her thoughts turned automatically back to Ward Eleven and the question of awnings, canopies, any protection as long as the men might get outdoors. Before venturing into the sun again she found

a head covering, and then hastened to the group of buildings which made up headquarters. The matron was not in her office, but, as the girl came out, she met Colonel Withers, who was in charge of the hospital.

It was not etiquette for her to bring her troubles to him, much as she would have wished to do so. Unwittingly, however, the colonel gave her an opening.

"How's Ward Eleven, Miss Simpson?" he asked pleasantly.

"It's overcrowded — fifty-nine men now, and three more coming to-day. We'll have to move all the beds up again to make room for them. And we have only six electric fans, and we should have ten — or at least eight. And I was looking for the matron now to see if anything had been done about getting canopies so the men could go outdoors. There is absolutely no shade anywhere," she concluded breathlessly, a note of triumph in her voice at having successfully set forth all her troubles in a single paragraph.

The colonel raised his hands in mock horror.

"Thank heaven, you didn't write it all to the newspapers, anyway!" he said laughingly, and then his voice changed. "I have a sheaf of papers an inch thick in regard to the canopies. The War Department is shocked, surprised and hurt that we should ask for anything that is not in stock. If I had any funds on hand I'd buy them myself — though it would probably take me three years to get the money back, if I wasn't court-martialed for it in the meanwhile."

"I know you would, colonel," the girl answered, instantly abandoning her tone of complaint, "but couldn't something be done about the overcrowding?"

"I have written about that, too," he answered, a pucker of care between his eyes. "I have written time and again, and the only result is that an order has just come in transferring Major Wells — I've protested, of course. Doctor . . . I mean Lieutenant Colonel Abeel Williams comes to take his place. He's the man, you know, who has gained quite a reputation by going from hospital to hospital and diagnosing cases so the men may be discharged and can take care of themselves by following his directions. He has acquired somewhat of the reputation of a miracle worker."

"HE has, has he?" Miss Simpson bristled. "Well, I guess when a man is in condition to be discharged Major Wells is competent to pass upon his case. What *I* think of this premature discharge of patients is absolutely nothing at all. They come back to us to die, or, at least, sicker than they ever were before."

"There is something in what you say," the colonel acknowledged with a sigh, and passed on.

Miss Simpson went back to her quarters and tried to rest, but it was too hot for rest. Although she was not due to report for duty until six o'clock something drew her back irresistibly to Ward Eleven. There were visitors among the beds when the nurse went passed the orderly room. Two vocational teachers were helping and instructing in the making of various articles. Several pretty girls were talking to patients, rather obviously showing by their attitude that they were conscious of being dispensers of cheer, and that they took their task seriously. The soldiers were amused and interested by their efforts and much less embarrassed than their entertainers. A middle-aged woman, richly dressed, and with a pet dog under her arm, passed out of the ward as the girl entered, leaving behind her a flurry of fragrance. The group around Tony's bed called her to them.

"LOOKA here, Miss Simpson," the Top said delightedly, "what that there s'ciety dame brung us! She blew in here to Banana's bed an' ast him did he want to be free."

"I tella da lady I been free, I'm an American," the little Italian interjected.

"An' she says to him, 'No you ain't, not by a helluva lot, you're the slave of an auto-auto-somethin' g'vernment,'" Bill explained gleefully.

"I sez to her, 'No m'am, thar ain't no g'vernment hyah that bosses us but a dam' ole top sergeant with one ahm,'" the Southerner broke in.

"She sez, 'The ide-al form of g'vernment is the soviet, they don't have no cru-el bosses' — meanin' me, I guess," grinned the Top.

"We're thinkin' of organizin' a soviet right here," Red explained, "so's we can all own them gold-tipped cigarettes an innercent young girl give to Tennessee when he told her he'd been on the staff which mostly died in the battle of Paris."

"Da Lieutenant," began Tony, "he . . ."

"Cut it, Banana," said the Top charply. "Say, Miss Si'pson, do you s'pose that there dame lets that there pup of hers chew the gold tassels from the furniture, an' lick the expensive labels offen the champagne bottles, just to live up this here soviet idear?"

"I do not," said Miss Simpson, half way between laughter and anger, "I think she's a fool. I wish she and all the rest like her would mind their own business. That kind of a woman is worse than the Germans ever knew how to be. She just isn't *any* use."

"Well," drawled the boy from Tennessee slowly, "she didn't leave nothin' behind her but a good smell an' a kinda 'spensive feelin'. Oh, I fergot," he corrected himself, "she give us each a printed piece. You read it, Red."

Red produced a cheaply printed sheet and began to read from it in that high, whining monotone by which the laity simulate clerical oratory:

"To all soldiers. Comrades, who fought at the be . . . behest of an auto-cratic government in a war to tighten about you the shackles of slavery. Lay aside once for all time the blinders of patriotism . . ."

"Reckon she thinks we-all mules," interrupted Tennessee.

"Shut up an' listen to this here s'ciety language," ordered the Top.

". . . blindness of patriotism," Red corrected himself, "and join in a war to remove forever the shackles of slavery that bind you to false ideals. Why should you toil, when riches have been stored up by others, more than they can possibly spend in their lifetime or in the lifetime of the bloodsuckers upon the body politic which they breed? *Take* what is yours! Do not ask for it! Do not cringe for it! Do not accept the smallest of tithes from what is all rightfully yours. Refuse to obey all authority but your own created authority. Be free men! The world is yours, if you will take it, and you are the equals of all men as all men are your equals. Be free! Be free! Be free!"

"Now ain't that a sweet-scented bunch of guff!" the Top exclaimed angrily. "If I was that there dame's old man I'd take her flat iron away from her on ironin' day an' slap her one with it."

"There ain't no man da equal of da Lieutenant," began Tony excitedly. "Da lady damn liar," he continued, his voice rising. "Damn liar! Damn liar!"

"You've said a mouthful, Banana," soothed the Top, and then continued with that note of command in his voice to which the little Italian always reacted, "keep still, now, there's a lady goin' to sing."

A pretty girl stood up at the end of the ward and sang, "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose." When the hospital patients were sure that she had finished they applauded heartily. The singer flushed with pleasure and was evidently on the point of volunteering an encore when the bugle call sounded, which indicated visiting hours were over.

THE ward settled back with that same sense of relaxation that comes to a movie audience at the end of a picture, and Tennessee spoke up from his bed:

"That shuah was a right pretty song but I don't reckon it's the kind of a ballad oughta be sung here. Somehow it don't kinda fit. Hey, you Thirtieth Division! Yo' all ain't done a damn thing all day to pay fo' yo' goldfish. Sing, damn yo', sing!"

A white-faced boy pulled himself upright in a bed further down the ward. Without any preliminary graces he began:

"Mad'selle from Poperinge, parlez-vous;
Mad'selle from Poperinge, parlez-vous;
Mad'selle from Poperinge, never did see a prettier thing.
Hinky, dinkey, parlez-vous."

The whole ward joined in the last line with roaring gusto and the singer went on to another verse. Still other verses followed. Some are very un-

likely to ever get in print. The nurses had retired discreetly into the orderly room.

That afternoon the three new patients arrived and room was made for them by moving up each bed a few inches. The anæmia case was pitifully thin and lay quiet with closed eyes. The first of the other two was muttering with fever, but the last man seemed in better condition.

"Howja happen to come back onct you got outta this damned place?" his neighbor asked him.

"Dam' place nothin'," came the answer. "This here place is *good*. Youse guys better take a long think before youse try to get outta here."

"Wot's the trouble with little ol' N'York?" the first speaker demanded truculently. "It always looked all right to me."

"AIN'T nothin' the matter with the ol' burg, buddie," the new patient explained. "Trouble was with me. I went back to the freight house an' they took me on an' treated me fine, an' I'll tell the world I was glad to get my lunch hooks holt of a truck again — at first. It was all right for a day, I hustled as much freight as the other feller. The nex' day that there truck seemed to balk. I oiled her up, but I couldn't feel no difference. The third day I jus' plain keeled over with nothin' on but one box of oranges. Then they sent me back here. I uster be a pretty strong guy, but I guess I'm gettin' old," he concluded apologetically.

"I guess we're all gettin' old," the Top spoke up from the middle of the ward, "I guess this here war didn't make us no younger either," he concluded with a sigh.

It was another hot night and Anne Simpson was kept busy ministering to the fever-ridden patient. Her spare time she spent talking to the Top. He was suffering stoically once the effects of his nightly dose of morphine had worn off and she did not dare give him more till morning. However, none of the patients were actually worse and some were decidedly better when Ruth Brown relieved her, and the tired nurse mentally put the night down as a good one.

The Fourth of July opened badly for the five buddies in the middle of the ward. Tony told the story of his lieutenant. The Top always permitted him this one recital, although he sternly curbed any further reference to the little Italian's god during the day.

"It does him good to get it out of his system," he explained.

This morning, however, Tony was feverish, broke into tears at the end of his recital and inveighed furiously at the woman of the day before who had maintained that all men were equal without making an exception of "da Lieutenant." It took the Top by the side of his bed and a sleeping draught to quiet him.

Then word came that there would be a special inspection at ten o'clock by the colonel. The ward as a whole cursed heartily at such a breaking in on their usual routine, but secretly they were pleased at any departure from the daily monotony. Afterwards there were to be patriotic exercises: singing and recitations followed by an especially festive dinner.

First came a band concert in the rectangle formed by the hospital buildings, and windows and doorways were filled with appreciative faces as a Sousa march and some feet-stirring jazz were followed by a medley of patriotic airs. Then there was a rustle as the hospital came to attention with the first bar of "The Star Spangled Banner."

When the concert had ended groups of entertainers went from ward to ward. A pretty young opera singer appeared in the doorway of Ward Eleven and, in a moment, had lifted up her expensive voice in a ballad that two years before helped to lift tired feet over hard roads in France. She followed it with "The Long, Long Trail," dear to the heart of every A. E. F. man, and then swung into songs of America: "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The ward was very still as the clear young voice rang out:

"As he died to make men holy, let us
die to make men free.
His truth is marching on."

Then came the festive dinner, with a volunteer flock of pretty girls to pass the fried chicken and see that every one received all the ice cream and cake the nurses would allow.

At one o'clock the exercises came to an end and the ward was cleared of visitors for the day.

"Ah suah done et mahself full," the negro announced for the benefit of all who cared to listen. "An' ah su'tan'ly bress de Lawd he didn't take mah hands stead of mah laigs, so's I'd hed to be *fed* chicken. Waitah, bring me a whole passel of toothpicks!"

"IT sure was a good Fourth," the Top said, with a sigh of repletion, "I should call it a mornin' cram full of liberty, with plenty of eats later to wad it down. We're sure settin' on top of the world here *an'* now!"

"These hyah dames what sang all that liberty wasn't so not'c'ble with perfume as that other s'ciety dame that come in yes'day. Perhaps it was 'cause they didn't have no dorg," suggested the boy from Tennessee.

"Da Lieutenant say," began Tony, "dat da dames . . ."

"Shut up, Banana," the Top snapped automatically.

"You go to hell," unexpectedly retorted the little Italian, and continued in firm tones, "da Lieutenant say da dames what use perfume ain't regula fellas."

"Ah think a lil' musk hep mek a girl pow'ful 'tractive," contributed the negro.

"Y'oughta draw the line some place," stated Red positively, "even if this is a free country."

"'Tention!" roared the Top.

The men on the beds froze to motionlessness. The sitters sprang to their feet and stood stiffly, hands at their sides, nevertheless watching the newcomer out of the corners of their eyes. He was small, wore the insignia of a lieutenant-colonel, and his uniform fitted him very badly. Paying no attention to the men, he talked to the nurse for several minutes, then approached the first bed. Men were still standing stiffly, those lying down were motionless. Several minutes passed.

"At ease!" said the Top, his voice toneless.

The new doctor looked up angrily, opened his mouth to speak, and then shut it again. He recognized that the implied reproof was deserved, that he had slipped in not giving the command for the wounded men to relax, but also he knew that this order had no business to come from anyone else. In an instant he realized, however, that it would make him look ridiculous to administer a rebuke and went on with his examination of a patient.

NOW soldiers, general opinion to the contrary, are the most temperamental of all animals, and, like animals, have a keen intuition. They will endure the most hair-raising language from a superior with nothing more than a grin, providing always that they think this superior "has got the stuff" and really has their interests at heart. An order from an officer they do not like will be obeyed to the letter — but no further — and with an undercurrent of perfectly apparent sulkiness for which there is no remedy. Ward Eleven sensed at once that this newcomer was not of them, was different from other army medical men they had known. There was instant hostility in the air.

Dr. Williams had a very exact idea of his own importance, and, as he went on with his examinations, he showed it. Furthermore, he addressed each soldier as "my lad," which rasped their nerves since they felt that he was talking down to them. He wasted little time on the first three patients, then came to the former freight handler. From him he drew his story haltingly and proceeded to a sharp interrogatory.

"If you aren't strong enough to handle freight, why don't you try something else?" he asked finally.

"I don't know, sir," the man answered sullenly.

"Don't you think that it would be a good idea *to* know?" the doctor suggested sarcastically, "instead of keeping a man out of a hospital bed who is really sick? If you have intelligence enough to read the papers, which I presume you have, you ought to know that the hospitals are overcrowded, and it's just such men as you who have brought about this condition. Note this man's name down for unskilled employment," he said over his shoulder to Nurse Brown.

Ward Eleven was very quiet, every

man was listening. The nurse's face had flushed to a vivid crimson. The doctor passed on several beds with no comment. Finally he came to the place where Tony lay, his eyes closed. The doctor glanced at the chart at the head of the bed and instantly bristled. Sitting down he put his hand on the boy's forehead to wake him.

"What's the matter with you, my lad?" he asked crisply.

"Da shell-shock," Tony answered. "Da thinking in da head won't come straight," he added in explanation, smiling wanly.

"You don't say!" the doctor replied, with immense irony. "You don't say! Shell-shock, eh?" and he gathered his forces. "Don't you know, my lad, that there isn't any such thing as shell-shock? Don't you *know* that the only reason you are here is because you won't make an effort?"

"Da Lieutenant say," began Tony, not understanding at all, but seeing a possible opening for his favorite narrative, "'Are you wid me, Tony?' An' I say, 'I'm wid . . .'"

"Stop it, instantly," ordered the doctor. "That's the kind of stuff that keeps you here. Haven't you got manhood enough to make an effort? Are you a coward?"

There was a kind of gasp throughout the ward, a sound like that which might have come from the followers of the Maid of Orleans had a priest of the French smitten her on the cheek with his open hand.

"Colonel," said Nurse Brown sharply, "may I speak to you a minute?"

The doctor came to the foot of the bed and faced the angry nurse.

"Major Wells says there is no hope for this man and left especial orders that he was to be humored in every way," she said, her lips trembling. "And . . . and he happens to have the Distinguished Service Cross."

"Why didn't you tell me, then?" Dr. Williams snapped. "Personally, I don't see any point in coddling these psycho-cases," and he passed on to the next bed.

THE unexpressed resentment of sixty-two men and a nurse, nearly purple in the face with anger, is bound to make itself felt. Dr. Williams realized the hostility in the air and ventured on no more personal comments until he reached the Top.

"Three operations," he read aloud from the chart at the head of the bed. "Huh! Mighty funny thing when a man needs three operations for a shattered arm bone. Let's see how it looks, my lad?"

He examined the stump, prodding it with fingers that seemed to the Top to reach to the very bone, then spoke to the nurse:

"Note this man down for operation to-morrow morning, arm to come off at the shoulder."

"At the shoulder!" gasped the Top. "The Major thought he might save the stump, sir."

"In that case the major was wrong," snapped the new doctor, and then added to the nurse, "This private's case has been bungled. If the first operation had been performed as it should have been he'd have been out of the hospital a year ago. It never could have happened in civilian practise."

"Beggin' the colonel's pardon," the Top's voice broke in, and it was like chilled steel, "I'm not a private, sir, but a first sergeant."

"Oh, you are, are you?" Dr. Williams turned back to him. "Oh, you are, are you?" he repeated, somewhat at a loss for what to say next. Then an inspiration came to him, something to put him in right, so his quick mind told him, "Then I suppose you consider yourself better than the rest of these poor fellows? Perhaps you'd like to have me move you into the officers' ward," he said ironically, glancing out of the corners of his eyes for applause.

Now every man in the ward knew that the doctor, though he wore a lieutenant-colonel's insignia, was not an army man. No one had told them that many specialists had been given advanced rank in the army during the war. Soldiers deal with facts as they know them, however. They knew that this so-called lieutenant colonel was not one of them, as well as they knew that the Top was. They knew that the Top respected his stripes as they themselves respected them. However, the picture of the sergeant desiring to be moved into an officers' ward flashed before them so unexpectedly that, by its very absurdity, it appealed to their sense of humor. As though at a concerted signal Ward Eleven broke into a wild whoop of laughter.

"Now how do you 'spose that thar . . . thar gringo got in here?" demanded Red, breaking the heavy silence as the doctor disappeared in the orderly room with Nurse Brown.

"G'vernment must hev give him a uniform," answered Bill.

"But what fo' they send a c'v'lian in un'form?" demanded Tennessee unhappily. "Ain't no c'v'lian know nothin' 'bout soldiers."

"He thinks he knows a lot," volunteered the Top bitterly. "Takin' my arm off at the shoulder when Major Wells said I needn't lose more'n the elbow."

"I don't see why no damn fool who thinks he knows somethin' should have the right to order us 'round just 'cause we're wounded soldiers," declared Red hotly. "An' after all this here talk 'bout liberty, too!"

"You said a mouthful, buddie," the freight handler spoke from farther down the ward.

"Let's hand him somethin' if he comes back," suggested Red, then added to his neighbor. "Sure, Banana, here's your musette bag. What you want it for?"

The little Italian did not answer, but pulled forth a miscellaneous collection of woolen socks, letters and German insignia taken from prisoners until he came to something in the bottom of the bag done up in tissue paper. This he slowly unwrapped with the ward watching him, and brought to light the Distinguished Service Cross hanging from its brilliantly-colored ribbon. He laid it on the coverlet before him and when he spoke his voice was as calm as a midsummer's day.

"Top, when da doc come to-morrow I wear da cross. He bend down to look at da cross. I stick da knife in his guts. You get me da knife. He call me coward," the little Italian added mildly, as though in unnecessary explanation.

"Holy hell!" gasped the Top, "what's got inter you now!"

"I WOULDN'T cahre fo' to stick him," broke in the boy from Tennessee, "but I'd shuah like to hand him *somethin'*."

"Well, why not hand him somethin'?" suggested Red practically. "We're all wounded men an' I don't think they'd court-martial us."

"Who cares a damn if they do," broke in the former freight handler. "We only live once! Ain't that so?"

"You're a lot of damn fools," said the Top, but his voice carried no conviction.

"You guys goin' to fight the whole g'vment," inquired Bill.

"I ain't got nothin' against the g'vment," Red answered, "but I'd like to slap that guy on the side of the jaw."

"He *is* the g'vernment," the Top retorted. "Ain't he gotta uniform on?"

"Let's shut him out o' this here ward," Red suddenly suggested. "If there's anythin' in this here *free* stuff it's 'bout time we was findin' it out."

"Yo' all sholy said somethin'," agreed the boy from Tennessee. "We was stoppin' machine gun bullets when he was fightin' the battle of Wash'ngton. He can't tell *us* nothin'."

"Takin' off all the Top's arm!" indignantly chimed in one of the walking cases. "If Major Wells was here he'd damn soon stop it."

"Well, the major ain't here," cut in Red, "an' in his absence I guess we'd better take the law into our own hands fer once. We'll shut an' bar the doors — we can get nurse into the orderly room and turn the key on her. Then when they come tryin' to get in we'll tell 'em that we're free 'Merican citizens an' we've got us a soviet an' they'd better not bust in on us. An' then . . . an' then, we'll 'point the Top to speak fer us," he ended rather lamely, his imagination refusing to carry him further.

"An' he'll sti'plate that his arm ain't fo' to come off, an' that damn fool don't come to this hyah hospital no mo'," added Tennessee valiantly.

The Top took no part in the discussion. As the only non-commissioned officer in the ward he felt that he could not openly countenance such an obvious breach of discipline — but he winced at the memory of the new doctor's orders in regard to his arm.

Meanwhile Tony lay back on his pillow, another-world look in his eyes.

(Continued on page 115)

The Ex-Champion and the Lady

By Du Vernet Rabell

TUG REGAN'S gymnasium is a hole in the wall just off Third Avenue in the upper sixties. There are no wicker lounge chairs nor white appareled attendants pussy-footing around, no white tiled showers, nor electric cabinets, and no mechanical weight-reducing, muscle-building contrivances to make the path of the aspirant for bantam honors or heavy weight belts an easy one. Not at all. If you have been such a boob as to let your muscles get flabby or pile on an excess of ten pounds or more of fat, you harden up and get it off by your own efforts. You sweat it off. Under some twenty pounds of clothing, flannel underwear, a sweat shirt — this last an invention of Tug's own and aptly named — a heavy sweater, and winter weight golf stockings, you burn it up.

Oh yes you do! Two hours a day of medicine ball, and a rowing machine, a sculler carrying thirty-two pounds of weight — and how the Duke of Alva would have reveled in setting some portly enemy to work on this — not to mention the mat and the rings, and if you can't get an engagement on any vaudeville circuit as the human string bean, or carry a chip on your shoulder up Tenth Avenue, during a teamsters' strike, then there is one vacant chair around Tug Regan's gym.

Tug floats around in a black wool jersey through which bits of Tug show here and there, for it has seen hard service. He tosses the medicine ball or lends a helping hand to one or another of his panting pupils, listening to the gossip of the ring or the baseball diamond. But mostly the ring. Tug, without doubt, took his first bath in a rubber's bucket, and his first garment was probably a trainer's towel. He was born to the ring. His father had trained Sharkey. And he liked it all,— the friendly bouts in the training quarters, the tense moments at the ringside, the sporting page in the newspapers, and the bull-necked, marble-jawed, quick-footed boys who hung around the gym.

AND then one morning Miss Helen Heally tripped into the gym on her neat little strapped slippers and sought speech with Tug.

Helen Heally was Mrs. James Humphry Kipp's private secretary, and an awful thing had happened to Mrs. Kipp. That lady had sought to slip lithely into a model gown, a thing she had been wont to do all her life,— although of late she had been forced to admit that it called for more spinal contortions than of yore. On this occasion, aided by the strong and enterprising arms of the saleswoman, she had managed it, but it had taken the staff, assisted by most of the work room, foreign young persons with a noisy sense of humor and no control, to get her out.

Naturally she took steps. She went right home, removed what few articles of apparel the modern woman burdens herself with, and stepped upon the bathroom scales. She was an intrepid soul, but her shrieks brought Helen flying to the door, and Helen was directed to do something, and to start about it that very day.

And Helen located Tug Regan through her brother. Aloysius Heally was a fight fan and knew where many of the fighters hung out.

AND now here was Helen standing in Tug's little office stating her errand, while in the gym beyond, all work was suspended, and Eagle Smith turned off the water in the shower so that he wouldn't miss anything.

Tug looked at Helen, managed at length to drag his eyes away from her red hair and peach tinted cheeks, gulped and colored violently. Then he got mad, as he felt the heat behind his ears, and snapped out in the most business-like tones that he didn't know anything about training women — ladies.

"But Mr. Regan," Helen protested, "Mrs. Kipp weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds — she must lose fifteen."

"What's she aimin' to do with the other twenty?" Tug inquired gravely.

Helen glanced at him, made an effort not to, but eventually gurgled. But almost at once her eyes were serious again. She sighed.

"Oh dear — I thought you'd help me."

She thought he'd help her. Well, this was something else. Tug turned to scowl at Eagle Smith, who, his curiosity no longer to be restrained, was peering around the door clad in three or four towels. Eagle beat a hasty retreat to his shower and Tug turned to Helen, running his fingers through his crinkly fair hair until it stood up like a halo.

"Of course if I could — " He began uncertainly. Then his Indian child warned him to cut this out before he got himself into something. "No, 'tisn't possible," he finished decisively, "she couldn't stand the work."

Helen smiled. "Oh yes she could. Women must be slender this year. You know — long lines, hipless frocks — " and with one gesture of her hands she brought clearly before Tug just what the well-dressed woman would wear that season.

Tug Regan was no match for Helen. Certainly the man had a right to bar women from his gymnasium if he wanted to. But was he permitted to exercise this right? He was not.

"Will you be coming, too?" Tug ventured, his mind catching at this slight ray of comfort. Then at her quick upflung glance from where she sat at his desk writing out a check, "You see I haven't any one here, no woman to take care — "

Helen briskly cut his floundering short. "Mrs. Kipp will bring her maid, and I suppose I'll come along, too. Mrs. Kipp likes me to read to her." And with another smile, Helen slipped on her gloves and said goodbye.

Tug stood staring at the check in his hand. He had named the amount he would charge for removing fifteen pounds from Mrs. James Humphry Kipp in a firm voice. This was where they'd call the bet off all right, he had figured. But not so. This small red-headed secretary had sat herself down and run it off with a calm that made his head swim. And they talked about money being tight!

But he wasn't the least jubilant over this unexpected piece of money that had come his way. The place would have to be cleaned up, and the boys fired out for a couple of hours every morning, and they'd put up a holler — that gabby skirt had sure let him in for a bunch of trouble.

JUNE passed to be followed by a July that rivaled it for humidity, and still Mrs. Kipp panted and puffed her way from one apparatus to the other, pausing only to tighten up the pug into which her hair was twisted, or to dash the sweat from her nose, probably the first honest toil had ever brought to that little, straight patrician feature. Tug Regan watched her with a relentless professional eye, and Helen Heally sat on a camp stool in the corner and read aloud from Masefield's Salt Water Ballads. These last rather worried Tug.

It didn't seem right to him, hardly respectable, for a nice young girl like this Miss Heally, to be reeling out such things as

"Oh some are fond of Spanish wine and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench.
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Said the old bold mate of Henry Morgan."

And especially with such a zest as this.

Of course, Tug figured, it was probable, even if it sounded rough, that this was high-brow stuff. She had a big job; this bein' secretary to Mis' Kipp, it took brains to hold a job like that. Not that you'd ever know she

had any to look at her, so young and all, and fresh sometimes, too.

She felt her oats, that kid did. There was a cool little certainty about her that used to bother Tug at times, sort of fluster him. Although why he should be flustered — he was somebody himself, not the whole show, of course, but still —. He wondered if it wouldn't be as well, some time when she sat waiting in his little office while Mrs. Kipp shrieked her way through the showers and off the rubbing table, if he mentioned this. Not to act stuck on himself, but to get things friendlier between them. Sort of let her know that when she did happen to smile at him and be chatty, which Lord knows wasn't any too often, she wasn't condescending any.

Thus argued Tug, and to this end one morning when Helen appeared she found him seemingly buried deep in the sporting page of the newspaper. She glanced at the headlines. "Lefty Lewis lands knockout in the third round," and then inquired casually, as she seated herself.

"Are you interested in prize fighting, Mr. Regan?"

This wasn't exactly as Tug had planned to have it go. Of course he was interested in prize fighting. Anybody'd know that.

"Sure I am," he answered, squinting professionally down at a chunky lad with a pair of shoulders fit to heave a grand piano to the top of the Woolworth building. "Nice build, this boy," he added.

Helen glanced at Lefty. "He looks topheavy to me," she observed disparagingly, "and I don't like his face."

"Um," Tug grunted. "He's a fighting man — Lefty ain't lookin' for any movie contracts as far as I know."

"Oh, do you know him?" Not that she was really interested she told herself, but it did seem a pity that a nice young chap as this Tug Regan appeared to be should associate with prize fighters.

"Of course — he trained here. I know most of the boys."

Helen felt oddly relieved. "Oh yes, because of the gym."

NOW here was his chance, thought Tug, it came right after all. "Yes and then I used to fight," and at Helen's expression which he couldn't quite fathom, "I used to be in the ring, you know."

"No, I didn't know." Her tone was vague.

"Yes." Tug paused a moment. He was unexpectedly embarrassed. He didn't want Helen to think he was blowing. But he'd better spill it, he concluded, he might not get another chance. "I was the lightweight champion."

He leaned back expectantly. But instead of the response he looked for, the certain little something in Helen's manner that made him fidget, immediately made its appearance. Indeed, Helen Heally appeared to be looking at Tug through the wrong end of a telescope. He felt miles away and getting farther every minute.

Presently after regarding him for a little time, a sweet, but detached regard, she rose.

"How interesting," she remarked, and yawned. Yawned, mind you!

Tug, bitterly disappointed in the way things had gone, but mostly in Helen herself, watched the Kipp limousine drive away.

"Home, James," he muttered. "I suppose a girl gets used to a thing like that," he went on to muse gloomily. "Maybe she'll cop herself a millionaire."

He returned glumly to his desk. He looked at the newspaper still open at the sporting page, and threw it on the floor.

"How interesting!" he drawled after a moment. Then he scowled blackly. "I don't see where she gets off at that — and her name Heally."

He determined on a new attitude toward this Miss Helen Heally. Pleasant enough, you understand, but quiet, sort of cold, nothing much to say. "Oh good morning, nice day for sweating," things like that to Mrs. Kipp, or "See you to-morrow — mind lay off the gin rickeys now," but nothing else. When Helen came into the office he'd be busy with his books. He didn't keep books, but he got himself an imposing volume that very afternoon, and spent the evening putting columns of figures down in it.

But Helen couldn't see this at all. She was a friendly little soul, even though she took her job and her gray matter too seriously. So in a couple of days she had undermined Tug's earnest determination to keep himself to himself, and they were chatting away as usual, while Mrs. Kipp screamed that the water was too hot or too cold, and hunted around for her undergarments, which despite the efforts of her maid and Tug's anguish, she strewed all over the place.

Masefield's Ballads of the Sea precipitated the crisis. But it had been in the air for some time. It was summer, and Helen wore pink a great deal and there is one type of blonde with warm gold in her skin and the tawny lights of wild honey in her eyes, for whose special benefit the Master Chemist evolved pink. It wasn't exactly the Ballads themselves, but a discussion of them.

Whether or no he approved of her choice of reading matter, Tug found he simply could not keep out of the sound of Helen's voice. She had a lovely voice, the kind men like, soft as chimes of a misty evening. Tug thought how nice it would be to hear her recite *Crossing the Bar* or *Down by the Rio Grande*. He'd read a thing or two himself. But he did not care for these full-flavored sea songs that dealt so frankly with drifting corpses and roaches in the forecastle. And Helen and he having reached terms where he thought he could take a chance, he said so.

"But they are really he-man stuff," Helen argued. They were in the gymnasium and she leaned back against the parallel bars her bare arms outspread. "And the sea is a man's trade. I should think you'd like them."

Tug considered this, and as many of the sea ballads he'd been able to make head or tail of.

"No," he declared finally. "I don't hold with the sea. Man's apt to lay around the deck and put on weight."

"My goodness," Helen exclaimed impatiently, "don't you ever think of anything except in terms of physical fitness?"

Tug looked startled at her vehemence. "Well, maybe I do think a lot of keeping fit," he admitted, although resentfully, after a minute. "But, why shouldn't I? It's my business. And another thing — you set such store by headwork — a man can't do much with his brain if his body's out of condition."

Helen laughed. "Don't get peevish," she begged with one of those upflung glances a girl with eyes and lashes like hers have no right to use unless they mean something. "Only you think of nothing else."

THAT'S all she said, not another thing, but combined with the look, and taking into consideration the fact that Tug was crazy about her anyhow, it was enough. Poor Tug Regan hadn't the least idea how this state of affairs had come about. He'd been going along just thinking her smart and pretty, and all of a sudden he got to singing mushy songs, and couldn't sleep nights. Lord knows he wouldn't have wished it on himself. As he himself would have put it, he "didn't hold with women, especially girls."

But now here he was reaching out his arms and drawing Helen into them and whispering soft little nothings against her hair. And he didn't come to, the poor kid, until Helen, at the first relaxing of his arms, had twisted free.

"You horrible — you low down — common brute!" she cried. "I'll never come here again — I'll tell my brother — Oh it serves me right for being decent to you — a tough prize fighter!"

"I'm not — I'm not any of those things!" Her voice pulled the muscles of Tug's body tighter and tighter. "I'm not common, I'm not a brute. Oh, Helen, don't you see — I've made a hash of it — but I'm crazy about you — I want to marry you —"

"Marry me! Why, I never heard of such a thing." She was frightened by the blaze in his eyes, but something deep down inside warmed to it.

"Well, I can't help that," Tug returned doggedly. "You haven't heard everything, even though you do write on a typewriter and read that highbrow stuff. And you needn't look so insulted either. Perhaps I've got my nerve to want to marry you, but it isn't nerve to love you. I can't help that — no fellow could."

Naturally enough Helen softened at this. She was plain every-day girl

enough for this, despite the fact that too much of her salary went for books.

"I'm sorry," she said more gently. "But — but Mr. Regan, I can't marry you."

"Why can't you? Of course if you don't care, if you couldn't care — But oh, Helen, couldn't you try? You hardly know me, I rushed things, I admit that, but let me take you out — to the theater or to dinner. I have a car, and we'd drive out to the country —"

"Oh, please, please Tug," Helen twisted her hands. "I like you very much. But I couldn't love you — I wouldn't let myself," she finished with a rush.

"Why not?"

Helen looked at him unhappily. "I don't know how to say it."

"Say it like you want to. I can take it on my feet — I've nested a few heavy ones in my time."

"Well you're an awfully nice boy," Helen struggled on. "And I do like you, I mean it, but — Oh Tug I want to do better." She didn't see how she had done it, but it was out at last.

"Got your eyes on some polo-playing father-foot-the-bills, perhaps," Tug inquired bitterly.

HELEN'S chin line became very marked. "If I have it's none of your affair," she flashed out at him. Then her eyes softened again, and she touched his arm. "Let's not fight about it. Let me try to explain. I want to go on being friends —"

"Well, you can't. No fellow wants to be friends with a girl he's off his nut about. Say," he demanded, feeling about for words in the dreadful confusion of his mind, "what are you looking for anyway? I'll bet I could make it, if you give me time to train."

Helen shook her head. She sat down on the edge of Tug's desk and nervously swung her foot in the small strapped slipper that had gotten itself mixed up so often of late in Tug's dream.

"When I left high school," she began, trying to keep her voice even, and trying to avoid his steady blue eyes, "I wanted to do something worth while. I persuaded the folks to let me go to college, and one of my old teachers arranged a course for me, where I'd get what I wanted — literature, something about good music, and pictures. I wanted to fit myself for a really good position. It wasn't only the money, it was what a good salary would stand for. I could have made the money. A girl I knew could have got me in the Follies. But that wasn't anything. That was just because I had red hair and could dance. It wasn't anything that depended on my brains," she smiled mistily up at him. "I suppose you think I'm crazy. But I do so want to use some of the material that I've been putting into my head."

Tug stood listening, his curly head cocked to one side like an attentive terrier's. "I get you," he exclaimed now. "You think marrying a dub like me would be wasting it. You think if you married a college guy, or a society fellow, you'd have a chance to use it."

"Something like that," Helen admitted.

"You could use it with me," Tug said gloomily. "I'm a boob at adding, and the business is getting so big —" His voice trailed off, and he stood silent, studying the knuckles on his right hand.

Helen looked around the gym and then at Tug.

"Tug, you're young, you're clever, why haven't you done better than this?"

Tug's eyes grew as round as a little boy's marbles. "Better than this — girl what are you talking about? Why five years ago when I left the ring I was only a sort of helper around Marty Livingston's place. Of course my name counted some, but I'd lived high like most of the boys that's come up in the fighting game, and I didn't have a cent. But now — why I got a place down town where you have to make appointments — bankers, brokers, boys with wads their belts wouldn't go round — they all have to, we're that busy. And another thing, I got my eye on a fine big place up in Westchester — a health farm. You know where these wild boys of forty can climb trees and roll in the grass to get in shape to grab another million off widow and orphan. I was going to have plans made for a slick little bungalow for you and me — but of course now I'll live in the house with the rest."

"I'm sorry, Tug," Helen said again, and her eyes filled with tears.

He looked down at her, a long, long look. Then — "Excuse me," he mumbled, "got to see a man," and he bolted into his little office and closed the door behind him.

"I can't help it — I can't! I'm a fool to feel this way!" Helen told herself over and over again on the way home. But all the same she didn't look like a girl entirely at peace with herself, as she opened the front door.

She found the family in a state of high excitement.

"You'd never guess what happened to our Aloysius to-day," her mother began, hurrying out of the kitchen.

"He —"

"Now, mother," James Heally interrupted, "it's a big thing that happened to the boy, let him tell it himself. Here, Helen, you sit here by the window, you look all worn out with the heat."

Aloysius struck an attitude. "Look at me," he commanded. "Do you know who I am?"

Helen shook her head, trying to enter into the spirit of all this.

"I'm the man who shook hands with the champion!" Aloysius announced, "Jules Aluet, the lightweight champion of the world!"

"But Al dear, how did you meet him?"

"It's a long story — but I'll tell it, just give me time. You see they were to start his picture to-day, and Colonel Jessup was goin' to drive him over to the studio, and I was hangin' round the armory to get a good look, when Gee — all of a sudden I recognizes him! Why I'd met him in a dug-out in France — a bunch of French flyers spent the night with us. And I'll tell the world that bird can shoot craps like Old Black Joe."

"And did he remember you?" Helen asked.

"Sure he did — the minute his peepers fell on me. And he pranced right up and yelled out 'I shoot you ten' at the top of his lungs. They brought me home in the car — right up to the door. Believe me, Aloysius Heally stands high in this neighborhood to-night."

Helen was very thoughtful during supper, and later she asked her father to go for a walk with her. Their conversation made her even more thoughtful and she was still wearing her air of gravity when the next morning she arrived with Mrs. Kipp at the gym.

"I see your brother's been running around with the champ," Tug said when later Helen came into the office to wait for Mrs. Kipp, plainly with an effort to make conversation. He looked tired.

"Oh yes," Helen said gratefully. She went on to tell Tug about it, her slim hands fluttering nervously, and her voice a trifle breathless.

"That's fine," Tug commented listlessly, when she finished.

Helen looked at the shadow under his eyes and suddenly leaned forward.

"Oh Tug, I— I talked like an idiot the other day — no," as Tug straightened eagerly, "let me finish. You know I don't understand anything about prize fighting. My brother talks about it, but I have always thought he was just a kid with a fad. But last night I talked to my father and he told me a lot of things I didn't know."

"Does he follow the game?" Tug inquired with a small flicker of interest.

"NOT the way Al does, but he knows something about it. He knows something about a lot of things. We had a long talk. And now I see Tug that it isn't what a man does that counts — there are bound to be some in every game that give it a bad name Dad says — it's if he makes good, and does it fairly, if he gets to the top and stays there."

Tug blinked doubtfully. "Then if it isn't that I'm not good enough —"

"Of course you are. The champion lightweight is good enough for any one."

"But I'm not the champ any more." Tug was utterly bewildered.

Helen leaned forward, her hands clasped on the desk. "Tug — why don't you go back into the game?"

"They don't come back," Tug quoted oracularly.

"But you are only thirty, and think what it would mean? I never realized

before what it meant to be a champion. Why the whole neighborhood is talking about Al, just because he knows Aluet."

"Well what *does* it mean?" Tug demanded. "Of course there's the cash and the handshaking—"

"It means reaching the top—and that's what counts in any game."

The front legs of Tug's chair hit the floor with a bang. "Would it count with you? Suppose I went back—what would it get me? With you."

Helen fidgeted. "Well Tug—"

"Don't hedge," Tug commanded. "You got to come right out and say. I'm not going to get in Dutch again. Would you rather have me back in the ring than a business man like I am?"

"Oh but Tug, running a gymnasium isn't a business."

"Running two of them and a health farm is. But let that go. Here's the lay out. If I go back into the ring, if I get anywhere, will I have a chance with you?"

Helen looked miserable. "You make me seem so mean. But I—I like you so much Tug. I want the best for you. A girl is always ambitious for the man she—she—" Suddenly she was weeping and reaching for her handkerchief.

Tug rose grandly to the occasion. "For heaven's sake," he said, "don't cry—not way over there."

Presently he turned to the telephone. "Chelsea 998," he said.

"What are you doing?" Helen asked.

"That's Lavery's number—he used to manage me."

"But Tug you move so fast."

"Sure I do—it got me the title once." He turned to the telephone. "Hello, this you, Bob? Say, Bob, this is Tug Regan, and Bob—"

ALOYSIUS HEALLY, despite his mother's protests, would bring the evening paper to the supper table.

"Aw lay off me Ma, I can eat and read too— Holy Smoke!" he broke off to exclaim, "Tug Regan has challenged Joe Mather!"

Helen looked up quickly. "Joe Mather? Why I thought he was going to challenge Jules Aluet."

"Challenge Aluet!" Aloysius put down the paper. "You poor simp! Why Aluet is the champion lightweight of the world!"

"Aloysius Heally, don't you call your sister a rough street name like that!" Mrs. Heally cried indignantly.

"Oh all right, all right," Al waved his hand, and then continued, "Why nobody has heard of Tug Regan for five years except the boys at the gym—where does he get off challenging the champion? My eye!"

"But he was the champion lightweight," Helen maintained.

"'*Was*'—you said it—he *was* the champion lightweight. Bud Slater took the title away from him and Battling Burns knocked Slater out—in four rounds," he added with a meticulous regard for detail. "And then—"

"Never mind all that," Helen interrupted impatiently, "I only wanted to know—"

"And ain't I tryin' to tell you, and you keep hornin' in. This game moves fast. To show you how fast I never knew till I read it here that Regan had ever held the title. A lot of fellows have slipped in since Tug Regan quit."

"Does Tug have to beat them all?" Helen asked aghast.

"No, but he can't begin at the top—say how do you get this way all of a sudden?"

HELEN looked down at her plate, and then around the table. She gulped. "I'm engaged to marry Tug Regan," she said. And jumping up she cast herself into her mother's ample arms.

Mrs. Heally raised her eyes to heaven. "And me but just now hearin' the lad's name! Times is changed since I was courted."

Aloysius leaned back in his chair. "What do you want to pick a has-been for?" he demanded.

"He isn't a has-been," Helen flared. "He's young, and he has kept fit—why anybody could tell by just looking at him that he's a wonderful fighter!"

"Tell by looking at him—hear her! Say, Percy Hains, the United star, is always bein' featured in fight pictures. He *looks* good, but *I* could knock him out with one hand tied behind me! And this bird Tug—well they don't come back, and you can play that on your piano."

"Dad," Helen appealed to her father, "Daddy, it isn't so— Tug will get his title back, won't he?"

James Heally was a purposeful man who concerned himself with but one thing at a time. Now he passed his cup. "Another drop of Java, Mother." Then he shook his cropped and grizzled head. "I don't know, Helen. It's a road that has no turning back on it. Tug Regan is young and husky perhaps, but he's five years away from the championship—and that's a long way to come back."

That evening Tug came to see the family, and when he left Mrs. Heally followed her daughter into her bedroom, weeping joyfully.

The next week Tug turned the gymnasium over to Matt Downs and went down to stay at Bob Lavery's place on Long Island. Lavery had joyfully undertaken Tug's management, and was in daily frenzied session with Joe Mather and his manager trying to make terms for the match. Helen complained she never saw Tug any more, what with the training he was doing and the time he spent with his manager. Like every other woman she was totally unable to comprehend the fact, that no matter how crazy about a girl a man may be, he can always set his insanity aside to devote his attention to some real business in life. Her attitude made a lifelong enemy of Bob Lavery.

"I can't see what you wanted to let her get her hooks on you for anyway," Lavery growled to Tug, one day when Helen had been exhibiting Tug at the Kipps and hadn't returned him to the wrathy Lavery until after seven.

"No, Bob," Tug answered soothingly "a man wants to get married some time, and when he sees the right girl he grabs her, if he knows his book."

"Right girl!" Lavery snorted. "Isn't such a thing. Girls are like trains, if you don't get one, you can get the next."

"Anything particular eating you, Bob?" Tug inquired pleasantly. "You act like you'd had bad news."

"I have," Lavery told him. "It's like I said. We should have started farther down the line; we should never have challenged Joe Mather to start with. We ought to have picked a few set-ups—then we'd got decent terms."

"Joe Mather is only one away from Aluet," Tug cut in. "I'm after the title."

"But Good God, Tug—Mather wants the gold out of your teeth! Seventy-five per cent. of the gate, win, lose or draw, and the same for the movies. You ain't in this for your health, are you?"

"The money isn't worrying me. I've got enough."

"Nobody has enough. Look at me—"

"I am and you're spoiling the picture. Quit kicking—all I'm looking for is to lick Mather."

"Well, let me tell you this, Tug Regan, it's going to be no cinch. That lad has a right swing that starts from the basement, and only Aluet has been able to sidestep it."

"Aluet and me," Tug corrected him. "Sign up."

Aloysius Heally spent his every waking hour at his prospective brother-in-law's training quarters. Sometimes he waxed enthusiastic, and again he returned to sink the family into the depths of gloom.

"It ain't that Tug's grown soft," he explained, "but he's been out of the game so long. And some of the boys have been over to Jersey to see Mather work—no newspaper nor movie stuff, jumpin' rope, or eatin' pie—a real work out—and they say he's good!"

THE date of the match was set for the second of October, and two weeks before, it was announced with more or less accuracy that the Garden was sold out. Tug had many friends and Joe Mather was a spectacular fighter who could always be depended upon to bring the crowd to its feet at least once in every round. Here were two ex-champions fighting for the chance to challenge the man who held the title, and they were both Americans, and the title was now held by a Frenchman, a game, popular fighter, but still a son of France. So the papers carried daily interviews with both Tug and Mather, and the fight fans had plenty to talk about.

Aloysius was to take Helen to the fight. Tug had given them two seats

at the ringside, and Aloysius was equally divided between excitement, never having occupied such a position before, and resentment that Helen was going.

Mrs. Heally daily informed all those within sound of her voice, and her husband was inclined to agree with her, that a prize fight was no place for a decent girl, and Aloysius passionately agreed with them. He completely exhausted a rather limited vocabulary in an effort to make Helen see this.

"You are ridiculous," Helen told them, "women do go to prize fights — nowadays, anyway."

"Don't I go to every big match?" Al demanded, "and do I ever see any women? I do not, except at these society events for charity or something, when the whole works is a frame up. Now Helen you stay home, and — "

"You are wasting your breath. Do you think I could sit here when — when anything might be happening down there at the Garden?" she finished a bit wildly.

"Sure you couldn't, dearie," Mrs. Heally put in. "But I'll tell you what. You and me will go to the movies down-town and see one of them big films — That desert picture, now, with the A-rabs — "

"No, I'm going to the fight!" and Helen closed all further argument by going into her room and locking the door.

Aloysius had Helen on the line down at the Garden long before seven. He was taking no chances of getting in and finding some one else sitting in his seats — with Helen on his hands and everything. They were seated an hour before the first preliminary, but Helen didn't mind. While Aloysius went visiting around looking up friends and discussing the match with them, and incidentally pointing out to them the exact location of his seat, Helen sat delightedly sniffing the tobacco smoke, and looking about her with bright-eyed, breathless excitement.

GRADUALLY the seats filled up. Four well-fed gentlemen filed past Helen, and later when they discovered a friend just beyond Aloysius's seat, she obligingly changed so that they could all be together, and this got everybody on friendly terms. Helen was informed that the odds were three to one on Mather.

"Of course I don't know any of these men," she whispered to Al on his return, "but they began to talk to me and so —"

"Can the society stuff," Al replied, "talk to anybody you like, this is a prize fight, kid."

A hungry looking boy in a ragged sweater had an argument with the usher as to the location of his seat, but backed by everybody in his immediate vicinity he was finally placed.

"But, Al, you know he didn't look as if he belonged there," Helen said. "Did you say these seats were twenty dollars?"

"Sure, but that kid's a fight fan; he'd go without eatin' for the rest of the year to see this."

Helen gazed with awe on the lean-jawed devotee of the ring. To endure such privation to see her Tug fight!

"Used to be one of Joe Mather's rubbers," Al added. "Think I'll drift over and see if he's got any loose change left to bet on Joe." Al scrambled out and Helen felt a little of the warm glow diminish.

THE newspaper men came in, followed by three or four active youths with cameras; the judges took their places and the referee came down the aisle beside Helen; the lights, white and blinding, went on over the squared canvas-floored enclosure; men got out of their overcoats, lit fresh cigars and settled down; and two youths with faded bathrobes wrapped round their lean hips suddenly appeared in the ring.

"Say, tell that dame to take her hat off," some one yelled behind Helen, and Aloysius, much embarrassed that he had not attended to this before, took her hat and put it on the floor under her chair.

As the boys for the first bout stepped to the middle of the ring to listen to their final instructions from the referee, Helen leaned toward Al.

"They don't look a bit like prize fighters to me," she commented, "they're so little — they look like grammar school boys."

"Bantams," Aloysius elucidated briefly.

"What?"

The man in front twisted around with the air of one with an unpleasant job in hand, but who believes in getting it over. If this girl was going to keep asking fool questions — But one look at Helen, flushed and starry-eyed, and his expression changed.

"Bantams are one hundred and twenty pounds and under." Then — "Good crowd, ain't it?" he observed genially. "Can you see over me all right?"

Helen got through the first two preliminaries very nicely. It was exciting because it was novel, but as for its being no place for her — why the objections of the family were ridiculous!

But by the third round the crowd warmed up. "Knock him cold, kid; knock him cold!" one of the dignified gentlemen next to Helen bellowed, and other adjurations, "Get him on the beak, Larry; he's stuck on his looks" — "Cut out the clinches and soak him one," began to float from all points of the Garden.

Then, there was an unpopular decision. The referee warned a couple of young colored bucks that if there was any more fouling he'd send them from the ring, and in the middle of the next round he kept his word. Immediately the place was in an uproar. Next bout was called but the crowd wouldn't let it go on. "Bring 'em back — bring 'em back — bring 'em back," they chanted. And when the referee was escorted out under police guard Helen began to have some faint notion that perhaps after all woman's place is in the home.

The next bout was the main event, Tug Regan and Joe Mather, and there was quite a wait before they made their appearance.

A lank Texan on the other side of Al remarked to all within earshot that this here Tug Regan didn't have a show.

Helen leaned forward. "What makes you think so?" she demanded.

"They don't come back," the man from the Lone Star State informed her.

And the Texan drew down into his coat collar.

A moment later Helen was further perturbed. "Going to be a messy fight," a man in the box in front told his companion happily. "Both those fellows are in-fighters. I've seen Tug Regan fight when he was so groggy he rocked like a ship in a gale, and so cut up — — "

Helen's hands flew to her ears, and visions of broken noses, and slashed cheeks, danced like torturing imps before her eyes. She plucked Aloysius' sleeve.

"Al," she whispered in a shaking voice, "you don't think Tug will get hurt, do you?"

"Sure," her brother answered promptly. "This Joe Mather is a butcher."

Helen pressed her fingers to her lips. She wondered if she could sit through the fight with her eyes closed. No, she never could. What did it matter if he won or lost. If he was hurt — if they carried him out — —

A roar swept the Garden. Tug had entered the ring, and a moment later the place rocked again as Joe Mather clambered through the ropes. The two men shook hands. There was a flash and a cloud of smoke from the cameras, the leather-lunged announcer bellowed something, and then almost before Helen realized that the fight was on, the gong had sounded, and the ring was empty of all save the two in the center.

MATHER landed first, a crashing right to the jaw that sounded like a pistol shot. And that was enough for Helen. She'd had enough right then of the Great Game.

She stood up. "Al," she gasped, "I'm going to scream."

"Sit down!" Al hissed. "And just you scream — once!"

She looked down in stupefied amazement at his contorted face and clenched hand.

"Stand just where you are, lady," some one bawled behind her, "we'll look right through you!"

Helen stumbled into the aisle and an usher, attracted by the commotion, caught her arm.

"Al," she cried.

But Aloysius, with eyes glued to the ring, bullet head thrust forward, waved a grimy paw.

(*Continued on page 125*)

The Land of the Wild Man

Borneo, realm of savagery and superstition, lives its own rude way, disturbed little by convention or restraint

By E. Alexander Powell

SCATTERED along the fringes of the world are certain places — Zanzibar, Timbuktu, the Vale of Kashmir, Patagonia, New Guinea, the Gold Coast, Borneo, to mention but a few — whose names ring in the ears of youth like trumpet calls. They are passwords to romance and high adventure. Their very sound makes the feet of the young men restless. Of them all, the one that most completely captivated my boyish imagination was Borneo. To me, as to millions of other youngsters, its name had been made familiar by that purveyor of entertainment to American boyhood, Phineas T. Barnum, as the reputed home of the Wild Man. In its jungles, through the magic of Marryat's breathless pages, I fought the head-hunter and pursued the o-rang-utang and the boa-constrictor. It was, then, a boyhood dream come true when I stood at daybreak on the bridge of the *Negros* and through my glasses watched a long, dark island, a league or so off our starboard bow, rise with tantalizing slowness from the sapphire surface of the Celebes Sea. We forged ahead at half-speed cautiously picking our way, for our charts were none too recent or reliable and we lacked the "Malay Archipelago" volume of the "Sailing Directions"— the "Sailor's Bible," as the big book, full of comforting detail, is called. As the morning mists dissolved before the sun I could make out a ribbon of pale ivory beach, and beyond the beach a band of green which I knew for jungle, and back of that, in turn, a range of violet mountains which culminated in a majestic, cloud-wreathed peak. An off-shore breeze brought to my nostrils the sweet, strange odors of the hot lands. A Malay vinta with wide spread bamboo outriggers and twin sails of crimson flitted by — an enormous butterfly skimming the surface of the water. I was actually within sight of that grim island which my imagination had so often pictured — an island whose name has ever been a synonym for savagery and romance. I was off Borneo.

"The Bornean Jungle is a place of indescribable dismalness and dread, its gloom seldom dissipated by the sun, its awesome silence broken only by the stirrings of the strange creatures which lurk underfoot and overhead"

MARINERS who sail Malaysian waters know Borneo unfavorably. Never think that piracy, head-hunting, poisoned darts shot from blowguns are horrors extinct in the Archipelago to-day, for they are not. Ask the Dutch and British officers who command the constabulary outposts in the bush; ask the keepers of the lonely lighthouses, the skippers of the trading schooners that ply along these coasts. You will picture Borneo, if you please, as a vast, squat island — the third largest in the world, in fact — half again as large as France, bordered by a muddy littoral, moated by swamps reeking with putrid miasmata and pernicious vapors, covered with dense forests and impenetrable jungles, ridged by mile-high mountain ranges, seamed by mighty rivers, inhabited by the most savage beasts and the most bestial savages known to man. Lying squarely athwart the Line, the sun beats down upon it like a blast from an open furnace door. But it is the terrible humidity which makes the climate dangerous; a humidity due to the innumerable swamps, the source of pestilence and fever, and to the incredible rainfall, which *averages over six and half feet annually*. No wonder that in the Indies Borneo is known as "The White Man's Graveyard."

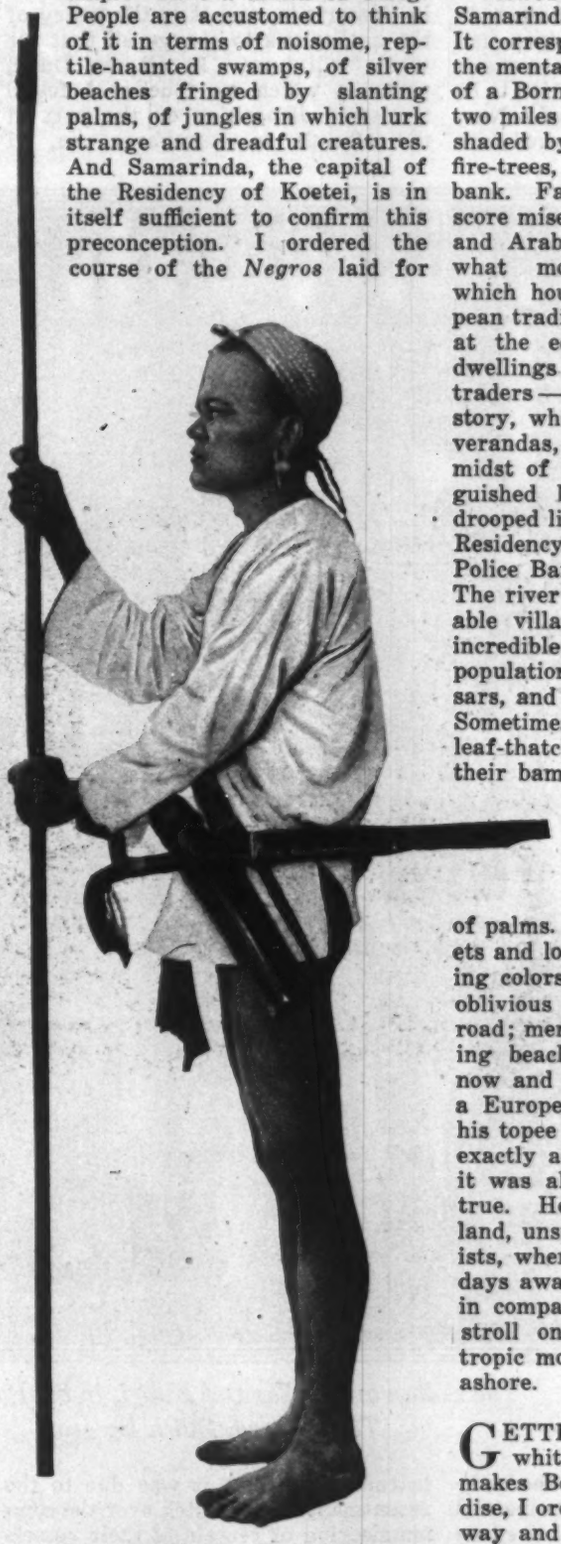
Imbedded in the northern coast of the island, like a row of semi-precious stones set in a barbaric brooch, are the states of British North Borneo, Bruenei, and Sarawak. Their back doors open on the wilderness of mountain, forest and jungle which marks the northern boundary of Dutch Borneo; their front windows look out upon the China Sea. Of these three territories the first is under the jurisdiction of the British North Borneo Company, a private corporation which governs under the terms of a royal charter, exploiting its holdings with cynical selfishness and indifferent success. Brunei is ruled by a native Sultan, whose once vast dominions have dwindled, through cession and seizure, until they are now no larger than Connecticut. On the throne of the last sits one of the most picturesque and romantic figures of our time, His Highness James Vyner Brooke, a descendant of that adventurous Englishman, Sir James Brooke, who, in the middle years of the last century, made himself the "White Rajah" of Sarawak, and who might well have been the original of *The Man Who Would Be King*. Though

all three governments are permitted virtually a free hand so far as their domestic affairs are concerned, they are under the protection of Great Britain, and their foreign policies are shaped at Westminster. The remaining three-quarters of Borneo, which contains the richest mines, the finest forests, the largest rivers, and, most important of all, the great oil fields of Balik-Papan, forms one of the Outposts, or Outer Possessions, of Holland's East Indian Empire, its ruler being the stout, rosy-cheeked young woman who dwells in the Palace of Het Loo.

Of those lands which have not yet submitted to the bit and bridle of civilization — and they can be numbered on the fingers of a single hand — Borneo is the most intractable. Of all the regions which the predatory European has claimed for his own, it is the least submissive, the least civilized, the least exploited and the least known. Its interior remains as untamed as before the ragged survivors of Magellan's expedition set foot on its shores four hundred years ago. The exploits of those bold and hardy spirits — explorers, soldiers, missionaries, administrators — who have attempted to carry to the savages of Borneo the Gospel of the Clean Shirt and the Square Deal form one of the epics of colonization. Disease, discouragement and danger have been their daily mates. They have died with their boots on from fever, plague and snake-bite, from poisoned dart and Dyak spear. Though their lives would yield material for a hundred books of adventure, their story, which is the story of the white man's war for civilization in Malaysia, is epitomized in the few lines graven on the modest marble monument which stands at the edge of Sandakan's sun-scorched parade ground:

In
Memory
of
Francis Xavier Witti
Killed near the Sibuco River
May, 1882
of
Frank Hatton
Accidentally shot at Segamah
March, 1883
of
Dr. D. Manson Fraser
and
Jemadhar Asa Singh
the last three mortally wounded
at Kopang
May, 1883
and of
Alfred Jones, Adjutant
Shere Singh, Regimental Sergeant
Major of the British North
Borneo Constabulary
Killed at Renau, 1897-98
and of
George Graham Warder
District Officer, Tindang Batu
Murdered at Marak Parak
28th July, 1903
This Monument Is Erected as a Mark
of Respect by Their Brother Officers.

The very name of Borneo conjures up a set picture in the mind's eye, as the names of certain other places — Iceland, Ceylon, the Sahara, for example—have a knack of doing. People are accustomed to think of it in terms of noisome, reptile-haunted swamps, of silver beaches fringed by slanting palms, of jungles in which lurk strange and dreadful creatures. And Samarinda, the capital of the Residency of Koetei, is in itself sufficient to confirm this preconception. I ordered the course of the *Negros* laid for



One of the Borneo Head-Hunters

Samarinda because it is the gateway to the interior of Eastern Borneo. The town stands about twenty miles back from the sea, on the Koetei, a tremendous river which has its nativity somewhere in the mysterious Kapuas Mountains, winds its tortuous way through four hundred miles of unmapped wilderness, and through a fan-shaped delta empties into Makassar Straits. There are no roads in Borneo, you understand, only narrow trails through the jungle, so that the only practicable means of penetrating into the interior is by ascending one of the great waterways.

Viewed from the deck of the *Negros* Samarinda was entirely satisfying. It corresponded in every respect to the mental picture which I had drawn of a Bornean town. It straggles for two miles or more along a dusty road, shaded by a double row of flaming fire-trees, which parallels the river bank. Facing on the road are a few score miserable shops kept by Chinese and Arab merchants, and the somewhat more pretentious buildings which house the offices of the European trading companies. Farther out, at the edge of the town, are the dwellings of the Dutch officials and traders — comfortable-looking, one-story, whitewashed houses with deep verandas, peering coyly out from the midst of perfumed gardens. Distinguished by the Dutch flags which drooped listlessly above them were the Residency, the Custom House, the Police Barracks and the Koetei Club. The river bank itself is one interminable village street. Here dwells in incredible squalor the brown-skinned population — Malays, Bugis, Makassars, and a sprinkling of Sea Dyaks. Sometimes the flimsy, cane-walled, leaf-thatched huts, perched aloft on their bamboo stilts, stand in clusters, like flocks of storks. Again they stray a little apart, seeking protection from the pitiless sun beneath clumps of palms. Malays in short, tight jackets and long, tight breeches of screaming colors were sauntering aimlessly, oblivious of the sun, along the yellow road; mending their nets on the shelving beach were naked brown men; now and then I caught a glimpse of a European, cool and comfortable in his topee and white linen. It was all exactly as I had pictured it. Indeed, it was almost too story-booky to be true. Here was a green and lovely land, unspoiled by noisy, prying tourists, where one could lounge the lazy days away beneath the palm trees or in company with some dusky beauty stroll on a beach silvered by the tropic moon. I was impatient to get ashore.

GETTING into a fresh suit of whites, for the terrible humidity makes Borneo a laundryman's paradise, I ordered the launch to the gangway and went ashore to pay my respects to the Resident. To leave your card on the local representative of Queen Wilhelmina is the first rule of etiquette to be observed by a foreigner visiting the Outer Possessions. In Java, which is more civilized, it is not so necessary. Unlike the Latin races, the Dutch are not by nature a suspicious people, but political unrest is prevalent throughout the East, and with Chinese Bolsheviki, Hindu agitators, and other fomenters of rebellion surreptitiously at work among the natives, it is the part of prudence to establish your

respectability at the start. To gain a friendly footing with the authorities is to save yourself from possible annoyance later on.

As I approached the shore the glamour, lent by distance, changed to squalor. The river bank, which had looked so alluring from the cutter's deck, proved on closer inspection to be as squalid as the back-yard of a Neapolitan tenement. It was littered with dead cats and fowls and fish and cast-away vegetables and rotten fruit and tin cans and greasy ashes and refuse from fishing nets and decaying cocoanuts by the million and sodden rags. This stewing garbage was strewn ankle-deep upon the sand or was floating on the surface of the river, not drifting seaward, as you would expect, but languidly following the tide up and down, forever lolling along the bank. Above this feast swarmed myriads of flies, their buzzing combining in a drone like that of an electric fan. The sun struck viciously down upon the yellow foreshore, its glare reflected by the hard-packed sands as by a strip of brass; the heat waves danced and flickered. Sending the launch back to the cutter, I picked my way across the noisome place to the shelter of the trees along the highway. But the shade that had appeared so inviting from the river proved as illusory as everything else. The earth was baked to the hardness of asphalt. Grass? There was none. That, indeed, is one of the disappointments of these equatorial islands — there is no grass; only sand, sand, sand.

To make matters worse, I found that I had landed too far down the beach. The building that I had assumed was the Residency proved to be the Custom House. The Harbor Master, whom I had the ill luck to encounter there, seized the opportunity to present me with a bill for a hundred *guilders* — something over forty dollars — for port dues. It seemed a high price to pay for the privilege of anchoring a quarter mile off shore, but foreign vessels are rare in Samarinda, and it is the policy of the authorities to charge all that the traffic will bear. In all the Dutch ports at which we touched I found the same disposition on the part of the officials to overcharge me. I learned later that it was due to the resentment of the Dutch over the commandeering of certain of their vessels by the American Government for transport purposes during the war. But I failed to see why they should take their resentment out on me; *I* didn't commandeer their ships.

The Residency, I discovered, was two miles away, on the outskirts of the town. And, there being neither carriages nor rickshaws for hire in Samarinda, I was compelled to walk. It was really too hot to move. In five minutes my clothing was as wet as though I had fallen in the river. The green silk lining of my sun-hat crocked and ran down my face in emerald rivulets. When I had covered half the distance I paused beneath the friendly shade of a waringin tree to rest. A breath of breeze from the river, sighing through the palms, brought to my cheeks a hint of coolness and to my nostrils more than a hint of the garbage broiling on the beach. Any one who could be romantic in Borneo *must* be in love — very much in love, indeed.

The Sultan and Sultana of Koetei, in the Palace at Tenggaroeng, Dutch Borneo

The Resident, Monsieur de Haan, was as glad to see me as a banker traveling abroad is to see a copy of *The Wall Street Journal*. I brought with me, I suppose, a whiff of that great outside world from which he was an exile, of whose happenings he learned only from the eight-weeks'-old Dutch papers brought by the monthly mail boat from Batavia, or from occasional visitors like myself. Dutch officials in the Indies can obtain leave only once in ten years, and this particular official had not been home for nearly a decade. His eagerness to hear the gossip of the homeland was almost pathetic. For an hour or more I lounged in a Cantonese chair beneath the leisurely swinging *punkah* — the motive power for the *punkah* being provided by a native on the veranda outside, who mechanically pulled its cord even while he slept — and chatted of homely things: of coffee houses that we both knew on the Dam in Amsterdam; of bathing on the sands of Scheviningen; of band concerts on summer evenings in the Haagsche Bosch. Only when his long-pent curiosity as to happenings at home had been assuaged did I find an opportunity to mention the reason for my visit to Samarinda. I wished to go up-country, I explained. I wanted to see the real jungle and the strange tribes which dwell in it; particularly

I wished to see the head-hunters. Now I was fully prepared to be met by discouragement and dissuasion, for a country which numbers head-hunters among its inhabitants usually does not care to advertise the fact; ordinarily they are not displayed with pride to visitors. When, in the Philippines, I expressed a desire to see the head-hunters of the Mountain Province, when I asked the Japanese for permission to visit the head-hunters of Formosa, whose territory is encircled by a barrier of blockhouses and barbed wire, I met only with evasion; at the suggestion that there were head-hunters my hosts pretended to be surprised and grieved. But Monsieur de Haan, doubtless because he had lived in Borneo so long that head-hunters were to him a commonplace, not only offered no objections, he even offered to accompany me.

"We can go up the Koetei on your own boat," he suggested. "It is navigable as far as Long Iram, two hundred miles up-country, which is the farthest point inland that one of our garrisons is stationed. Thus you will be able to see the Dyak country as comfortably as you could see Holland from the deck of a canal boat. And on our way we might pay a visit to the Sultan of Koetei, who has a palace at Tenggaroeng. He has only a shadow of power, of course, though he has a good deal of influence with the wild tribes. He's the very man to get in touch with if you want to see the head-hunters."

To me the Resident's suggestion sounded fine. Particularly I liked the idea of having him accompany me. In visiting a people with such sinister proclivities as the Dyaks there would be a certan security in having him along. He would serve as an insurance against accident, as it were. So we arranged to start on our up-river expedition the following morning.

DUSK was falling when I returned to the *Negros*, and, as the river looked cool and inviting, I decided on a swim. But when I suggested the idea to Dr. Ernst, an officer of the United States Public Health Service at Manila, from which he had obtained leave in order to act as surgeon of the expedition, he shook his head gloomily.

"I've been wanting to go in all day," he said, "but the Quarantine people here tell me that to go swimming in the Koetei is to commit suicide."

"Why?" I demanded irritably, for I was ill-tempered from the heat. "It's clean enough out here in midstream, and there's no danger of sharks, as there was at Jolo and Tawi-Tawi."

By way of explanation he pointed to a partially submerged log that was floating some fifty yards off our starboard beam. At least I thought it was a log.

"That's why," he said dryly.

As he spoke a native dugout, propelled by half a dozen paddles, came racing down-stream. As the paddlers drew near, their voices raised in a rhythmic chant, there was a sudden swirl in the water and the object which I had taken for a log abruptly disappeared beneath the surface.

"A crocodile!" I ejaculated, a little shiver chasing up my spine.

Ernst nodded.

"The river is alive with them," he said. "Man-eaters, too. The Quarantine doctor told me this morning that hardly a day passes that they don't get a native or two."

"I've changed my mind about wanting a swim," I remarked. "While we're in these waters I shall stick to the shower bath."

Before I left Borneo I saw many of the giant saurians and heard countless tales of their ferocity and cunning and of the curious methods by which they are caught. Dusk is settling on the great river and the palm fronds are gently stirring in the breeze that comes with nightfall in the tropics, so, if you have nothing better to do, suppose you sit beside me in a deck chair and let me tell you about these riparian assassins. (*Boy! Pass the cheroots and bring us something cold to drink.*)

Though crocodiles are found everywhere in Malaysia, they attain their greatest size and ferocity in Bornean

The river-bank is one interminable street. Here dwells in incredible squalor the brown-skinned population — Malays, Bugis, Makassars, and a sprinkling of Sea Dyaks. But the river-bank proved on closer inspection to be as squalid as the back-yard of a Neapolitan tenement

waters. It is no uncommon thing, indeed, for them to attack and capsize the frail native canoes, killing their occupants as they flounder in the water. The Bornean crocodile more nearly approaches the giant saurians of prehistoric times than anything alive. Imagine, if you please, a creature as large as a ship's launch, with the swiftness and ferocity of a man-eating shark, the cunning of a snake, a scaly hide that is impervious to a high power bullet, a tail that is capable of knocking down an ox, and a pair of jaws that at a single snap can cut a man in two. How would you like to encounter that sort of a monster while you were having a pleasant swim, I ask you? One was captured while I was in North Borneo which measured slightly over twenty-eight feet from the end of his ugly snout to the tip of his vicious tail. Nor was this a record crocodile, for shortly before my arrival at Samarinda one was caught in the Koetei which measured exactly ten metres, or within a few inches of thirty-three feet, over all.

THE crocodile obtains its meals by the simple expedient of lying motionless just beneath the surface of a pool where the natives are accustomed to bathe or where they go for water. The careless brown man trips jauntily down to the river bank to fill his amphora — usually a battered Standard Oil tin. As he wades out into the stream there comes without the slightest warning a lightning swish of a scaly tail, a scream, the crunch of monster jaws, a scarlet stain overspreading the surface of the water, a widening eddy — and there is one less inhabitant of Borneo. But instead of proceeding to devour its meal then and there, the crocodile carries the body up a convenient creek, where it has the self-control to leave it until it is sufficiently gamey to tempt its palate. It is by no means an uncommon sight on Bornean rivers to see a crocodile swimming upstream with a native in its mouth. For the crocodile, like the duck hunter, does not like freshly-killed meat.

"But it is a quick death," as an Englishman whom I met in Borneo observed philosophically. "They don't play with you as a tiger does — they just hold you under the water until you are drowned."

Yet, in spite of the hundreds who annually fall victims to the terrible jaws, the natives seem incapable of taking the most ordinary precautions. For superstitious reasons they will not molest the crocodile until it has shown itself to be a man-eater. If the crocodile consents to live at peace with him the native has no wish to start a quarrel. But the day usually comes when a native who has gone down to the river fails to return. In America, under such circumstances, the relative of the missing man would send for grappling irons and an undertaker; in Borneo they summon a professional crocodile hunter. The idea in this is not so much to obtain revenge as to recover the brass ornaments which the deceased was wearing at the moment of his demise, for, though human life is very cheap in Borneo, brassware is extremely dear.

The professional crocodile hunters are usually Malays. One of the best known and most successful in Borneo is an old man who runs a ferry across the Barito at Bandjermasin. He has capitalized his skill and cunning by organizing himself, as it were, into a Crocodile Liability Company. Any one may secure a policy in this unique company upon payment of a weekly premium of 2½ Dutch cents. When one of his policyholders is overtaken by sudden death in the form of a pair of four-foot jaws the old man turns the ferry over to one of his children and sets out to fulfill the terms of his contract by capturing the offending saurian, recovering from its stomach the weighty bracelets, anklets and earrings worn by the insured, and restoring them to the next of kin. In order to make good he sometimes has to kill a number of crocodiles, but he keeps on until he gets the right one. This is not as difficult as it sounds, for the big man-eaters usually have their recognized haunts, many of them, indeed, being known to the natives by name. So successful has the old ferryman been in the conduct of his curious avocation that, so the Dutch Resident assured me, he has several hundred policy holders who pay their premiums with punctilious regularity.

The method pursued by the crocodile hunters of Borneo is as effective as it is ingenious. Their tackle consists of a hook, which is not hook-shaped at all, being a straight piece of hard wood, about the size of a library ruler, sharpened at both ends; a ten-foot leader plaited from the tough, stringy bark of the baru tree; and a single length of rattan or cane, some fifty feet in length, which serves as the line. One end of the leader is attached to a shallow notch cut in the piece of hard wood; the other end is fastened to the rattan. With a few turns of cotton one end of the stick is then bound to the leader, thus bringing the two into a straight line. Then comes the bait, which must be chosen with great discrimination. Though the body of a dog or a pig will usually answer, the morsel that is most certain to tempt a crocodile is the carcass of a monkey. But it must not be a freshly killed monkey, mind you. A crocodile will only *swallow* meat that is in an advanced stage of decomposition, the more overpowering its stench the greater the likelihood of the bait being taken. The bait is securely lashed to the pointed stick, though any one but a Malay would require a gas-mask to perform this part of the preparations. Everything now being ready, the bait is suspended from the bough of a tree overhanging the pool which the crocodile is known to frequent, being so arranged that the carcass swings a foot or so above the surface of the stream at high-water level, the end of the rattan being planted in the bank. Lured by the smell of the bait, which in that torrid climate quickly acquires a bouquet which can be detected a mile to windward, the crocodile is certain sooner or later to thrust its long snout out of the water and snap at the odoriferous morsel dangling so temptingly overhead, the slack line offering no resistance until the bait has been swallowed and the brute starts to make off. Then the big saurian gets the surprise of its long and checkered life, for the planted end of the rattan holds sufficiently to snap the threads which bind the pointed stick to the leader. The stick, thus caused to resume its original position at right angles to the line (changing from — to —) becomes jammed across the crocodile's belly, the pointed ends burying themselves in the tender abdominal lining.

The next morning the hunter finds his bait and tackle missing, but a brief search usually reveals the coils of rattan floating on the surface of some deep pool at no great distance from the spot where the bait was taken. At the bottom of the pool Mr. Crocodilus Porosus is writhing in the throes of acute indigestion. Taking the end of the line ashore, the hunter summons assistance. A score of jubilant natives lay hold of the rattan. Then ensues a struggle that makes tarpon fishing as tame as catching shiners.

AT first the monster attempts to fight the straining line, its angry tail lashing the water into foam. The great jaws close on the leader like a bear-trap, but the loosely braided strands of baru fiber slip between the pointed teeth. The natives haul at the line as sailors haul at a halliard. Soon there appears above the churning water a long and incredibly ugly snout, followed by a low, reptilian head with deep-set, heavy-lidded, venomous eyes, a body as broad as a good-sized row-boat, and finally a tremendous tail, twice as long as an elephant's trunk, and twice as powerful, that flails the river into spray. Sometimes the hunters momentarily become the hunted, for the crocodile, catching sight of its enemies, may come at them with a rush and a roar, but more frequently it has to be dragged ashore by main strength, fighting desperately every inch of the way.

Now comes the most hazardous part of the proceeding — the securing of the monster. By means of a noose, deftly thrown, the great jaws are rendered harmless. The coils of another noose encircle the lashing tail, which is bound securely to a tree. This accomplished, it is an easy matter to lash the front legs together over the back, the hind legs being treated in the same fashion. When this is done the tail can be released, for, deprived of the use of its legs, the crocodile is helpless. A stout bamboo is then passed between the bound legs and a score of sweating natives bear the

trussed monster in triumph to the nearest government station, where the bounty is claimed. The animal then is killed, its stomach opened and the contents examined; any brassware or other articles of adornment which can be identified as having been worn by its victim being restored to his relatives.

The method of fishing pursued by Dyaks is quite as curious as their manner of catching crocodiles. Instead of netting fish, or catching them with hook and line, they asphyxiate them by the wholesale. When a Dyak village decides to vary its menu with fish chowder the entire community repairs to a stream in which fish are known to be plentiful, taking with them great quantities of poisonous tuba root. Across the stream a sort of picket fence is built by planting bamboos close together. In the center is left a narrow opening which leads into an enclosure like a miniature corral. Natives then proceed several hours' journey up-stream by canoe. Early the next morning the dugouts are filled with water, in which the tuba root is beaten. This toxic preparation is emptied into the stream, the canoes are again launched and the fishermen drift slowly down in wake of the poison. The fish, stupefied, rise to the surface, and can be speared easily.

ALL of the Dutch officials and traders with whom I discussed the subject of head-hunting blamed the practise on the women. They explained that a Dyak maiden is as insistent on receiving from the young warrior who is courting her a pledge of his affection in the form of a freshly severed human head as an American girl is on receiving from her betrothed an engagement ring. It shows that the young man's intentions are serious. Moreover, a warrior has no standing in his tribe unless the ridgepole of his hut is ornamented with a row of grizzly trophies which he has himself taken in head-hunting raids. Heads are to a Dyak what silver cups are to a golfer — emblems of his prowess. The more of them he has the higher his standing in the community, the greater his popularity with the ladies.

The Dutch *Controleur* at Tenggaroeng assured me very earnestly that his Dyak charges are not by nature ferocious or bloodthirsty and that they do not particularly enjoy head-hunting, practising it from force of custom rather than for pleasure. But such a charitable estimate of the Dyak character I can accept only with reservations. I gathered from my conversations with constabulary and district officers in other parts of Borneo that the head-hunting raids are usually nothing but butcheries of defenseless people, the raiders waylaying their victims in the bush or taking a village by surprise when the warriors are absent and slaughtering every one they find, old and young. In many of the Dyak tribes the heads are treated with superstitious reverence, being wreathed with flowers and offered tidbits from the family table. And here is an interesting thing which I almost forgot to mention. The head of an orang-utan is prized as highly as that of a human being. But that is as it should be, for the Dyak who can kill one of the great red apes has earned the trophy. During my travels in Borneo I heard many theories advanced in explanation of head-hunting. Some claim that it is the Dyak's way of establishing a reputation for prowess; others hold the view that he believes he inherits the courage and cunning of those he kills. But, whatever the origin or significance of the custom, on one point every one was agreed; its prevalence is directly traceable to the vanity and social ambition of the women. For if Mrs. Parang has six heads festooned from the rafters of her sitting-room, Mrs. Ilang, who has only a pair, is not going to be content. No, indeed. She is going to send Mr. Ilang out to get her as many heads as her neighbor has, and if he doesn't make good she is going to know the reason why. Even in the jungle *cherchez la femme*.

I have already made passing mention of that characteristic weapon of the Dyaks, the *sumpitan*, or, as it is called by foreigners, the blow-gun. The *sumpitan* is a piece of hard wood, from six to eight feet long and in circumference slightly larger than the handle of a broom. Bored through it lengthwise is a hole about the size of a lead-pencil. A broad spear-blade is usually lashed to one end of the *sumpitan*, like a bayonet, thus providing a weapon for use at close quarters. The dart is made from a sliver of bamboo, or from the frond of a palm, scraped to the length and thickness of a steel knitting-needle. Fitted to one end of the dart is a cork-shaped piece of pith which corresponds to the hole in the *sumpitan* as a cartridge corresponds to the bore of a rifle, thus providing a surface against which the breath can act. The other end of the dart, which is as sharp as a needle, is smeared with a paste made from the milky sap of the upas tree dissolved in a juice extracted from the tuba root. With the possible exception of curare, this is the deadliest poison known. No antidote has been discovered for it, nor, if there were one, would it have time to act, as the slightest scratch from a dart thus poisoned paralyzes the respiratory center and causes almost instant death. The dart is expelled from the *sumpitan* by a quick, sharp puff of the breath, whole tribes suffering from rupture, I was told, as a result of continued use of the weapon. Though I have heard Europeans scoff at the *sumpitan* as a child's toy, it is, at short distances, one of the most accurate weapons in existence, and, when its darts are poisoned, the most deadly. Those who know Borneo will tell you that they would rather take their chances with a rifle bullet through the spleen than with a scratch from a poisoned dart. In order to show me what could be done with a *sumpitan* the Resident cut a bamboo wand no larger round than a woman's little finger and thrust it upright in the ground: a Dyak, taking a position at a distance of thirty carefully stepped paces, hit the almost indistinguishable mark with his darts twelve times running. That, as the late Colonel Cody would have put it, "is some shooting."

IN Borneo the use of the blow-gun is not confined to the Dyaks. Believe me or not, as you please, but fish use them also! A certain species of fish, that is. This fish, which is remarkable neither in size nor color, seldom being larger than our domestic goldfish, is known to the natives as *ikan sumpit* (literally "fish with a *sumpitan*") and to science as *Toxodes jaculator*. It is unique among the finny tribe in possessing the curious power, on coming to the surface, of being able to squirt from its mouth a tiny jet of water. This weapon it uses with unerring accuracy against insects, such as flies, grasshoppers and spiders resting on plants along the edge of the stream, causing them to fall into the water, where they become easy prey for these Dyaks of the deep. It was lucky for us that the crocodiles were not armed with blow-guns!

When Latins wish to decide a quarrel they unusually resort to the stiletto, or, if they belong to the class which believes in duelling, they meet on the field of honor with pistols or rapiers; Anglo-Saxons are accustomed to settle disputes in a court of law or with their fists; but when two Dyaks become involved in a controversy which cannot be smoothed out by the tribal council, they have recourse to the *s'lam ayer*, or trial by water. This curious method of deciding disputes is conducted with great formality, with seconds and a referee, according to the rules of an established code. For example, should two husky young head-hunters quarrel over a village belle — the lobes of whose ears are probably pulled down to her shoulders by the weight of her brass earrings — they adjourn, with their seconds and their friends, to what might fittingly be called the pool of honor. Almost any place where there is four or five feet of water will do. Into the bottom of the pool the seconds drive two stout bamboo poles, a little distance apart. The rivals then wade out into the water and take up their positions, each grasping a pole. At a signal from the chief who is acting as referee they plunge beneath the water, each duelist keeping his nostrils closed with one hand while with the other he clings to his pole so as to keep his head below the surface. Both of them would drown themselves rather than acknowledge defeat by coming to the surface voluntarily, but at the first sign either of the two gives of being asphyxiated the seconds, who are on the alert, rush in and drag the

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The Randolph Ghost

By Dorothy Thomas

THAT Oby Randolph was haunted by his grandfather's spirit was an established fact on Lost Mountain. It was a dignified ghost and the old man was justly proud of it, for its earthly shell had been a Randolph of Virginia.

Rumor had it that the elder Randolph was a handsome, hot-headed young fellow who had killed his best friend in a duel over a girl. Then the flirt had jilted him and broken-hearted he fled to the mountains. After some years of solitude he married a girl of the hills — married her — rare and expensive as backwoods marriages were. As the years passed he tried to atone for his youthful folly by teaching his neighbors and new kin higher ideals of life and morals. He became the patriarch of the mountain — the only man who could read and write or display a marriage license over his cabin door. No shame to his grandson Oby for taking the good man for a model. But alas! Oby was over-zealous — and he was nurtured in mountain superstition. His ancestor worship degenerated into something akin to sorcery and bade fair to rob his life of sanity and, as it happened, to steal happiness from two young lovers.

When one bright fall Sunday morning Randolph's inspired descendant sat in the front row Randolph pew, even a careless observer might have noticed that he was more painstakingly dressed than the others on the "male side" of the little log church. He had stinted until he was the richest man on the mountain; also he was a Democrat and an Episcopalian — in short he was everything that he imagined his venerable grandfather could wish him to be.

TO-DAY the Bishop of Virginia was honoring Lost Mountain with a visit. The dignity of his bearing and the grace of his gestures assured Old Man Oby that the Bishop was a gentleman. He must be a scholar too, for he used words that even a descendant of a Randolph could not comprehend. An expression of complacency spread over the old man's face as he considered that he alone of all the congregation had any idea of the world from which the Bishop came. Had not his grandfather told him of great houses with black servants running to and fro, ladies in sweeping silks and gentlemen in white wigs? Ah — that was the life his granddaughter Bett should live.

Surely God forgave the simple old man these worldly speculations in His temple of worship!

Immediately behind Old Man Oby sat Pa Samuels and the seven Samuels boys. Tanned, upstanding, fun-loving boys these, with the manners of bears and the intentions of gazelles.

The Samuels were not Episcopalians. They were Baptists and on the mountain this difference in sectarian belief may be the grounds for feud and bloodshed. More than this, with a good enough standard of monogamy and constancy the Samuels, like many another decent mountain family, considered the marriage ceremony a superfluity, and for their tribe the righteous Randolphs had always had great scorn.

OBY had heard gossip about his granddaughter and young Sam Samuels but he ignored it — so sure was he of Bett's filial loyalty.

This morning, head on chest, Sam sat all through the services, blissfully snoring. He had had a night of 'possum hunting, a fifteen-mile walk from his home to the church, and the stove was close.

At a particularly emphatic snore, "Gol-darned young upstart!" Old Man Oby muttered with a scarcely perceptible turn of his head, "A fine specimen to be courtin' my Bett!"

With the end of the service and the ensuing coughing and shuffling Sam awoke to find Oby Randolph glaring at him. The boy's friendly, unembarrassed nod was ignored by the old man who rose stiffly, walking down the aisle bestowing haughty greetings upon his neighbors. A breath from Virginia always reminded him of his prestige and he could not resist reminding others — especially the Samuels — of his own superior origin.

In the little clearing outside the church the boldest of the mountaineers were shaking hands with the Bishop.

Old Man Oby stood a little aloof, waiting for the more plebeian members of the congregation to have their say. He was about to approach the clergyman when Sam Samuels, his eyes brimming with mischief, pushed ahead of him, grasping the Bishop's hand in his two mighty ones.

"Ye gave us a wild-cat of a sermon," he said with enthusiasm. "I certainly took to it!"

If the Bishop's hand hurt him he was man enough not to show it.

"I thank you," he replied warmly.

Now Old Man Oby had a temper as famous as his ghost. It was only his obligation to live up to his ancestry that checked it — little as it was checked. He was in a turmoil of rage at this young whippersnapper but he was too eager to impress the Bishop with his superiority to make a show of himself. So he held his peace, nursing the grievance with others he had against the youth and his family, and in his most courtly manner approached the Bishop.

"God sent that preachin' to your tongue, sir," he said, offering his hand.

The old man's voice and bearing distinguished him from the other mountaineers and as he wrung the clerical hand the Bishop observed him closely.

Oby, for all his eighty years, was as straight as a hickory sapling and he carried himself with the air of a nobleman. His blue eye was fearless, his forehead broad, on his wrinkled countenance the pride that springs from race and blood. His hands, in spite of exposure and hard work, were curiously well shaped and in conversation he used them with grace and dignity. Withal there clung about him a strange mysticism that gave poetry to his arrogance and his pride. In truth with this psychic power he swayed many to awed obedience.

"It's very gratifying to know that you liked my sermon," the Bishop said responsively.

"Yes, sir — I understood every word. My grandfather was a Randolph of Virginia," he explained, his eyes lighting up.

"Is that so," the Bishop returned with friendly interest.

"Yes, sir. I got a Bible with his name writ on it," he went on proudly.

ALL the mountain was wearied with Old Man Oby's boasting. None had courage to tell him, for they were all afraid of his "spook" — all save Sam Samuels, who had learned to at least affect skepticism. But they did listen with obvious indifference when Oby launched upon the legend of that first Randolph. It was not often that a stranger came into the backwoods and Old Man Oby had no notion of letting a potential listener escape without hearing the tale.

"Yes, sir," he continued, his voice vibrant. "I got his silver sabre with his name on to it and his scarlet breeches and the little grey slipper to prove it!"

The Bishop looked his appreciation.

"I ain't never took no step, sir, without first communin' with his spirit," he confided, moving close.

His listener, still friendly and polite, moved toward his house.

The "Mission Lady" standing near tactfully suggested that they start toward Lamb's cabin where the Bishop was to baptize dying Missy Lamb.

Fearful of missing this rare opportunity, Old Man Oby quickly mounted

his horse, riding close to the Bishop. The other members of the congregation followed by horse and foot, eager to witness this rare event.

Close to the church door Bett Randolph lingered. She was slight of stature, with delicate features and well shaped head. Truly the appearance of Bett and her grandfather did not belie the Virginia legend. But the girl was not torn with the desire to live in a great house with servants running to and fro. Her grandfather's stories of the life "out yonder" had never made much impression upon her, and now she loved and was loved by Sam Samuels.

The boy came up to her now, his brown eyes beaming.

"Ole Man Oby forget us fer once," he grinned.

"I reckon he's a-tellin' the Bishop 'bout his haunt," she answered.

"You don't believe in his haunt—do you, Bett?" he asked anxiously.

Sam had worked in a mining town in West Virginia and had brought back ideas that exploded many of his mountain traditions.

Bett's brown curls nodded vigorously.

"Hit never tells him wrong. Last night he communed with it and it tole him Missy Lamb'd die 'fore sundown," she said, her blue eyes grave. "Now you see if it don't come true!"

The Randolph ghost had decreed that Bett's fate should not mingle with Sam's and the boy's whole happiness depended upon getting rid of that ghost. His reason and experience "out yonder" told him the belief in the "spell" was absurd — but a heritage of superstition may have more weight than all the ratiocination in the world.

"I calc'late nobody could talk ye out of it. But I've larnt as thar ain't no such thing as ghosts!"

After this sacrilege he changed the subject with ——

"Goin' to the baptizin'?"

"Sam, why don't you git baptiz' to-day?"

"I don't care about bein' sprinkled with water. We jes' come to see a Bishop," he returned pleasantly enough.

"FOLKS knows you Samuels only come to church out'n curiosity," she said with more scorn than she could usually muster. "You jes' come at Christmas time and such like!"

"We're Baptists and there ain't nothin' but a 'Piscopal church here," he defended.

"Grandpa'd think kinder of ye if ye'd jine."

This wistfully.

"I will, Bett, if ye think it'd help," he answered quickly.

Sam Samuels was a warm-hearted, good-natured fellow who would share his bread with any beggar. It was a hardship for him to hate anyone—even his father's feudal enemy. His greatest fault was his irrepressible love of practical jokes. These pranks often led him and his six brothers into worse difficulties than other boys suffered through vice.

"Your grandpap certainly was hoppin' at me fer slippin' past him and shakin' hands with the Bishop fu'st. I jes' had to git even with him fer not speakin' to me in church," he said, breaking into a laugh.

It was too contagious for Bett to resist, though she did say primly ——

"An' you snored all through the sermon!"

"Thar hain't no sense in your folks a-hatin' my folks," he burst out, suddenly grave. "An' there ain't no sense in that fool ghost o' your grandpap's a-keepin' us apart."

TERROR shone in Bett's eyes. Love had leaped the barrier of the feud, but the girl's belief in the power of the "spell" was too deep rooted for even love to overcome.

"The spirit says I must go out yonder an' be a great lady — like a Randolph," she whispered, clinging to him like a frightened child, then added in fatal, reproachful tones, "you know it says so."

Poor gentle little Bett! How could she guess, that for all the tragic gloom of the superstition, perhaps her grandfather's "spirit" was right? Slight, delicate in health, how could she stand up under the strenuous life of a mountain wife and mother? Even the typical robust backwoods-woman breaks long before thirty. Old Man Oby had means. If she went out yonder he would educate her. Who knows to what brilliance her youth and beauty might lead her? But Bett was young and she was in love and she courted her fate as innocently as a moth plunges into the flame.

"I want to marry ye, Sam," she cried, creeping close. "But I'm afeared — I'm afeared."

He caught her to him in his iron grasp, whispering hoarsely ——

"Ye got to, Bett," then with a martyred air — "even if I git baptized to do it!"

Solemnly silent they made their way through the woods to the Lamb cabin where a "baptizin'" had already begun. The Bishop and the Mission Lady stood near Missy Lamb's bed and Old Man Oby was not three feet from the Bishop.

The sick woman's room was crowded. It was easy for Sam and Bett to slip in unnoticed. In a gloomy corner, slightly apart from the others, they seated themselves and proceeded to make the most of a rare opportunity.

Sam was in the midst of a warm, moist kiss when a rough hand clutched him by the neck and he was precipitated to the floor.

A general commotion followed, the onlookers surging round Sam.

The next instant the lad was on his feet.

"If ye'd any sap left in your veins, I'd pay ye back," he cried, keeping his fists behind him. Then, in defiant explanation — "Bett loves me an' I come here to git baptiz'!"

Old Man Oby began to stammer and sputter but before he could say anything Sam's father had pushed his way through the crowd and was standing before Oby.

"Look ahere, Oby Randolph," he shouted, "folks 'as had enough o' your high-falutin' talk about that grandfather o' yours. We'uns is as good as you-uns an' — hatin' your kin as I do — if my boy Sam wants your gal Bett I hope he gits her — an' none of us won't be baptiz' into your church neither!"

Oby, in a white rage at Samuels and all his kin bellowed forth ——

"No gal o' mine will marry an outside chile an' you've got seven on 'em, fer you an' Sally weren't never jined by a preacher."

"That's low down mean," Samuels returned hotly. "You know well 'nough time was when a preacher didn't come here more'n once a year an' us Samuels never had enough laid by to 'cross the mountains to be jined. Stickin' together thirty years is as good as gittin' married an' Jedgment Day'll show me an' Sally as good as any of your kind!"

If Oby was chagrined by this eloquent defence he was too stubborn to show it.

"Tain't no right way fer a man and woman to live," he persisted. "An' all the trouble that's come on you an' yours is a jedgment on your head fer livin' like you an' Sally have!"

With this he caught the trembling, weeping Bett by the hand and hurried out of the cabin.

The six Samuels boys crowded round their father and Sam, but the general fighting which often followed such a quarrel was checked — largely out of consideration for the Mission Lady, whom they all loved and knew to be embarrassed at this happening before the Bishop.

AS far as mountain isolation and inconvenience permitted, Oby Randolph's ancestor had been careful of the woman he took to wife. He had preached to his boys the unfairness of the mountain woman's burden. But mountain blood ran strong in his sons' veins; the traditions from their mother were too deep to be uprooted by their father's training. They married buxom girls, took them into their cabins to bear their children and work in their fields — and degenerate into nagging, colorless slatterns.

With Oby it had been different. A silent, imaginative child, he had listened with avidity to the tales his grandfather told of life out yonder and was much impressed by the fact that out yonder women remained young and pretty even after they bore children. He vowed early that no woman of his should be a mere female machine and beast of burden. But try as he would, it proved impossible to protect his wife against life-breaking toil, for the mountain help-meet must, along with her man, wrest an existence by the sweat of her brow and the blood of her heart. For his only

daughter he had hoped a better fate but she too stuck to her own kind. He thanked God she died with the roses still on her cheek and the sparkle still in her eye. Bett was her only offspring and Oby swore that at least one woman of his house should be a Randolph.

It was not until this period of his life that the Randolph ghost became an obsession. Oby imagined the spirit had given him a mission — and that mission was to make a great lady of his granddaughter. To this end the old man toiled early and late, growing always more irascible, more superior, more susceptible to the influence of the ghost.

The morning following the affair at the "baptizin'" Old Man Oby sat in his chair by the stove silently lacing his boots. Bett, white-faced, shadow-eyed, was clearing away the breakfast things.

Suddenly, shrill and clear, the mountain call rang out.

Rising, the old man strode to the door, flinging it open.

"Mornin', Jeff," he called to the man outside. "Won't ye stop by a spell?"

"Nope, was jes' ridin' by an' thought I'd tell ye that Missy Lamb passed out 'fore sunset. The buryin's Monday." With this the mountaineer was gone, riding on to spread the news.

The plate in Bett's hands clattered to the floor.

"The ghost war right!" she said, dully, looking at the broken crockery.

"Hit always is," her grandfather answered with gravity and his gnarled fingers fumbled clumsily as he finished lacing his boots.

MOST of us are bundles of incongruities but Oby Randolph's warring inconsistencies were uncommonly many and strong. A seer of visions, a hearer of voices, he was, in the practical affairs of life, as hard-hearted and hard-fisted as a Yankee farmer. In performing what he believed to be his duty he was inexorable. The one soft spot in his character was his love for his granddaughter and in the arrogant, hot-tempered old man this hardness and this softness were always at odds. It had always been in the back of his head that he must send her out yonder but his fondness for her, his dependence on her for all he got of love and companionship, made him put the duty off and closed his eyes to the fact that she was now a woman grown.

Bett loved this Samuels boy but Oby hated a Samuels with the mountaineer's bigoted passion. Besides Bett was only a child. It was not time for her to go and he wasn't going to let a Samuels drive him to his duty before it was time! With this resolution he rose, noisily stamping into his boots.

"Bett, I don't want you leavin' the house till I come back," he said, taking his gun from its corner.

It was painful for him to doubt his Bett, but he had had experience with love before. Besides, what he had seen at the baptizing must have been preceded by clandestine meetings.

"I won't, grandfather," the girl answered meekly enough and Oby read obedience in her timid flower face.

"If I kin drive that young whippersnapper off mebbie I kin keep her till the Spring," he muttered as he closed the door.

A DAY indoors was no hardship to Bett for she could always put the time to good use by sewing. The girl had a gift for clothes. At the "Clothing Bureau" where the Mission Lady, at ridiculously low rates, sold the cast-off garments of ladies from out yonder, Bett chose with care and discrimination, the dresses and shades that suited her best. She was the only woman on the mountain who sent out yonder for materials and she was handier with the needle than any — perhaps because she had more leisure. This money and leisure which her grandfather gave her was a source of gossip for the neighbors. Old Missy Lamb had declared that "Oby Randolph was spilin' that gal beyond all forgivin'." But when Sam's surreptitious courting began Bett used all the money and all the leisure she could wheedle out of her grandparent to deck herself for conquest. Though a slave to the "spell" she could at least keep Sam suffering for her.

This morning when her tasks were done she went to her sewing box, taking out a piece of blue calico she had ordered from a catalogue and a treasured fashion book she'd begged from the Mission Lady. Seating herself by the table she began to fashion a dress, tearfully wondering if Sam would ever see her wear it and sewing into it bitter thoughts of the ghost who was keeping her from her sweetheart.

As the material grew into a dress that brought out the blue of her eyes and the curves of her figure she grew more cheerful, comforting herself with the hope that her grandfather's vigil would not last long. Poor child of superstition! The most she ever hoped for was a few secret meetings with her man before she went out yonder to fulfill the Fate the Randolph Ghost predicted.

For the moment carried away with her vanity she waxed actually happy. Rising, she surveyed herself in the cracked mirror that hung over the organ. Her eyes traveled admiringly from the lace frill at the neck to the hem of the dress but winced in disapproval at sight of her heavy, ugly shoes.

"Somehow these shoes don't fit this dress," she observed critically.

After a moment's hesitation she ran to the great oak chest where were her grandfather Randolph's treasures Pushing aside sabre and scarlet breeches she took out the little gray slipper, turning it round and round in her hand, thinking of that gay coquette who had worn it so long ago. What a little person she must have been to have worn such a tiny thing! As she gazed at it she thought with more kindness than was her wont of that grandfather Randolph and his sweetheart for, after all, they too had been lovers.

Dropping impulsively to the floor Bett ripped off her own heavy shoe. Then with some difficulty and great perseverance she gradually worked the slipper on. She gazed at it unbelievingly. Never in her wildest flights of vanity had she dreamed she could wear it!

Hobbling back to the mirror she perched before it on one leg like a crane, tucking the heavy-booted foot beneath her skirts, the slippered one peeping forth like a gray mouse. She ducked her head this way and that, gazing fondly at the pointed toe and slender heel.

"God a-mighty, Bett — the shoe fits!"

Frightened the girl wheeled about. Before her stood her grandfather, mingled happiness and fear upon his face. He moved toward her in trembling eagerness.

"Don't ye know, gal, that no woman on this yere mountain ever could git that shoe on her foot?" he cried tremulously.

Bett stared at him in bewilderment.

"Don't ye see it's a message from my haunt?" he exclaimed excitedly. "Hit means that you must go out yonder right off an' be a fine lady like the one that wore that shoe!"

Bett stood silent, motionless. Gazing about the cabin she perceived that evening shadows filled it. In one corner lay a string of squirrels and rabbits her grandfather had brought in. How quickly had the day flown in foolish vanities and hopes. She would never see Sam again, she must go out yonder at once as the ghost had bid.

"The Mission Lady's goin' out yonder on a visit day after to-morrow," her grandfather was saying. "I'll dig my gold up from the Haunted Rock and ye kin go with her."

"OH, I don't want to go — I don't want to go," she wailed, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Honey, you're growed up an' purty. Jes' think o' the grand dresses ye'll have an' the fine gentlemen that'll be a-courtin' ye!"

But his words conjured up no bright future for Bett. She cried with passion ——

"I don't want dresses savin' to look purty for Sam."

"Ye ain't thinkin' I won't be missin' ye back here all alone with no one to cook an' care fer me — an' sing to me?" he asked tenderly, then ended in a broken voice, "Hit's a sign from the ghost — jes' when I was thinkin' I couldn't let ye go."

"No, we daren't go agin the voice," the girl cried at last and in despair flung her arms around his neck.

All that evening Old Man Oby conducted himself like a stoic, and Bett

(*Continued on page 117*)

Felicitas

By Andrew Marshall

Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd

THE sweltering city of the True Cross lies like an emerging reef of milk-white coral on the edge of the dark-blue gulf. The spikes and knobs which it thrusts up here and there are the towers and domes of the churches once appropriate to its sacred name. Half a century ago the *Reforma* laid an iconoclastic hand upon these edifices, wrested them from the Catholic Church, and turned them to the secular uses of the community. The modern *Veracruzano* is not shocked when a consecrated ecclesiastical building is used for a lottery office, a theater, or a tobacco warehouse. And in the busiest street of the city the church of San Ildefonso of the Redemption is profitably let to the greatest importing house of Kaulfrosch & Stichling, one of those enterprising German firms which, laying themselves out to sell to the Mexicans the things the Mexicans want, by Mexican weights and measures which the Mexicans understand, for Mexican money to which they are accustomed, have of late years captured the business from the unaccommodating British. You no longer buy in this temple indulgences from Rome. You buy instead hoes and grindstones, iron roofing, enameled dishes, locks, saws, saddlery, business books, sewing-machines, imitation jewelry, implements, cottons, hardware, and patent medicines — "made in Germany."

THE staff of the establishment consists chiefly of young men who have come out from the Fatherland to push their fortunes — common youths, hard, frugal, and keen; equipped with a sound education for business; understanding book-keeping, writing a fine commercial hand, and speaking two languages besides their own; ready to work any or, at a pinch, all of the twenty-four hours, to sweep the floor and help the porters, to take their meals from their master's table (when he has finished) after having laid the cloth and carried in the dishes, and to sleep on the counter, or under it, without grumbling.

Johann Mayer had come to Vera Cruz from Holstein as a lad, a pattern of these virtues.

"As he were made and put aside to show,"

and by their diligent practise he had risen to be a salesman and traveler. He had a fair salary, and he no longer slept on the premises like the juniors. On this business his life was rough and toilsome, being passed in constant activity of limbs and brain and tongue, in constant matching of his wit and tact and invention and audacity against falsehood, naked but unashamed, suspicion, craft, and congenital and practised dexterity in fraud of every color and dimension. Thus, like the fox in the fable, he learned to lie, to sneak, to fight, to cheat, and to bring out what there was inside him; and so to be happy — happy in talents not allowed to rust, but kept bright with use. He acquired the high accomplishment of his tribe. He became admired and respected throughout the districts in which he made his journeys. He suited his Mexican customers perfectly. They liked him because he was as themselves — and a little more. They would only have laughed at him if they could have believed him. They did not consider themselves deceived if half his promises were kept, for they only believed a quarter, which was more than the proportion of their own they were ever accustomed to fulfill.

Johann's brother Ernst had followed him across the Atlantic. But Ernst had not come out so young. He had been a market gardener at home, and had served his time in the army. Kaulfrosch & Stichling had given him employment in the store, but he had not taken kindly to it, and had left Vera Cruz and hired himself out to work on a plantation.

The young men had their ambition. It was to grow rich by combining commerce and agriculture. Ernst's employer, Don Pepe Martinez, a Spaniard from Old Spain, had done so in the virgin lands of the interior. In the brothers' eyes Don Pepe led a life of patriarchal ease, racial superiority and plenty, far removed from the fevers, physical and mental, of the coast, and still farther from the cold and fogs, the grinding competition, the class inferiority, and the ubiquitous police of North Germany.

Accordingly, when in 1894 the progressive Government of Mexico made a law compelling the Indian tribes to sell their surplus lands, and a rage to possess plantations passed over the country like an epidemic, the eager young men thought they saw their way to fortune. Don Pepe Martinez, whose own residence was almost on the confines of geography, bought a large tract of land sixty miles farther off. It was cheap, because no one knew anything about it. It was sparsely peopled by an isolated tribe, and very far from roads. But it had a rich soil, and when it should have a population and communications it would have a future.

To make a beginning, he sold a piece of riverside and hill to the brothers on very easy terms. There were, indeed, as yet neither resident workers to till the ground nor roads by which to bring its produce to market. But the river could be used to float rafts and canoes for a hundred miles to the confines of civilization; and Ernst, who had learnt the methods of the country, procured by contract with the government a *cuadrilla* of convicts, male and female, from the nearest federal prison, and marched them in bonds by forest paths to the place.

MEANWHILE, Johann remained in the employment of Messrs. Kaulfrosch & Stichling, and devoted his spare energies and his savings to the development of Rancho Guadalupe.

At daylight one morning in January Johann stood with his scanty baggage on the breakwater, the ripples of the almost tideless Gulf lapping the concrete at his feet. A dinghy rowed by a dark-skinned *costeño* put him on board a clumsy, roomy, old "walking-beam" paddle-steamer, which in the course of the day carried him forty miles down the coast to the mouth of the Papaloapam.

Johann disembarked that evening twenty miles inland, and the business of his journey began. Only his first stopping-place could be called a town. Thence he passed from village to village, making his bargains with the chief merchants of each.

In due time he reached Carrizal, the village where Don Pepe Martinez reigned as chief storekeeper, merchant, land-owner, farmer, and cattle-breeder, whither all the business of the district gravitated to the clever Spaniard as the rivers flow to the sea. Sixty miles across scarcely explored country were the other river and the plantation which Johann's brother Ernst was toilsomely cutting out of the virgin woods. Already Johann saw himself reigning there as Don Pepe did here. He knew how it was done. He saw the Indians bringing him all the produce of their little ranches, and taking in exchange rum and cheap cottons and salt and Brummagem jewelry, he keeping the accounts and fixing the prices. He noted with new interest the arrangements of the place — its cool rooms

Moving his head he pretended to start as he caught sight of her

shaded by the far-projecting pillared roof. He thought of some girl there — with good looks and a good fortune — affectionate, economical, and able to look sharply after the cooking and the poultry. The vision floated before his mind as he sat in shirt and trousers and panama hat, smoking Don Pepe's regalias on Don Pepe's veranda. Up here on the skirts of the *Sierra* it was never cold and never too hot, the rains were sure, there was no fever, and the Government was far off.

Next morning before dawn he set out, with revolver and *machete* and mounted on one of Don Pepe's horses, food and wine and a flask of Catalan brandy in his saddle-bags, to visit the theater of his ambition. The *machete* — a cheap cutlass — was for cutting down obstructive vegetation in his path, the revolver to inspire respect in any wandering Indian he might meet.

His horse was good and the paths were dry, but it was late in the afternoon when he emerged from the forest and found himself in jungle higher than his head. He did not recognize the place, and feared he had deviated from the proper way. The jungle almost obliterated the track. He cut it down with his *machete* where the growth had become too dense for passage, and, pushing his tired beast through *sacate* and bamboo, emerged, just before sunset, on a gravelly bank and saw the river before him.

But he found he had gone out of his way. Instead of the low meadows of his tobacco plantation and the wooded hills behind it, what he saw across the stream was a steep bank crowned with one or two lofty trees, beyond which there was a glimpse of a high-pitched roof with gray smoke oozing through its thatch.

The river was broad and swift and deep. On the other side, but a little distance down-stream, a *bongo*, the small canoe hewn by axe from a single cedar log, lay in a small creek formed by the mouth of a brook. It was too late to go back. He shouted and fired his pistol, and soon a man appeared running down from the house.

The man waved his hand, and, getting into the *bongo*, proceeded to pole it across, going first a long way upstream in the slack water under the bank, and then launching out into the current and slanting over nearly to where Johann stood.

As the *bongo's* stem grated on the gravel he stepped ashore.

"*Buenas tardes* (good afternoon), *señor*," he said, shaking hands with Johann.

He was a strongly built man of middle age. His skin was of a darker hue than the brown of the Indians, and his short hair had a curl in it, which the Indian's never has. He was dressed in a coarse, gray cotton shirt and strong blue jean trousers, which were turned up above his knees. His feet and head were bare.

Johann returned his salutation.

"I think I have lost my way," he said. "I meant to go to the *Finca Guadalupe*. Do you know it?"

"*Sí, señor*. Don Ernesto's," said the man. "It is about half a league down river. You have taken the wrong way."

His eye swept Johann and his horse with a comprehensive glance. He recognized the horse, but did not say so. Then he looked at the sky.

"The night is coming," he said, "and the road is not easy to find. If you would do me the favor to come to my house to pass the night, I would guide you to *Finca Guadalupe* in the morning."

The short twilight was already fading. Johann looked around, and then bowing, "You are very kind," he said; "a thousand thanks! If it will not trouble you, I accept. I am Juan Mayer, brother of Don Ernesto."

The man bowed in turn and introduced himself.

"Leandro Ortega, at your service, *señor*."

Johann dismounted, and Leandro, politely putting him aside, unsaddled the horse and placed the saddle with its bags and cloths in the *bongo*, giving the horse's halter into Johann's hand. He pushed the canoe up-stream to the end of the gravel bank, and then skilfully crossed with the help of the current in the same manner as he had come, the horse, held by its halter, swimming alongside. They landed in the little creek, and Leandro led the way up to the house, a simple structure, its walls rows of saplings stuck in the ground and bound together at the top with vines, its roof thick projecting layers of palm leaves withered in the sun.

A comely woman stood at the door.

"MY wife, Matilde," said the man; and Johann, taking off his hat, completed the introduction himself in the polite fashion of the country.

"Juan Mayer, at your service, *señora*."

"Enter, *señor*, this your house," said the man.

"Welcome, *señor*," said the lady. "Please to sit down. Have the goodness to keep on your hat." Such is the courteous way in which solicitude is shown that a guest should not suffer by sudden cooling after a hot journey.

A bright-eyed boy of twelve came forward.

"This is Pedro," said his mother, and Pedro kissed Johann's hand with a pretty grace. Johann caught a glimpse of a tall girl who peeped from a doorway at the back, and shyly disappeared as they entered.

The boy brought him water to wash and a towel, and when the sun went down Leandro lit a little lamp of twisted reeds in a shallow cup of the oil of the castor-nut. They sat on a bench by the narrow table, which was but a slab of wood fixed on two posts driven into the ground. Through a

partition of the same fashion as the walls of the house Johann could see the fire on the floor of the other apartment, and the girl, whom he had seen at the door, on her knees making *tortillas*, clapping them into thin disks between her little hands. Matilde brought in the supper, eggs fried with lard and *chile*, and served hissing hot in the shallow earthenware cooking-pan lifted from the fire and set inside another dish, any other "dishing" being a superfluous vanity only tending to cool the food. *Tortillas*, baked and handed in "hot and hot," served for plates and spoons. Each had his private knife, and their fingers were their forks. The remains of the Catalan from Johann's saddle-bags went round as a preliminary cocktail, and coffee, hot, clear as wine, poured into coarse, rudely-painted bowls, and sweetened with the dark-brown sugar squeezed from the cane by the primitive wooden press, crowned the feast. Two or three dogs, a pig and a few hens, all having the freedom of the house, shared the fragments.

Before the meal ended, the girl stole again to the doorway to look, but fled when Johann turned his eyes in her direction.

Outside, under the projecting roof, he found his *catre* set up, a light folding trestle with canvas stretched across it — a camp-bed made in the fashion of a camp-stool. Leandro bade him good night. He laid aside his boots and belt, wrapped his blanket round him, and lay down. His host extinguished the feeble lamp. The fire had already gone out, and Matilda had swept its ashes from the earthen floor. With a last glance around before he fell asleep Johann could see nothing but a tiny spark of light which burned before a colored print of Our Lady of Guadalupe in a corner of the inner room.

Johann woke with the smell of burning wood in his nostrils. Leandro and the boy and the dogs were already away out. He heard some one blowing the fire with long, deep breaths. He rose and drew on his boots. It was almost daylight, and seeing the path by which they had come up from the river, he set out to bathe. A giant *ceiba*-tree stood on the edge of the little creek, and the canoe was moored beside it. He undressed between two of the flat buttress roots of the great tree, and had a swim in the warm water. When he had dressed again and was dipping his feet into the water to cleanse them from the mud, he observed a long-legged, dove-colored egret alight on the opposite bank. It seemed not to notice him, and, to avoid startling it, he sat quietly and watched it as it began to fish. It waded into the water and stood motionless. He saw that it wore the fine plume which the price-list in his pocket quoted at $12 gold a pound, and he regretted he had no gun. Even his revolver was hanging in his belt in Leandro's porch. Making a mental note of the presence of the bird in the locality, he had just pulled on his boots, and, turning his head, he saw the young girl of whom he had had a glimpse the night before. In her right hand she held a water-jar by the lip and dipped it down into the stream to be filled, while she leant with her other hand on the edge of the canoe. The jar was of the graceful form common in Mexico as in ancient Greece, which finishes below in a point, and so cannot stand by itself. As it touched the water the girl saw Johann sitting within a few feet of her, and, startled, let go her hold of it. It did not sink for a moment, but, slowly filling, floated down with the

She had only been startled when she first saw him, now she was bewildered

gentle current, touched the bank at his feet, and quietly turned round and went under. She stood glancing from it to him, uncertain what to do. But for the jar she would have run away, and as it was, if he had moved she would have fled in another moment. But he did not move, and she thought he had not seen her. He knew she would be as shy as a fawn, and with a hunter's instinct, he kept still, thinking her even more timid than she was. But he had never seen any one so graceful and so lovely, and he could not let her go. He was inspired with a device. Moving his head as if unconsciously, he pretended to start in his turn as he caught sight of her; and before she had time to draw back he had sprung up and thrown himself on his knees before her, his hat off, his face bent almost to the ground, and breathed out, as if to himself, but yet loud enough for her to hear — —

"*Santisima!*"

Johann had served a long apprenticeship to the art of audacious deceit. He had taught himself in lying to be prompt and bold, and use had bred in him a habit of calling quickly to his aid all the miscellaneous stores of a tenacious memory. Some Homeric reminiscence of his German school-days had perhaps first inspired him to the time honored artifice of professing to take a woman for a supernatural being. And extravagant as his action and exclamation were, they were not wholly insincere. His emotion at the sight of the beautiful, innocent girl called into his veins some throb of the chivalry inherited with his Teutonic blood. Whose motives are uncomplicated? It was not without some feeling akin to adoration that he used the appellation of the Virgin.

AS for her, she had only been startled when she first saw him, now she was bewildered. She was even curious, like the foolish antelopes Mungo Park attracted by unfurling his umbrella. And, though shy, she was unsuspicious. She did not think of guile in his strange conduct. Had there indeed been only guile she might not have been deceived, for she was not stupid, but only inexperienced. She was rather brave besides, and her *cántara*, the water-jar, the only one possessed by the family, was in the stream. She wanted it. And, after all, the man was not quite unknown. He was her father's guest.

So she stood still, and for some moments he remained on his half-deceitful knees, not raising his eyes, yet seeing her for all that. From some Aryan ancestor she had inherited chestnut hair and eyes as blue as his own, though set in darker lashes. Since his boyhood he had seen no woman of such a type, or felt as he did now. He had never heard of Tennyson, but his inarticulate resolve was some rude equivalent to — —

"Here by God's grace is the one maid for me!"

Very slowly he rose to his feet, still keeping his eyes lowered as if he waited for her to speak. Then, further to disarm her fears, he drew backwards a pace, and, after a silence that seemed long, he glanced at her, took a deep breath, and said:

"Señorita, pardon me! When I saw you I was confused. At the moment I thought you must be *La Purísima* herself. How — how could I help it?"

SHE stood perplexed with wide eyes. Again, but for the water-jar, she would have gone. As it was, she almost did so. He divined her thought, and, looking round, he saw the *cántara* in the stream. He turned gravely, stooped and lifted it from the shallow water, and placed it carefully between the roots of the tree, so that it should not fall, or the water in it spill. As he did so he observed her *reboso*, which she had dropped. It was folded. She had used it as a pad on which to rest the pointed foot of the jar on her shoulder.

He picked up the scarf and gave it to her, and as she received it, he took her hand gently, put his arm round her, and drew her, slowly, close to him and kissed her. She grew white and trembled, but did not resist him.

"Tell me thy name," he said softly.

"Felicitas," she whispered.

Before releasing her hand he said:

"To-morrow, here, at the same hour."

She did not speak.

Then he let her go, and saying, "*Adíos*, beloved! till to-morrow," he walked quickly away by the track along the bank. It led to the mouth of the small stream, and then round under the trees by another way up to the house. When he saw the roof he lit a cigarette and strolled forward with a careless air, not even glancing at the direct path to the creek. Leandro and the boy had caught and tied up his horse and another, and were pouring some Indian corn on the saddle-clothes spread on the ground before them. Matilde appeared in the doorway. She had a little round piece of sticking-plaster on each temple, by which he knew that she had a headache.

After greeting them, he said — —

"I have been to bathe."

Matilde looked towards the path by which he had come.

"Ah, *señor*," she said, "it is dangerous to bathe in the river, the current is so strong, and there are the alligators. You should go to the *arroyo*, the brook, where the canoe lies."

"*Míl grácias*," he answered; "I shall remember next time."

After coffee he set out for the plantation under Leandro's guidance.

The way from Leandro's to the Finca Guadalupe led first to the stream to which Felicitas had come to fill her water-jar. Crossing that by a ford a short distance farther up, it entered the forest. The distance was but half a league, and there were no crossways in the new-made passage. But the polite Leandro accompanied his guest. With a courteous apology he rode first, his *machete* in his hand, and skilfully cut away obstructions, for the path in the tropical forest needs constant reopening. This one, too, had not been made for horsemen, and now and then both riders had to bend down on their horses' necks to push through the luxuriant foliage. They soon emerged on the edge of the cleared ground of the plantation.

Three rough buildings stood in the open ground. They were constructed in the same manner and of the same material as Leandro's house. The smallest, which was close at hand, was Ernst's dwelling and the *tienda* — the store and shop. The largest, away in the middle of the clearing, was the curing-shed for the tobacco. And a hundred yards from Ernst's house stood the structure, of the same materials but more strongly built than the others, and closely laced round with barbed wire, in which the workers lived, and in which they were securely locked up at night.

From the field Ernst saw his visitors and came to meet them. They dismounted, and the brothers embraced and kissed each other in the fashion of their homeland. Leandro shook hands, and they entered the house.

Leandro, like his countrymen, punctilious in social observances, was also innately well-bred, and after sitting a few minutes asked leave to go and see his friend Ramon, the *mandador* or overseer. Before *desayuno* (the substantial late breakfast or early dinner), they all visited the workers' quarters, the nurseries, and the curing-shed. At the plantation the casual guest is an interested, and generally a welcome, participant in the discussion of the business of his host. After the meal Leandro went away, and the two brothers sat down in Ernst's porch to continue their talk over ways and means.

EVERYTHING was prosperous. Weather had been favorable, the harvest promised to be early and good, the war in Cuba had raised demand, and prices were high. Eager buyers were ready to make the long journey up-river to see the tobacco and purchase it on the spot. Johann had known how to arrange with the *patrones* of big freight canoes to bring up the materials for the packing and supplies for the *tienda*, which he got cheaper on the coast than he could from Don Pepe, and to carry down the corded bales. Ernst, too, had been economical. The *tienda* had yielded much profit, for through it the workers were supplied with their needs and their luxuries on the truck system, and the Indians of the neighborhood already made it a Sunday rendezvous, bringing their *cacao* and

vanilla and coffee and *chile* and maize to exchange for sale, *aguardiente*, powder, and trade guns. Ernst, in his probationary year, had picked up the needful knowledge, his *mestizo* (half-breed) *mandador* was a past-master in an art congenial to his race, and neither was in the least embarrassed by any scruple. Johann saw the realization of his dreams beginning to rise above the horizon.

"I mistook the way somehow yesterday," he said, "and found myself at Leandro's as it was getting dark, and had to stay."

"Yes," said Ernst, "you should have kept to the left a couple of leagues off, where the two roads join, and you would have reached the ford here."

"Leandro and his wife were very polite. Who is he?"

"One of those fellows from the coast. A negro with a dash both of Indian and white in him."

"What is he doing here?"

"Squatting. You find them here and there all over the country. The Indians don't mind them. He was here long before Don Pepe bought the land. When they crowd him he'll go. His class are hunters, and, of course, rubber and mahogany thieves. And why not? The land was nobody's, or at least nobody used it. In fact, he helped Don Pepe to discover it."

"How?"

"By bringing him rubber for sale."

"Have you found much rubber?"

"A good deal, though scattered. I'll show you some. We'll plant a lot in spring. I've warned Leandro off our boundaries, and he's quite honest up to his lights. He'll do us no harm. There's plenty of room for him up above."

Johann wanted to know more.

"Have you seen his wife?" he asked.

"Matilde? A nice woman, nearly white. And his boy is a smart lad. He has two sons who are cowboys with Don Pepe, and there's a girl, too, whom I believe Ramon wishes to marry."

Johann said no more.

LIFE began to stir on the plantation between two and three in the morning, when the overseer roused the women to prepare the *tortillas* for the workers' breakfast and boil water for their coffee. The *tortillas* were of honest maize, softened by steeping in lime over night. But three-quarters or more of the coffee was no more than roasted maize, too. Ernst neglected no feasible means of economy. He was up and about with the earliest, for he knew the value of the eye of the master. He had his workers mustered, the roll called, and early breakfast served out by lantern light, and the gangs in the field and at work by dawn of day. He advised Johann to sleep a couple of hours longer, but Johann rose, too. He took a bowl of the men's sweet, hot coffee, such as it was, from the tub, and then he slipped away by the waning starlight to the path by which he had come.

Once in the forest he could only move very slowly till day began to break. Then he hastened on, and in half an hour had reached the brook where Leandro's canoe lay. He stopped within the shelter of the wood and wondered if the girl would come. He had begun to fear that she had already come and gone, when he saw her walking swiftly down the path, the water-jar on her shoulder. He had time to see the grace of her figure, from her plaited chestnut hair to her naked feet. He saw her glance quickly about and then hurry to fill her jar. Whether she had observed him or not, she did not again look round. He trembled with an agitation and even timidity strange to him. But when he saw her ready to lift her jar and go, he went forward with a hammering heart.

"FELICITAS!" he said, and drew her unresisting into his arms.

He only dared to keep her for a few minutes.

They met on the next morning and the next, and each time for a little longer. Then he had to go away. But on the last morning he told her he would return at *Todos Santos* — in four weeks.

Felicitas's quick response to his love never suggested to his mind that he should deceive her. He wished her honestly for his wife. She could not read or write, but that was no drawback in the life he planned. He was not a man who cared for education for its own sake. For his business he required to know what other men he met knew, to correspond — on business — to read the market and the political news in a newspaper. He never read, nor did he possess, a book. And his ambition, to be a merchant planter like Don Pepe, would not suffer because his wife could not take her place in Vera Cruz society. There was no society, there or elsewhere, which he had ever been admitted to, or ever hoped for, where it would matter.

Had he been settled on the plantation, Leandro would have given him his daughter, her own and her mother's consent being gained. The visiting priest would have been brought over from Carrizal, there would have been a wedding feast, and Felicitas would have gone with him to Guadalupe and been happy.

But he could not yet settle in Guadalupe, and to take her away to Vera Cruz was another thing. Leandro and Matilde would not have consented to her going where they could never see her. Family affection was as strong among them as if they had been Hebrews. Johann could not wait a year, two perhaps. He feared, and justly, that they would give her to Ramon.

The Mexican has many festivals in the year. Some are political, some religious. The political he celebrates chiefly with noise, the religious chiefly with drunkenness. Among the Indians, Easter and All Saints' are rivals for the first place in the revels of intoxication. Both illustrate the curious and widespread superstition which associates piety with idleness. On both, the earnings of industry and frugality and self-restraint, whether in the shape of harvested crops of the field or growing meliorations of character, painfully won beneath the whip of necessity, are eagerly thrown away under the license of religion, and long denial gives place to brief gratification.

From the days of the patriarch Jacob there have not been wanting astute persons to make profit out of the appetites of their brethren. On the feasts of the Church the enterprising Leandro and his wife met a public demand by establishing what might be called a simple beer-garden. The garden was but a cleared and clean-swept space of brown earth, shaded by big trees. The beer was the cool, sweet, queerly-flavored *tapache*, which Matilde knew well how to concoct to suit the Indian taste. Its simple ingredients were water and fruits and the dark-brown native sugar. The time of its fermentation was nicely calculated so that it should be ready for the day of the *fiesta*. Leandro, too, took care to have plenty of the sugar-cane rum of the *tierra caliente* — coarse, new, raw, and strong, purchased down-river, and brought up in many laborious days' journey in his *bongo*. Nothing else was wanted but a rough log or two, to be seats for such guests as did not prefer to lie or squat upon the ground, and provide a rostrum for the amateur *improvisatore* who should bring his guitar.

THE Indians of Jaltepec attended mass by daybreak at their little church among the mountains, and then set out by twos and threes to walk through the forest paths to the place where the means of festivity after their own hearts awaited them. With them came some men on their way to their homes after employment in the silver mines of the Sierra above. These had money, and, what the Indians valued more, a few stolen cartridges of dynamite. The miner has taught his cousin of the forest how to explode these in the river and take in a few minutes fish for a month. All carried something to barter for Matilde's liquors — a turkey, a couple of chickens, a *tenate* of eggs, a young pig, a bag of coffee or black beans or *cacao*, a parcel of vanilla pods, a few strings of black rubber. Very few besides the miners had money, for little was current in the neighborhood. The bargains were protracted, and Leandro always had the best of them. But he understood how to save his customers' self-respect and his reputation for liberality by throwing in a luck-penny in the form of an extra glass, or some trifle he knew would please. Matilde and the boy helped him to serve out of doors. But some of the visitors could not be denied access to the house. They

would have been deeply offended by such an insult to their dignity.

The Indians knew that Leandro had a daughter, and to more than one she was included with the *tapache* among the attractions of the place. At the last *fiesta* she had hidden herself in the woods, but late in the afternoon some half-drunk miners had nearly caught her there. Leandro would probably have killed any one who ill-used her, but he wished to have no trouble with his customers, and so it was arranged that she should take the *bongo* and cross the river for the day, hiding the boat and herself safely out of reach. He told inquirers for the girl that she had gone to be cook for her brothers at Carrizal. They did not believe this, but as they could not find her, there was no more to be said.

Some of Leandro's guests departed for their villages in the early afternoon, but some, and these included the wayfarers from the mines, stayed on. As evening fell, they erected a high tripod of saplings to support a large flat stone from the river, and on this they put a heap of splinters of resinous wood, and set them on fire. By the smoky light of this flambeau they danced and sang and drank till far on in the night.

And now Matilde thought her daughter might slip back to the house. She crept down to the riverside and called softly across. She was afraid to betray the girl's whereabouts by shouting loudly, and when she got no response she told herself that probably Felicitas could not hear her, but could still hear the sounds of revelry, and was afraid to return while they lasted.

WHEN, however, the last reveler had sunk into a drunken sleep, and the torch had gone out, she made her way again by the starlight to the river and called as loudly as she dared. While she stood anxiously on the bank a change came over the sky, the stars disappeared, the air grew suddenly cold, a keen wind rushed from the north, making her shiver and wrap her *reboso* closely round her, and, before she could reach the house, a sudden deluge of rain came down. The sleepers who were not too drunk awoke, and rose to press into the shelter of the porch. Those who did not were quickly drenched. In a few minutes the "*norte*" passed over as suddenly as it had come, leaving everything dripping and everybody shivering.

The dawn came at last, but no Felicitas. The boy searched the woods near the house, and Leandro went down and, fearless of alligators, swam across the river. He was puzzled to find no trace of the *bongo*. He examined the only path through the jungle, that by which Johann had come a month ago. Such marks as it bore had been half obliterated by the rain, and he could not tell whether they were new or old. He swam back and, after a short rest, returned to the house. Matilde and he were sure that Felicitas had not been carried off by any of the village Indians, and all the miners who had come were still present. None of Ernst's convict gang had, they understood, been permitted to leave the plantation. Still, who could tell?

Mounting his horse, Leandro rode quickly to Guadalupe. He thought he could trust Don Ernesto and Ramon. He found them in the field with their men. None had been absent. But Ernst offered him his *bongo* to search the river. As they went down together to the plantation landing-place Leandro saw lying on the bank a pole. He stopped, for he thought he recognized it.

"IT is my *palanca*," he said to Ernst. Ernst looked at it. His own *bongo* was moored near, its pole in it.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

Leandro took it up and held it in his hand.

"I am sure," he said. "Yesterday it was in my *bongo*. Felicitas would cross with it. Can she have come down here? And where is the *bongo?*"

The *bongo* was nowhere to be seen. Doubt and suspicion began to rise in Leandro's thoughts, and he stared searchingly at Ernst, and could find nothing in his face but friendly concern or deep hypocrisy.

"Perhaps we can find out how it came here," said Ernst. "I do not think any one has been at the river."

He found out very easily. A woman coming down to wash clothes had seen it floating and brought it ashore. That was all. Taking it with them, they embarked and set out on their search.

Polling up-stream was slow, and their minute examination made it slower still. It was noon when they came in sight of something lying on a low sandbank that stretched out into the river. The atmosphere was vibrating with the heat, and in the dazzling glare they could not at first make out what the thing was. Leandro was the first to recognize it.

"*Lagarto gránde!*" (alligator) he whispered.

Ernst pulled out his revolver. Leandro shook his head, but Ernst could not resist the temptation. The animal seemed to be asleep, basking in the hot sunshine. Ernst could not see its eye, but he aimed at the morsel of whitish skin under the stretched-out foreleg. Almost as he fired the huge brute dashed into the water with incredible swiftness and disappeared, making a wave that rocked their boat. A flock of parrots rose screaming into the air, and they heard the monkeys chattering in the trees. Ernst replaced the empty cartridge. Leandro was shading his eyes with his hand.

"There is something else on the bank, Don Ernesto," he said.

There was something else, and it had not moved, but it was on the upper side of the sandbank, and they could not see it well. They poled up-stream and round to it. It was Leandro's *bongo*, stranded and empty.

They examined the bank. No footprints of anyone having landed were to be found, but the heavy rain might have obliterated them, and on the banks the thick creepers and *sacate* grass showed no sign of having been penetrated.

Leandro got into his own boat. It was undamaged. Each now took one side of the river and they poled slowly up, closely scrutinizing every yard of the banks. It was almost evening when they arrived opposite Leandro's, and they had found nothing.

Johann had promised Felicitas that he would return at the *fiesta* of All Saints.

He finished his journey into the high country, and on the 27th of October reached Carrizal on his way back to Vera Cruz.

"You will stay here over *Todos Santos*," said the hospitable Don Pepe. "It is a mistake to travel at the time of the *fiesta*. The steamer will be crowded, food will be difficult to get, and you will not be able to do any business on the way."

"It is true, Don Pepe, and a thousand thanks. I will not go down the river till after the *fiesta*. Indeed, I promised Ernesto to go for two days to the plantation and help him to keep order. You know how difficult it will be among his jail-birds. And I am hoping you will come with me and pay us a visit."

Johann knew that Don Pepe would like to visit his property, and to see for himself how the part he had sold looked when it had been partly cleared, and how the plantation was prospering; and what exactly the brothers were doing, whether they were getting all their supplies from him, and if not, from whom and on what terms. A little excursion combining business with pleasure was entirely to his taste. But Johann also knew that the time of the *fiesta* was too busy and too profitable for Don Pepe to leave home. He was not disappointed, though he pretended to be, when his host answered, with real regret in his voice, and shaking his head—

"IT is impossible, Don Juan. I should like to go, but I cannot leave home just now. Next time you come—yes, with all the pleasure in the world."

"I understand, Don Pepe, and I hope we may make you more comfortable then than we could do now. Ernesto is so economical that he lives like an Indian, but after the tobacco is sold I am going to make some improvements."

"You are quite right, and if there is anything I have in the *tienda* here . . ."

"I was thinking of that. Meantime, as I am used in Vera Cruz and in your hospitable house to . . ."

"*No hay de que!*" (Don't mention it) said Don Pepe.

"Well, I was thinking I would get

from the *tienda* one or two things I could take on the horse with me: a pair of blankets, a couple of tins of beef, some bread, and a bottle or two of wine."

"I will lend you a strong horse that can carry much more than that. Go to the *tienda* and get what you want. I'll charge you wholesale prices as a colonists of mine, no?"

Johann set out next morning. It was All Hallows' Eve in the calendar. He followed the old track, and as he passed one of Don Pepe's outlying fields of maize he added to his provisions by plucking a dozen of the largest heads. This time he did not try to do the journey in one day. He rode leisurely, resting for some hours at midday. In the evening, having done two-thirds of the journey, he stopped in a glade of the pasture land, unsaddled the horse and tethered it at the full length of the lariat, ate his supper, and lay down to sleep wrapped in a blanket and with his saddle for a pillow. No rain fell, and he continued his journey in the morning. But when he came to the dividing ways he took the path that led to Leandro's.

Felicitas had given away her whole childish heart to the big, fair-haired stranger. He had said he would return at the *fiesta*, and she had waited for him at the stream in the morning. When she was sent across the river to be out of the way of the revelers she first hid the *bongo* under overhanging trees, and then went and sat down in the opening of the path from the forest, herself hidden by the long *sacate*, but able to see on the other side the opening of the brook where she was accustomed to draw the water and had met her lover. Her mother had wrapped up some *frijoles* in a big *tortilla* for her dinner.

ALL forenoon she patiently watched, ready to show herself if Johann came. The river made a gentle murmur, through which she could sometimes hear the faint sound of a voice, almost as monotonous, singing, and now and then the tinkle of a guitar. The noise of the river perceptibly increased. It had rained yesterday up among the hills, and the current was rising. The heat was great, and her long, fixed gaze at one spot half hypnotized her. She had almost lost consciousness for a moment when she was roused by the sound of a footstep. Instinctively she slipped away from the path into the cover of the long grass. Johann appeared, pushing his way to the riverside. He stopped near her, and she saw that his eyes were fixed on the meeting-place on which she herself had been gazing so long. He was looking for her, as she had been for him. With shy, happy smiles she came behind him. He turned at the sound of her footsteps.

The hours passed quickly, but the sun was still high in the sky when he said — —

"We must be gone, for," holding her hands and looking in her face, "we cannot be separated again."

She gave a sigh and whispered — —

"My father has promised me to Don Ramon."

He started. "Don Ramon?" he cried.

"He is the *mandador* at Guadalupe."

"And you?" he cried jealously.

She shook her head. "I have never spoken to him. Mama told me. She thought it would be good if I lived near. At Guadalupe I would see her very often."

He was already furiously jealous of Don Ramon.

"HERE is my plan," he said. "Felicitas, you are to marry with me." He used her own idiom, and spoke in a master's tone.

"*Si, señor.*"

"As soon as I arrange my business at Vera Cruz I am coming to live at Guadalupe and you will be the wife of the master, not the *mandador*."

She laughed happily. "Ah yes," she said. "I am glad. I thought you were taking me away."

"I am taking you away, but only for a short time. The *cura* at Vera Cruz will marry us. We shall live in Vera Cruz till I have arranged my business there, and then we shall come to live at Guadalupe, and you shall be always beside your father and mother."

He told her he could not wait. She must come with him now. If she refused he would think she preferred Don Ramon. He dazzled her with the picture of new scenes to be visited with him, and their happy return before long. She yielded, for she had no will but his. But she sighed as she remembered that in the meantime her mother would not know what had become of her. Johann, watching her face, divined what was in her thoughts.

"Does your father read?" he asked.

She shook her head. She remembered that when the *cura* had sent him a purple printed paper promising indulgences for a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin Maria de los Remedios, Don Ramon had read it to him.

"Well," said Johann, "I shall write to my brother Don Ernesto, and tell him to tell your father."

Felicitas was satisfied. He led her to the place where his horse was tethered. Then he remembered the *bongo*. He made an excuse to leave her for a few minutes and went back. He found the *bongo* and unmoored it, setting it adrift and throwing the paddle and the pole into the water, which was rising rapidly. He hoped they all might float unnoticed so far down the river that Leandro should hear of them no more. Left where it was, the *bongo* would have shown that Felicitas had landed there. He wished to destroy all traces of her flight. He broke down a leafy branch, and, trailing it behind him, obliterated her footsteps and his own in the sand.

Two days later he rode up to Don Pepe's house at Carrizal, just in time to return the horse and take leave of Don Pepe before the steamer started. Many acquaintances saluted him and bade him good-bye as he went on board. None of them paid any attention to the woman, closely wrapped in a travel-stained blanket, who slipped timidly over the gangway and stood among the deck passengers.

But her wild eyes did not lose sight of him, and as soon as the boat had rounded the first turn in the river he joined her.

Felicitas had lived almost as much alfresco as the animals. The dwelling in which she had been brought up was little more than a roof of palm leaves. As a shelter from the sun's heat and the rains it was only a little different from, and a little better than, the overarching trees. Thus in her flight with Johann, the walk and ride through the forest, the eating and sleeping in the open air, there was nothing so strange as to distract her from her happiness. The life was only her common life transfigured by the company of her lover.

But a change came when she left the forest, embarked on board the steamer, and set out on the weary journey to the coast. The long day among the crowd on deck over the throbbing engine, the night on shore in the noisy riverside *fónda;* the next day's journey, first in the big steamer to Alvarado, then in the close rattling railway car to Vera Cruz; the ceaseless din, the dust, the dazzling glare, the stifling heat, the thronging passengers, the confinement, the swift changes of scene outside the car window, were all new, bewildering, and almost stupefying to the young girl. Her head ached, she was hot, dusty, tired out with excitement, and dull and heavy-eyed, when the little train, that had crawled all afternoon among the swamps and sand-dunes of the coast, completed its leisurely journey with a spasmodic rush at the end into Vera Cruz station. Her limbs were stiff and cramped when Johann helped her to alight.

THE daylight was almost gone. Johann hired a porter to carry his luggage; he had little, she had none. She wrapped her head and bosom closely in her *reboso*, as the Edinburgh ladies of the Regency used their shawls when they went out, and walked by his side down the avenue of gigantic palm trees whose great ribbed trunks lean in all directions like a procession of primeval drunkards, and entered the first street she had ever seen.

The electric lights, the open shops, the variegated dresses of the people, the hot, dirty stones under her bare feet, the loud chatter, the strange smells, all jumbled themselves into something like a nightmare that oppressed her senses. Johann led her away from the thoroughfare to a cheap boarding-house in a back street, and there, after a meal which

she scarcely touched, she fell asleep like a tired child.

"We shall be married as soon as we get to Vera Cruz," he had told her, and she had leaned her head on his breast and laughed happily. Johann was as much in love as ever, and eager to have the ceremony completed. He rose at dawn. She still slept, and as he stooped over her she opened her eyes.

"I am going to arrange with the priest," he whispered.

Half awake, she put her arms around his neck and smiled. Then her embrace relaxed, and she was asleep again.

In Mexico there are two forms of marriage, that of the law and that of the Church, and neither recognizes the validity of the ceremony performed by the other. The legal marriage is a civil contract to be made in presence of and attested by a legal authority. People of good position in society who care, and can afford the fees, generally get married in both forms. The vast majority are content with one, the religious. For, if the man is often indifferent, the woman is usually under priestly influence. But among the poor many couples live together to old age unblessed by any ceremony whatever, and yet as happily and as faithfully as if they had been wedded by an archbishop. Many an honest Indian has never possessed in all his life the three dollars for the fee exacted by the *cura*.

Felicitas was quite indifferent to the legal wedding, if she had ever heard of it. She desired no more than the marriage in the church with the blessing of the priest. Its ceremonial, its solemnity, its very difficulties, in expense and otherwise, endeared and enhanced it. She would not have believed herself really married by an offhand, republican, business-like visit to the shabby room of a common citizen-judge in plain clothes and in a hurry.

IN the Catholic Church marriage is a sacrament administered at the altar. Being a sacrament, it requires as a preliminary the purging of the souls of its partakers by confession and absolution.

Johann had thought out the situation, and he first went to find a suitable confessor. Had Felicitas gone to the nearest church and knelt at the grating of the first confessional, who could tell what reproof she might have to bear, what penance to undertake? Johann was resolved that she should have the way made easy and suffer nothing; and he knew, as the intelligent Mexican knows, how to manage it. The Scotch millionaire, when confronted with a moral or social or ecclesiastical problem for solution, is said to have begun by asking with the practical shrewdness of his country, "Wull siller dae't?" And in Mexico, as elsewhere, the answer is seldom in the negative. Johann found without difficulty a priest of the sort he needed, gave him a moderate present, made his own perfunctory confession, received his certificate, and arranged that Felicitas should also get through the business comfortably and without unpleasantness. He made an appointment for her. The father performed his part of the bargain like an honorable man, and the happy pair were ready in good time. The complaisant landlady of the boarding-house came to church with them, and brought a neighbor or two to see her guests married, and to share in the little feast which Johann provided afterwards.

SOMEWHERE in the back of Johann's mind there flitted the consciousness that, happy as the ceremony made him, it was not legally binding. He did not cherish the idea with satisfaction, but neither did it revolt him. He put it aside. No such thought entered the imagination of his wife. Felicitas was not conscious of a flaw in her happiness, except the absence of her mother, and that was soon to be remedied. They were to go to the plantation. She was to be housemistress and cook, her husband's companion and her mother's near neighbor. Father and brothers would be at hand. What better could life give? It was all to begin soon, when her husband should get his business arranged and take her quickly back. And meantime her father and mother knew where she was, and why. But in this she was mistaken. Johann had not written to his brother. When he did write he said nothing of Felicitas.

The boarding-house was cheap, but still too dear. Johann needed all he could save from his salary for the plantation. Wages, food, and tools, the cost of their transportation, and many other inevitable expenses, were devouring his savings, and all Ernst's grinding economy would not hasten the harvests. The coffee was not yet bearing. The first tobacco crop was sold, but the money had gone to liquidate past supplies. The second was not yet cured. Johann's golden prospect was yet far off. He did not dare to tell Ernst that he had added to his responsibilities a wife in Vera Cruz.

Away at home he would no doubt, like a thrifty Holsteiner, have got Felicitas and himself comfortably affianced, and then waited patiently on fortune, if needful for a dozen frugal years. But blood is warmer in South Mexico than in North Germany, and the circumspect *Verlobung* does not flourish in the lands favored by the sun. Johann had fallen in love after the tropical fashion of his adopted country, and everything else went out of perspective, if not out of sight.

Yet he had imagined a method in his madness. He had reminded himself of sayings by many-daughtered matrons of the Vaterland, to the effect that one roof would shelter two, a small fire warm a person on each side of it, and that an economical wife, instead of augmenting, reduces a man's expenditure. With the hearty "will to believe" of a new convert, he persuaded himself that he could live in Vera Cruz with Felicitas as cheaply as alone.

With this hope and object he hired a small cheap dwelling, and furnished it cheaply with such things as occurred to him. His outlay of capital was trifling, for he made the plantation, and not the city, his standard. At Guadalupe the house would have been handsome, at Vera Cruz it was mean. It was one of a long flat-roofed line in a straight, level, hot, dusty, evil-smelling street, and had, like its neighbors, a tall, heavy door and one iron-barred window in its whitewashed façade. In Vera Cruz rain and wind are occasional and temporary inconveniences, but the sun is a daily foe; and if the houses of the poor can neither be made water-tight nor cool, they can at least be made dark. On Johann's house the compulsory whitewash outside, prescribed by the municipal law, had been changed on the lower parts of its thick walls to a dirty, discolored rotting brown by the damp and the street mud of the last rains. A yard from the door, whose outlook was on the blank walls of the box-like houses opposite, the open drain exhaled the fetid odors of its stagnant green contents. The incidents of the burning sandy street were the languid games and quarrels of unwashed, sickly, fly-tormented children, the passing of the charcoal seller, the scramble of the obscene carrion-vultures for the daily offal, and the frequent funeral processions.

ON the first morning of their housekeeping Johann took his bride before daylight for their early coffee to an itinerant stall close to the station. This was at some distance from the house. The coffee was hot and in every way excellent. They drank it by the light of flaring petroleum, in company with some of the poorer passengers who always arrive at a Mexican station an hour or so before the train starts. Then he took her back again, for the sudden daylight was making everything clear, and he did not wish any one who knew him to see him with the barefooted girl. She had washed off the dust of the journey, and her eyes were bright again after her rest. He was proud of her beauty, but she must have shoes and stockings. Unfortunately, one pair, like one roof and one fire, would not suffice for two persons. But he put away the disquieting thought and looked for a shop. They bought the shoes and stockings, but she did not yet put them on, and they returned to their house and unlocked the door.

"Now I must go to work," he said.

"Can I come?"

"No, *querida*, that is not possible here. But I'll be back for *desayuno*, and you know you have to cook it."

"Ah, yes," she said with a smile. She looked around. Among the things he had bought were a pot and a frying-pan; and the house, though it

had no chimney, had a brick fireplace with a hole below, through which to fan the charcoal. This was a novelty to Felicitas, whose experience was limited to sticks in the middle of the floor. But she soon understood.

He gave her a dollar. "It is eight reales," he said.

"I know," she answered proudly.

"That is to buy things, whatever you like. You will find the shops. They are just round the corner. Lock the door when you are out, and take the key with you. Take care to remember the way back."

She followed him with a wistful look as he went down the street. At the corner he waved his hand, and then she turned to her domestic duties.

Felicitas went into her house and shut the door. Then she opened her parcels, and looked for a long time at her stockings and shoes. She smoothed the thin white stockings out with her hand. Johann had got her a pair with an open-work pattern, and she held them up at arm's-length to look at with a happy little laugh. She had to make a hurried journey to the public fountain for a pitcher of water to wash the dust from her feet before she put them on. She admired the shoes very much, too. They were, like the stockings, of the machine-made sort—pretty trash imported from Germany by the gross, thin and soft — and she could almost see herself in their lacquer. But the rainy season was far off. A tendency to totter at first on her high heels did not destroy her innocent vanity. She locked the door, and, with the door-key and her dollar in her hand, stepped gingerly along the street. Her *reboso* covered her head and all her face except her eyes, and these were cast down. Her modesty, like virtue, was it own reward, for she could enjoy under her lowered eyelids the sight of her shoes as they peeped alternately from her skirt.

BUT this pleasure did not turn her head. She drew a long breath, and resolutely gave her mind to the business of the morning. She called to memory her mother's ways and her mother's maxims, and the claims of her father and her brothers when they came in hungry after working. She knew that her duty and pride as a wife were to give her husband a good dinner. After taking careful note of the signs by which to find her way back, she turned the corner, and saw before her the busy street with the tram-lines and the crowds on the pavement. There were many different shops, with what seemed to Felicitas vast quantities of things displayed. She was timid and nervous at first, but she saw other women, some of them girls of her own age, and some younger, going about unconcernedly. She stopped where some fowls were hanging all alive in a shop doorway. Two women were entering, one stout and middle-aged, the other as young as Felicitas herself, but dressed in such clothes as she had never seen even in dreams. She took her courage in both hands, and followed them. She had decided that the dish for *desayuno* should be *pollo frito*, which she knew she could cook well. She waited in the background till her predecessors should be served.

The stout woman went up to the hanging fowls, felt one or two, turned them round, heedless of their squawkings, and ruffled up their breast feathers, the shopman following her proceedings with his eyes.

SHE put her finger on one, and turned to him:

"How much for this?" she said.

Felicitas moved her fingers over the dollar in her hand, and listened anxiously.

"Four reales, *señora*," said the shopman, and Felicitas started. It was half her money. The woman laughed.

"*Demónio!*" she cried. "It is not the lot I want; only one!"

The shopman did not join in the laugh. He took down the chicken, which certainly looked the biggest and fattest of the bunch.

"It is a splendid chicken, *señora* — the best I ever had. Its price is four reales."

The woman turned away without a word, the young girl, after a lingering look at Felicitas, following her.

"To you, *señora* — one moment — I will make it three and a half."

She did not stop. He followed her to the door.

"Three reales!" he said. She hastened her steps.

"Two and a half!" he cried, still following her. "I swear to you I have no profit. I have a loss, and God pardon me if I deceive you!"

The woman shrugged her shoulders. Then, as if on an impulse, she stopped.

"*Mira, hombre!* See, man!" she said, "there are a million chickens for sale in Vera Cruz to-day. I will give you a real and a half."

The shopman shook his head and turned back. He looked over his shoulder. The ladies were already walking down the street. He ran after them, carrying the chicken in his hand.

"Two reales!" he cried. The stout woman paid no attention. He caught the fringe of her *reboso*. "It is the very cheapest, the very cheapest! I will swear it! Take it for two reales!" He tried to thrust it into her hand. The passersby glanced languidly at them. Felicitas looked with wide eyes.

The woman stopped.

"Let me see it again," she said. She came back holding the fowl, examined it again, looked at the others, convinced herself that this was the one she had chosen, slowly paid the two reales, and departed with the bird. The shopman accompanied her to the door.

"You will find it a splendid fowl, *señora*," he said.

"*Verémos*, we shall see," she replied.

Felicitas had seen with both eyes and heard with both ears. An encounter of "bluff" between buyer and seller was not a novelty to her. She had often watched her father's successful chaffering with the Indians for their produce, and had learned to see with full appreciation the readier lie, the cooler effrontery, the steadier nerve prevail. In business, the Mexican, like the Oriental, lies —

"As the bird wings and sings."

He has in his language a word which may be translated shame, but not for use in the transactions of the market.

Felicitas was clutching her dollar in her hand. To her it was a large sum, and it was her husband's sacred trust to her to be expended wisely by a responsible wife. Timid as she was in the new scene, and disposed to be overawed by the magnificence — to her — of the city shop, her confidence had grown as she saw the shopman's poverty of resource and consequent defeat. She despised him a little as he turned to her. She also wanted a fowl, she said. The man hastened to take down two, and held them before her with a smile. Felicitas knew about fowls, and she saw he had taken down the poorest. She put them aside without a glance, and pointed to the best one he had left.

"This one —" he hesitated. She had seen his transaction with the other lady. "This one is three reales."

She looked at him a moment, holding her dollar tight. Then she drew back the fold of her *reboso* from her mouth, and screwed up her courage.

"A real and a half," she said boldly.

THE shopman straightened himself up and went through his program again — indignation, remonstrance, compromise, entreaty. But she had witnessed his defeat by the fat woman. She paid a real and a half, and carried home the fowl. Then she had to go to the public fountain for more water. She prepared the fowl and put it into the pot. But there was no rice, or salt, or tomato, or *chile*, or lard. All these, and bread, had to be bought, and she was forced to lock her door again and go to the shops, with less satisfaction in her bargains this time. Then there was no wood to burn, and she had to get charcoal from the seller in the street. But he did not cheat her much, for his rivals were within call, and he wanted her for a regular customer. By this time the sun was high. Her stew was not ready when Johann came in hungry, and only three reales were left out of the dollar.

A hungry man is an angry man, says the proverb, but a husband of two days is still under bonds to amiability. Johann had patience, and helped and cheered her, and heard with sympathy the story of her adventures. He waited till the stew was ready, and, after eating his share heartily, pronounced it perfect. Then he kissed her and set off again to his work, leaving Felicitas to six lonely and vacant hours after she had

washed the dishes and swept the floor.

The housekeeping of Felicitas improved a little, but did not reach the level of success, and Johann's comforts remained below the standard of his bachelor life. Nor did he find himself compensated either by lessened expenditure or by greater happiness. He was still in love with Felicitas, and content when he could forget everything else in her company. But cares began to worry him. Already he realized and regretted his folly in bringing her to Vera Cruz. But what would have been the alternative? A long engagement was a thing as unheard of in a Mexican ranch as in a Shakespearian comedy. After the girl's parents have consented it only remains to find the priest. He might possibly, as he told himself, have married her and left her in her mother's house, secure as his wife, from Ramon. Then she could have joined him at the plantation as soon as he was ready to live there. But that period was indefinite. Ernst would have wondered and disapproved, and the indispensable Ramon would have been made an enemy. He would have felt himself and — worse — have known that others thought him, a fool. He could not endure the thought. But in his madness neither could he endure the thought of living without the girl. Now he was becoming sane again. The *res angustæ domi* were applying their slowly tightening screws and pressing him back from his fool's paradise into the actual world.

They had been six weeks in Vera Cruz when Ernst wrote:—

"STORMS of wind and rain continue every day. Last year the rains were over a month before this, and the Indians tell me they cannot remember a *temporal* so long and so strong. I am short of men, and the excessive wetness of the season has soured the plants, and the wind and rain have dashed and smashed them into the ground. The river has risen five feet higher than it was ever known to rise before, and has swept away a large part of the fields. Saavedra, to whom you advanced so much money to hire men for us, and who was to be here a month ago with twenty men, has not turned up, and now I have a letter from him in which he says, after a long story of difficulties in getting them (lies, of course), that they are on the way now — quite likely a lie too. A fugitive from down-river tells me Martinez has just got a gang from the same man, and paid him $5 a head for them — our men probably. You should have come with them, but of course you could not, and I could not leave. These *contratistas* lie and swindle if you let them out of your sight. Martinez was smart. He will save his crop. We shall lose most of ours. I need not say we work night and day here, heartrending as it is. I have no money, and am still reducing rations and expenses all I can. Ramon and I dare not let one of the people out of sight, or he would run off. I am getting some maize on credit from Leandro. Ramon is much cut up about Leandro's daughter, who disappeared at *Todos Santos*. She has never been found. They now think she must have been drowned and her body carried down river by the flood. Ramon was to have married her. I did what I could to help in the search."

Felicitas could not read, but Johann, after reading this letter at his office, carefully burned it.

He now began to discover that his private life was talked about among his friends. His pretty housekeeper was made the subject of jocular congratulations.

AND he was in a false position with Felicitas. He had posed as her lord and master, infallible and omnipotent for her. He could not bring himself to confess to her his cares, and therefore she could not lighten them. He imagined that if he did tell her it would only be to have her misery added to his own, and accordingly he had to listen to her natural but ignorant demands, and put them off as best he might with subterfuges if not with simple lies.

As for her, she was too ignorant and too inexperienced to divine his troubles. He left her alone all day, and she pined. Her neighbors were kind with the kindness of the poor. They helped her in her housekeeping difficulties, and she made friends with their children. But she did not enter into the life of the street, for she hoped every day to leave it, and all her thoughts and plans were elsewhere. She did not settle. Her heart was in the forest, only her feet stayed in Vera Cruz. Everything she did was a makeshift, a temporary expedient, good enough for the moment. Thus she did not become a successful housewife. She was neither very punctual nor very thrifty. Till she came to Vera Cruz she had never seen a watch or a clock, or had the spending of any money. Her simple clothes were made by herself or her mother, of materials bought by her father or her brothers on their rare visits to Carrizal. The *reboso* was her headcovering when she had any, and she had never worn shoes or stockings or stays. For rough walking she had had her home-made *cacles*, sandals cut from a piece of rawhide. But she had come to Vera Cruz barefooted.

At Guadalupe she would have been happy and efficient. She would have risen early and lit the fire — in the middle of the floor, so as not to endanger the house, the floor being the soil of Mexico — or perhaps on a little platform supported by stakes driven into that soil and covered with a layer of earth. She would have gone down singing to the stream with her earthen pitcher for fresh water, ground the corn, baked fresh *tortillas*, and made the coffee. She would have swept out the house and prepared the dinner, catching and slaying a fowl, making soup, and frying the chopped-up pullet or turkey with rice and tomatoes and bananas and lard and *chile*, and cooking the black beans with care and nicety. And on Saturdays she would have found time to go down to the river and wash Johann's shirt and her own skirt and chemisette, soaping them extravagantly and beating them with stones, and starching them, and then ironing them on some piece of board or box-lid, and making herself on Sunday morning as lovely and fresh as a rosebud at sunrise. She would have been busy and happy, and yet free and at leisure when Johann was, interested in the plantation work and understanding it all — a companion, a helpmeet, seconding, sympathizing, ready with praise, consolation, encouragement, healing.

There she would have been a partner and a help. Here she was a superfluity, and she rapidly became an inconvenience.

The days, the weeks, the months rolled on. Johann went on his journeys, though not yet again to the neighborhood of Guadalupe. The season had changed. The rains were long past. The sky by day was like a burning lens. The faint, short breeze of morning scarcely abated the stifling heat of the night. The water at the fountain began to have a smell, which, however, Felicitas scarcely noticed among the many sickening odors which loaded the burning air.

One morning, as she set out languidly to market, a woman, one of her neighbors, standing in a doorway, saluted her.

"*Buenas dias, señora,*" she said in a mechanical way as their eyes met, but she did not smile. Felicitas saw that she looked pale and haggard. Her dress was untidy, and her eyelids were red with weeping.

Felicitas returned her salutation and hesitated. She was afraid it was not neighborly to hasten away without another word. Something in the woman attracted her, and she was herself feeling very lonely. The woman pulled the scarf more tightly round her head and throat, and choked down a sob.

"MY little boy died last night. May God preserve you," she said. "They are going to bury him to-day."

Felicitas clasped her hands over her bosom with a shudder of pity.

"Would you like to see him?"

She led Felicitas into the house. It was furnished almost as scantily as her own. A girl of twelve sitting on the ground in a corner rose and came forward, and shook hands with her gravely.

The little table had been covered with a coarse white cloth, and on it lay the body of the child dressed in white, its hands, clasping some flowers, crossed on its breast. Where the cloth hung down, a little scrap of colored ribbon was pinned to each corner, and a thin piece of gauzy mosquito-net covered all.

The woman lit a cigarette while the tears coursed down her face. After an inhalation or two she threw the cigarette away.

"Is he not beautiful?" she said. "It was the *vómito*. They could not cure him. Yesterday he did not know me. My husband has gone to the *Monte de piedad* with his tools, for we have to pay the *médico* and the *cura* and the people of the cemetery. The *patron* will lend him tools till he can take them out."

Felicitas did not quite understand. The pawn-shop was an institution as yet unknown to her. She knelt a moment and crossed herself.

"You are a stranger, *señora*," continued the woman. "We also are strangers. We are from Orizaba. It is more healthy there, although it rains much. It is just three months since my other boy died of scarlatina: may God preserve us. Now I have only the girl. I pray to *La Santísima*. Perhaps she will let us keep her."

She accompanied Felicitas to the door.

"*Vaya con Dios!*" she said. "There is much fever here. Perhaps, though I have prayed, it will take my little girl next, or me, or Pedro, or you. *Quien sabe?* Who knows?" Her voice was dull and hopeless.

When Johann returned from his journey two days later, he found Felicitas nervous and scared. She told him about the child, but when she named the *vómito* with a shudder, he shook his head.

"Not the *vómito*," he said. "The season is past."

IN this he was mistaken, however. The *vómito*, the tropical disease which the English call the yellow fever, has a peculiar habitat. It is said to be confined to places where negroes have been slaves. No one has fully explained why. In Vera Cruz its special season is the autumn, after the heavy rains; but it sometimes stays all through the winter, and right on into the following summer. Natives of Vera Cruz, and of the coast generally, are said to be what the Americans call "immune" from it, although typhus, scarlatina, and other fevers exact a heavy toll from them, as from others. Strangers from other countries, or from the high lands of the interior, are the readiest victims, and none more probable than people who revisit the malarial city after a few years' residence in one of the higher and cooler parts of the country.

This year the *vómito* had stayed to keep company with the other fevers, and as Johann passed through the *portales* next morning and stopped to hear the news, he learned that five out of the handful of foreigners were dead since he had gone away.

He went to call on a German friend at his office, and was told he was ill. Next morning he was dead, and in the afternoon he was buried. Every day he missed some known face, every afternoon he saw the funeral of some acquaintance. But foreigners and natives alike seemed apathetic. The height of the death-rate did not depress the spirits of the community. Lives, like fortunes held by a light tenure, were spent with a light heart.

In the city of Mexico, the capital of the republic, away among the mountains of the interior, society drives out in the cool of the evening in its carriages, and the beggars stare at it from the pavement. In Vera Cruz there are many rich people and many poor, but there are few beggars, and no carriages at all. Society uses the tramway, and it is the fashion of an afternoon to make a circuit round the suburbs and back again in one of the uncovered cars, which are like railway coal-wagons with seats all round the inside, and a table down the middle.

SOME of the foreigners, who are compelled by the exigencies of their business to remain in Vera Cruz, have their wives there; and these ladies, cherishing the memories of home, give afternoon teas followed by such drives. But to sensitive strangers those excursions are apt to be depressing, for the car-line passes by the cemetery, which looks nearly as large as the city, and there is always a funeral or two going along, and the merriest party has sometimes to fall into the procession.

Johann tried now to cheer Felicitas with the means available. Sometimes he took her on the car circuit of an evening, sometimes to join the promenaders in the *Plaza* and hear the band play. It was now past the end of April, and the *fiesta El Cinco de Máyo* had come round. This is the annual commemoration of the 5th of May 1862, when the Mexicans, under Zaragoza and Porfirio Diaz, won their famous victory over the invading French at Puebla.

The arches of the *Palácio Municipal* were outlined with electric lamps in the national colors — red, white, and green — and these gave a soft effulgence to the face of the building. There was no moon, but that was all the better for the fireworks, which showed at their best against the black starless sky — not quite starless, for one great planet blazed overhead, almost outshining the brilliance below, which made other stars invisible. The big electric arc-lights made the white buildings look more delicate and pure in their outlines and whiteness than they do in the garish day, and the convolutions of the gay and motley crowd in the *plaza* were like the moving views in a kaleidoscope. And this kaleidoscopic appearance of the crowd was not due to its color alone, for the thousands of people moved all the time in four distinct circles round a mazy mixing center.

Suddenly a new noise broke through the band music and the babble and patter of the promenade. The glittering crowd swung back at one side of the *plaza*, its circles broken into confusion. A drove of wild long-horned Mexican cattle was being hurried down for shipment as war-stores to Cuba, where Spain and the United States were fighting, and a bull, mad with fright and active as a deer, had broken away. It darted down the street pursued by half-negro, half-Indian *vaqueros*, swinging their *lazos* round above their heads as they galloped and checked and pivoted their clever little horses.

Johann stood with Felicitas almost in the way of the beast. A *vaquero* threw his shortened *lazo* cleverly round one of its hind-legs, gave the end a quick twist round his saddle-horn, and made a half-turn with his horse. The horse quickly leaned its own and its rider's weight against the sudden strain on the thong, which became like a bar of iron and would have swept Felicitas from her feet had Johann not pulled her instantly aside. Neither of them observed the *vaquero's* face as he turned to apologize. He was Mauro, Felicita's brother. He recognized the sister thought to have been drowned six months before, and he recognized her companion.

The sudden sight was imprinted on his memory, though his mind was not agile enough to spring at once to its full significance. It did not divert him from the pressing work of the moment, and he was immediately separated from them in the confusion. His brother Sebastian and he, with others, were in charge of a herd which Don Pepe had sold to the foreign contractors at the profitable war-rates of the day. The cattle were to be delivered in Cuba, and Mauro and Sebastian had to accompany them in the steamer to Habana. He could not spare time just then to think of his sister and the man with whom she was. But he had seen them, and the sight sunk down into his mind, to return to the surface undimmed when his work was done.

A FORTNIGHT later the steamer from Habana brought the *vaqueros* back to Vera Cruz. They arrived in the morning, and the two brothers went to the office of Don Pepe's agent. They had left their saddles with him, and he had found a stable for their horses. The agent congratulated them.

"You have done well, *mis hijos*," he said, "and Don Pepe will be pleased."

"*Sí, señor*," they both said; and Sebastian, the younger brother, smiled, but Mauro was grave.

"The horses have had a good rest. You will return much quicker than you came. I have a letter for you to take to Don Pepe, telling him that the cattle have been safely delivered."

"*Mil grácias, señor.*"

"If you start immediately you can sleep at Los Naranjos."

This time Mauro did not at once answer, but the agent saw that he was preparing to speak.

"As usual," he said to himself,

"these lads want to have a spree before they start, the young fools."

"The fever is very bad here," he said aloud. "It is not usually so bad at this season, and strangers are its easiest victims. If you stay you are very likely to catch it, and very likely to die. The passengers from the steamer have already gone by train. I advise you to lose no time in leaving the town."

He saw that they were impressed.

"I will get you the letter," he continued. He went to his desk.

"Here it is. It is very important. Now I'll wrap it up for you in waterproof. I know you will take great care of it."

Sebastian stood a little behind his brother. Mauro did not take the letter.

"*Señor*," he said, "if you would be so good as to keep it for a little. There is some one we wish to see before we go."

"Who is it?" asked the agent sharply.

Mauro did not wish to speak of his sister.

"It is Don Juan," he said.

"Don Juan? Which Don Juan? There are many Don Juans here."

Mauro was perplexed. "It is true," he said.

"Where does he live?"

"I do not know."

The agent looked keenly at Mauro. He was suspicious, but the lad seemed honest. He knew he would gain nothing by impatience.

"What is he like? Is he an old man?"

"No, *señor*, he is not old. I think he is a foreigner. A big man with a yellow beard."

"*Eso es!* That is so," said Sabastian, nodding his head in confirmation, and passing his hand over his own smooth face with a descriptive gesture.

The agent looked round his office with a questioning eye.

"DON JUAN? A big man with a yellow beard," he repeated. Vera Cruz is not a very large place, and the foreigners are easily known.

A clerk raised his head.

"Perhaps it is Don Juan Mayer in Kaulfrosch & Stichling's," he said. "I know him. He travels for them, and visits Don Pepe's. He and his brother have a plantation on Don Pepe's land."

"Yes, yes," said Mauro eagerly. "His brother is Don Ernesto."

"I remember him," said the agent. He considered a moment. Then he went to the clerk who had spoken.

"Go with them," he said to him. "Don't lose sight of them if you can help it. They should not stay here. I want them to get well away from Vera Cruz to-day."

He turned to Mauro.

"This gentleman will guide you to Don Juan," he said.

"*Mil grácias, señor.*"

The young man led them to the warehouse of Kaulfrosch & Stichling. But there they were informed that Johann had set out on a journey a few days before, and was not expected back for a month.

"You hear," said the clerk as they turned away. "Very likely he has gone to your district, and you will see him there."

But Mauro only stared at him. He was thinking that he could not stay a month in Vera Cruz. On an impulse he resolved to confide in the friendly clerk, and ask his advice.

"IT is a girl I wish to find. I saw her with him when I passed with the cattle."

"*Carrai!* A girl!" said the clerk, looking at the brothers with curiosity. But he saw only anxiety in their faces, and he added, "I have seen him with a girl. I think she is his wife."

"She is my sister."

"Ah yes," said the clerk. He thought for a moment. It was extremely unlikely that Don Juan's wife should be the sister of these cowboys. But in his master's interest he wanted to get Mauro's business done and to see him away. It was plain that he would not leave till he had got to the end of this affair.

"We will go back," he said to Mauro, "and find out where Don Juan's house is, and inquire there."

At the warehouse he soon found some one who could tell him where Johann lived. The distance was not great. They crossed a street or two, and turned down the wide thoroughfare in which the single line of the circular tramway runs. Far out in its straight level distance they could see the high walls and arched gateway of the *campo santo*, and the faithful clerk did not miss the chance to rub in his master's warning by pointing out the cemetery, shaking his head the while.

"They are very busy there," he remarked. "The *vómito*, you know. It does not attack us who are born here. But, *carrai!* The strangers die like mosquitoes."

Mauro listened, but his mind was fixed on the purpose in hand. An open car passed, followed by two others. It was a funeral *de luxe*, one of those for which the Vera Cruz Tramway Company hires out funeral cars appropriately decorated. The three young men followed the example of other foot passengers in the street, and stopped, taking off their hats as the mules trotted past. One or two people knelt and crossed themselves. The clerk recognized some of the mourners.

"They are burying Don Pedro Ramirez of Cordoba," he said. "He came to sell his coffee. Yesterday he was in our office."

Soon another procession passed, this time a small one, and on foot. The white coffin was carried on a kind of open litter on the shoulders of four bearers in clean-washed clothes. Two or three bare-headed young girls in white, with a few flowers in their hands, and one or two women, followed. That was all. The passers-by stopped respectfully. Again some women knelt. The perfunctory salutation was repeated along the street as the little procession passed quickly on. The passengers, after this becoming manifestation of decent sympathy, continued on their way without emotion.

"I think this is the street," said the clerk, and the two *vaqueros* and their guide turned a corner, and found the address given them.

The door stood open, but no one was within. Two women were talking a few yards off. They paused to look at the young men. The clerk, having entered the house and found no one, turned to them.

"*Señoras*," he said, taking off his hat, "can you tell me if this is the house of *Señor* Mayer?"

"*Si, señor.*"

"Perhaps you know if his wife will soon be in? How did you call her?" He turned to Mauro.

"Felicitas."

The women started, staring at them and then at each other. Then one of them said, while the other covered her mouth with her *reboso* and turned her head away —

"AH, *señores*, Felicitas is dead: may God preserve us all! She died last night. Already they are burying her. My little girl has gone to the funeral. Her husband does not know. He is away."

Mauro and Sebastian his brother kept their own counsel. They returned to Don Pepe, carrying with them the agent's letter. Their master commended their success, and they asked leave for a few days to visit their father. They had done their work faithfully, as Don Pepe expected. Afterwards they had, as it seemed, come back without indulging in the usual carouse of the cowboy in town, and he was pleased. He noticed a new gravity in the lads, in Mauro especially, and set it down to the effect of their new experiences. He granted them at once the leave they asked, knowing that, being Mexicans and therefore free, they would have gone without it if he had refused.

Two days later they sat on the rude bench in their father's house. They had told their news. Matilde sat apart, her head covered. She rocked her body back and forward, and sobbed, although her eyes were dry. After a long silence, Mauro said quietly —

"I will kill him."

Matilde straightened herself up, and, drawing down the *reboso* from her face, looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"I could not kill him in Vera Cruz," he went on. "He was not there. They told me he had gone away. It was true. He is at Don Ernesto's. He went over yesterday. We learned it on the road."

The boy Pedro was listening intently.

"I saw him at Guadalupe," he said.

"Sebastian will come with me," said Mauro. "We have made the plan. I will take the Remington."

"Yes," said Sebastian; "Mauro will take the gun. I have my *machete*."

Matilde looked with dull eyes at her husband. Leandro sat silent for a while.

"Perhaps he will go back to-morrow," continued Mauro, "or if not to-morrow, perhaps next day. We will watch on the road."

He turned to his mother.

"Will you make some *tortillas* for us? We will wait till he passes."

Matilde rose stiffly up. As she went into the other part of the house, Leandro rose also.

"Wait," he said to his sons.

He went and sat down on one of the logs outside. They heard Matilde as she began in a mechanical way to light the fire and prepare the maize. The three lads sat silent a long time, Mauro with lips compressed and eyes fixed, Sebastian smoking cigarette after cigarette, Pedro the boy watching Mauro's face. By and by they heard Matilde go out to fetch water. Then Leandro came in. His hands were clenched, and he was trembling. He sat down.

"Go, Pedro," he said to the boy; "go out and watch, and if you see any one coming, call like the pheasant." He turned to his elder sons.

"It is better no one should see you," he said.

WHEN the boy had gone, Leandro continued —

"I saw Don Juan there yesterday too. He seemed to try to avoid me. I did not understand. He kept away in the tobacco, and pretended not to see me. Now I understand."

"Curse him!" said Mauro.

"Your plan is not good," said Leandro in a low voice, shaking his head. "It is not sure. He might go to-morrow; he might stay for who knows how many days. He might go down the river by canoe. *Quien sabe?*"

"He has Don Pepe's horse," said Mauro.

"They could send it back. Or perhaps Ernesto or Ramon might accompany him. I have considered. I have a better plan. We will take no chances."

He wiped off the perspiration that stood in beads on his forehead. Then he looked round. They could see the boy fifty yards off keeping his watch, and Matilde had not returned from the stream. Then he leaned forward, and told them his plan in a whisper.

In the evening they quietly visited in turn the smooth stone kept for shapening the *machetes*. They did not light the lamp, and soon after dark Mauro and Sebastian lay down in the porch in their blankets. About midnight Leandro aroused them with a touch.

Don Ernesto's house was only the Indian hut of the district built on a rather larger scale. He had employed the natives to build it for him. Its materials were those abundant in the woods, and the only tool used in its construction was the axe, which the Indian of the skirts of the Sierra handles with the skill inherited from countless generations of ancestors, who used the stone hatchet before the Spaniard brought across the ocean the knowledge of iron. Its corner-posts were strong balsam logs; its walls slighter tree-trunks, cut to lengths, set in line, and laced together with tough vines. These poles were only approximately straight, and did not fit closely. They admitted light and air like a bamboo cage, and made a window superfluous. When the door was shut they kept out the horses. The door was calculated to inspire respect, for it was constructed of sawn timber formerly the sides of a packing-box, and had hinges of fencing wire. It stopped short of the luxury of lock or handle, however, but it had a large hole at one side, through which it could be tied — from outside or in — to the door-post. But this convenience was seldom used, and when shut at night it was generally held so by a stick propped against it inside.

The lid of the packing-box had been set up as a fixed table on four posts driven into the ground, round which the boards from the bottom, resting on shorter stakes, formed seats. This was the only furniture of the economical Ernst, except one or two *cátres*, camp-beds, trestles with canvas stretched across them. These, each with its blanket, were folded, and leaned against the wall in the daytime. Johann, the fastidious townsman, had brought a piece of cheap muslin, and, with light sticks and a string from the rafters, had rigged up a mosquito-curtain for himself, under which his bed was placed when he paid a visit to the plantation. Ernst was acclimated, and indifferent to such luxury.

Ramon the *mandador* slept outside the door of the *galera* with the key of its big padlock in his pocket.

O April!

by

Anita Fitch

O April, could I write a stave
As brave as loveliness is brave,
I'd do it blythely now!
Then take it to a Cherry Tree —
A little naked Cherry Tree,
Awaiting bridal finery —
And pin it to the topmost bough
As billet-doux
For you.

The moon had not risen, but the night was clear and starry. Leandro and his sons reached the shadow in front of the door of Ernst's house without noise. Leandro knew how the door was fastened, and he pushed the blade of his *machete* under it till he felt the stick. It had not been carefully set up, and a slight push knocked it down. They all stood still for a while, but the noise had not awakened any one, and Leandro gently pushed the door open far enough to admit himself. The others followed him one by one, and when they had all entered as silently as spirits he gently closed it again. Leandro had neglected nothing, and with a piece of pliant wire which he had brought, he fastened the door securely. He knew the fastening would be difficult to find and to undo in the dark.

No one had stirred. A faint light came through the interstices in the walls, and the keen eyes of the men soon distinguished the shapes of the two beds, Johann's with its mosquito-bar first.

Then Leandro raised his *machete* and whispered —

"*Ya!* Now!"

And he and Mauro rushed on Johann's bed.

Sebastian and the boy sprang swiftly to the other, and with their keen-edged *machetes* cut down with all their force on the sleeping form of Ernst. The wretched man awoke with a scream, and with his right hand, which was protected by his body, was able to reach the revolver under his pillow, and fire it blindly even while he was cut down, but the shot passed harmlessly over their heads.

As Ernst's scream broke the silence, Leandro tore aside the mosquito-curtain from the other bed, but his blows and Mauro's as they struck were slightly impeded by the light framework of it above; and Johann, terribly wounded, managed instinctively to slip over the bed on the other side, and tried, mutilated as he already was, to crawl away.

They followed, silent, remorseless, utterly pitiless, and cut him almost to pieces on the ground.

AT daybreak Ramon the *mandador* found the hacked and bloody beds and the mangled bodies, and, leaving his convicts locked up, took the best horse he could find, Don Pepe's, and fled to the Indian village for the *alcalde*.

The scared *alcalde* came and saw, and hastened to report to the higher authorities; and when the District Chief of Police arrived four days later, his first visit, after he had viewed the scene of the murder, was to Leandro's.

But of his house they found only a heap of cold ashes. Leandro and his wife and his sons had vanished, leaving no trace.

English English

By George Sinberg

KEEPING one foot in his place to avoid being pushed out of the line, Solomon Spitnick stretched his body and neck to one side. By this means he could see between the double line of men and women clear into the office of the night-school principal where several clerks were asking questions and writing furiously on cards.

With sinking heart Solomon resumed his position. There were many people still ahead of him. Possibly the principal would stop admitting pupils before he was reached. At this thought Solomon's throat went dry. His stubby fingers dug nervously into the brim of the large derby-hat he was holding high up on his chest to prevent it from being crushed by the press of people from behind.

If only he had realized the value of knowing English last spring instead of this fall. By this time he would have been able to demonstrate to Mrs. Finkelstein that he had brains, that he was not condemned to a lifetime of unremunerative toil at a sewing-machine in a dress-factory. By this time he would have been able to reply to the taunts and sneers of Mr. Robbins by a cool display of uncanny powers in reading and writing English. And, most important of all, by now he would have given Goldie Finkelstein proof in plenty that her confidence in him was merited.

As Solomon stepped forward a blessed foot nearer the office door his lips trembled with unspoken words of love and gratitude. Ah, Goldie, with her clear blue eyes; her golden hair; her candid smile; her low, melodious voice!

The magnificence of the city of his adoption had not caused Solomon to forget the little Polish village of his birth. On the contrary, New York's huge buildings overawed him, the tumultuous streets frightened him, the speed at which life was lived created in him nostalgia for the placid, easy life in Vinovna in peace times.

It had remained for an insignificant, smelly shop in a narrow, dirty tenement street to make Solomon rejoice that he had left the land of his fathers for this wonderful new world. One evening Mrs. Katz, his landlady, had sent him for a "half a quarter" of sliced sturgeon. On this prosaic errand Solomon had walked straight into Paradise in the form of Mrs. Finkelstein's Appetizing and Fish Store, on Orchard Street. For here the fish had been sliced and packed for him by the small white hands of Goldie herself. And since that April night, Mrs. Finkelstein's sawdust-strewn little shop, perpetually thick with smoky odors from dried mackerel, fat brown whitefish, and glistening sides of red salmon, had been Solomon's Mecca.

Not even Mrs. Finkelstein's increasing display of unfriendliness had checked Solomon's visits. In his glowing consciousness that he was more than welcome to Goldie, Solomon had hardly noticed the old lady's frowns and glares. But when Meyer Robbins began to drop into the store regularly, Solomon's happiness had chilled.

As he edged nearer to the man in front of him on the line, fearful of losing one precious inch, Solomon's fists hardened. They *must* admit him to night school. All his hopes depended on that. Showing Meyer Robbins that Solomon was no man's fool depended on it.

EVERYTHING about Mr. Robbins made Solomon feel callow and unworthy. He was a man of about forty, assured in manner, well favored in regard to looks, with his regular features, curly black hair, sleek figure, and commanding black eyes. Solomon was an awkward boy of twenty-two, thin and meager from those last terrible famine days in Poland. Mr. Robbins always looked as if he had been poured into his clothes. Solomon's clothes looked as if they had been specially designed to bring out all the crude angles of his body. Mr. Robbins was a prosperous merchant; he owned a millinery store on Grand Street. Solomon was an apprentice-operator in a small down town dress-factory.

And as if all that were not sufficient to make Solomon feel his inferiority, Mr. Robbins was entirely at home in this land of strange customs and language. He could talk English fluently and was such a scholar at reading that he was giving Goldie lessons in that art almost nightly. Solomon was acquainted with only the most every-day English words and could not read two consecutive syllables. On the occasions Mr. Robbins instructed Goldie, he could only stand by humbly, miserably trying to avoid Mrs. Finkelstein's glances of scornful amusement at his ignorance.

Solomon would most certainly have given up coming to see Goldie had it not been for the cordial greeting in her eyes and the grave sweetness in her voice whenever he appeared. And last night it had been Goldie's own quick wit that had saved him from another humiliation by Meyer Robbins and had opened dazzling vistas before him.

She had paused abruptly as she was following the finger of Mr. Robbins tracing in a red-covered reader the lines of an exciting chapter entitled, "The Life of a Cow."

"I don't understand what it means 'pasture'," she complained to her instructor.

Mr. Robbins passed his manicured fingers through his hair.

"'Pasture' means — it means — it means where the cow he lives in the daytime," he ventured.

Goldie sighed in exasperation.

"Where the cow he live, yes," she said, "but where do the cow he live?"

Mr. Robbins felt that her humorous glance at Solomon was a distinct reflection on his command of English.

"Maybe Spitnick could tell you better about it," he suggested, exchanging a sniff with Mrs. Finkelstein, who was sitting behind the opposite counter.

Solomon flushed. His hands, deep down in his capacious pockets, suddenly went clammy. He could not raise his eyes from the floor.

Goldie came to his rescue.

"Don't you bother Solomon now," she said quietly, "only wait a month or two and then he'll show you. Not so, Solomon?"

"S-sure," stammered Solomon wonderingly.

"Solomon is going to night-school," announced Goldie triumphantly.

Mrs. Finkelstein uttered a sharp, derisive laugh and Mr. Robbins openly sneered.

"Is that so?" he declared, "maybe he don't know they don't teach op'rators' English in night-school, only English English."

"An op'rator should stay by his machine," pronounced Mrs. Finkelstein harshly.

Solomon found tongue at last.

"No!" he ejaculated with a fervor that caused him to tremble.

"No!" repeated Goldie, "in America nobody must stay a beggar if he doesn't want to. The first thing is to learn English. After that everything is easy."

As he remembered her enthusiasm, Solomon breathed faster. Bless Goldie. He would study nights till his eyes gave out to repay her.

Loving God in Heaven — he was almost at the clerk's desk! What were they going to ask him? Quick, quick, he must have everything at his tongue's end. He must not stammer like a fool and be refused admission.

"Vot — vot? I — I —" Dear God, what is that clerk asking me? He talks English so fast I cannot understand a word. Oh, oh, what a fool I am! He wants to know only my name, my address, my business. What a glorious country this is! How light and happy I feel! Ah, Goldie, dear Goldie.

Solomon took the card the clerk handed him. He pushed his way out of the office, ran across the yard, and bounded up the narrow iron stairs.

"I stand up!" announced the teacher of the beginner's class in English for foreigners in a loud, clear tone. As he spoke the word, he suited his action to them.

"I stand up!" came from thirty-five throats in thirty-five different variations of foreign accent. As one man the thirty-five students, male and female, ranging from the age of sixteen to fifty, arose as they said it.

"I sit down!" declared the teacher, doing so as he spoke.

"I sit down!" With a shuffle of feet and clatter of the low seats, used by six-year-old tots during the day, the imitative thirty-five resumed their places.

"THAT is very good," commented the teacher, a short, dark young man wearing shell-rimmed spectacles. "We will now take out our readers!" He pronounced these words with painful exactitude, and at the word readers flourished a book in the air.

"We will now take out our readers!" came from the faithful thirty-five in lusty tones.

Solomon, cramped in his seat in the rear of the room, breathed more eagerly. It was all well and good to learn a lot of English words by acting out the various things the teacher did, but what he wanted was reading. The sooner he started learning to read the sooner he would be able to confound that confident scholar Meyer Robbins.

Why didn't they begin the reading lesson? Solomon frowned impatiently at the teacher, who had just turned to greet a student entering the room. Solomon's book fell from his hand and slipped to the floor unheeded.

"Ah, Mr. Robbins," smiled the teacher to the newcomer, "I am glad to see you again."

Mr. Robbins seemed very much excited.

"I'm glad, too," he burst out, "but it's a mistake, Mr. Weiss. I have to be in a higher class."

The teacher glanced at the card Meyer handed him.

"There is no mistake. You belong here."

"But it not can be," complained Meyer indignantly, "last year I was a beginner and you make me a beginner now too. How can I be a new beginner every season?"

"You remained in school only two months last term —"

"I can read the whole book," asserted Meyer, "I can write just so good like anyone."

"I'm sorry. I cannot do anything for you."

With a shrug of bitter resignation Meyer turned to take a seat. He stopped dead. With a bound he was back at the teacher's desk.

"Mr. Weiss, I should must go to a higher class. It is not right I stay in a class with greenhorn beginners like Spitnick."

Mr. Weiss clapped a ruler smartly upon his desk.

"That's quite sufficient, Mr. Robbins," he warned, "if this class doesn't suit you, there is no place in the entire school for you."

Mr. Robbins choked. His eyes darted fire. Then, with a deep growl of resentment, he walked over to the only seat in the room still unoccupied, the seat next to Solomon.

Chagrin blazed within him. Undoubtedly that lout of a Spitnick would tell Goldie that her teacher was a pupil in a beginner's class. And that would be the end of Goldie's belief that nothing in the English language was a mystery to Meyer Robbins. Fervently Meyer cursed the principal who had assigned him to this class. With even greater heat he damned Solomon. He concentrated his venom into a startling scowl.

"You think you know something while you are in the same class with me, yes?" he sneered.

"Bluffer!" replied Solomon.

"You got a wide mouth, but a narrow head," stung back Meyer, "sit by me and you'll learn a-b-c-d — maybe in five, six years."

"Bluffer!" answered Solomon turning away and becoming absorbed in his book.

But Mr. Robbins had no intention of letting him off so easily. That stupid jackass of an operator thought he was as good as Mr. Robbins, did he? Mr. Robbins devoted the rest of the evening to showing Solomon his place.

IT was Meyer whose scornful laugh rang out above the good-natured laugh of the others when Solomon, called upon to read, stumbled over "I see the sea," and sat down red with shame. It was Meyer who kept reminding Solomon of his failure by a sniff or a contemptuous chuckle whenever the boy happened to glance his way. When he himself was called upon to read, Mr. Robbins did so with painstaking fluency and, sitting down amidst murmurs of respectful admiration from the rest of the class, shot at Solomon a beam of triumph.

But it was toward the end of the evening that he conceived what he regarded as a masterpiece of torture for Solomon. It occurred to him as he sneeringly watched the young man's heavy-handed attempts to wield a pen.

Mr. Robbins flapped a sheet of paper to attract his victim's attention. Solomon looked up. With what seemed inimitable speed and expertness to Solomon, Mr. Robbins' pen glided over the paper. Then Mr. Robbins folded the sheet and tossed it over to Solomon's desk.

Solomon examined it, puzzled.

"What for letters you write me, Mr. Robbins?" he asked.

"Why don't you read it?" asked Mr. Robbins, shaking with laughter.

Solomon glanced at it again. It was difficult enough, God knew, to read simple English when plainly printed. It was impossible for him to make out a single word of the written characters before him.

"Read it, greenhorn, it tells you something nice about yourself," invited Meyer.

Slowly Solomon crumbled the missive in his hand. Red hot anger welled up within him. The insult was unbearable. And what made it particularly excruciating was that he could not even read it. His muscles grew taut.

BUT on the point of flinging the crumbled mass into Robbins' grinning face, Solomon paused. Perhaps Robbins had not really written anything that justified anger. Perhaps it was Robbins' intention to arouse him to wild anger over nothing.

"Why don't you read it?" sneered Meyer.

Solomon quietly placed the note in his pocket.

"Some day I will," he said. "I go to this school till I can read what you write. Then —"

"My grandchildren should live so long," retorted Meyer.

"Then I'll show you," concluded Solomon.

"Greenie!" gloated Meyer.

The winter flew.

Resolutely Solomon pursued ever elusive mastery of the English language. The task proved more difficult than he had ever imagined it could be.

There were so many sounds in English that his tongue simply balked at. So often the same letter or combination of letters stood for a different sound. To express even a simple idea in correct English was a brain-racking undertaking. And to add to these difficulties, usually by the time he reached night school he was so weary from the day's work that he could scarcely keep his eyes open.

In every possible way Meyer Robbins sought to discourage him. He laughed loudly and sarcastically every time Solomon made a mistake. After the teacher had put an end to this sort of thing he lost no opportunity of whispering his criticism or of showing Solomon in pantomime how amused he was by his blunders. And when he felt in a particularly tormenting mood he would drop a note upon Solomon's desk.

But Solomon became callous to his taunts and gibes. Meyer's notes he came to regard as stimuli to renewed efforts. He preserved every one of them in the top drawer of his time-pitted oak bureau until the time when he could read them. To have Mr. Weiss read them for him he felt would be a confession of ignorance. Besides, the matter was a strictly private one between Meyer and himself.

Meyer's attempts to discourage him were only one factor in keeping him doggedly at work. The other was Goldie.

As often as he could he would spend an hour with her going over the lessons he had in school. Between the two of them they often worked out difficulties that baffled them separately. Her eager interest in these consultations, her constant inquiries after his progress time and again dissolved all the weariness within him from day and night labor.

All winter Solomon toiled at sewing sleeves and skirt seams by day, and slaved at night over the intricacies of the English language. All winter he was happy in the sense of progress he felt he was making in both his labors. All winter he was happy in the companionship and encouragement of Goldie. It was when night-school had only a month or so more to run, in early February, that his joy was clouded.

A change came over Meyer's attitude toward Solomon at this time. Instead of treating Solomon with malice, he became scornfully indifferent to him. He seemed to feel the same way about school also. He came late often and missed nights altogether.

There was a change in Goldie also. She seemed to lose some of her enthusiasm for reading with Solomon. Now and then he caught her glancing at him with a faint mournfulness. The color in her cheeks faded. Her eyes were often lusterless.

One Sunday evening as Solomon was getting ready to leave her, she informed him with averted eyes that she would have to stop reading with him for the present.

"It ain't that I don't want you to come, Solomon," she said in a strained voice, "but you know how mama don't like to mix education with business."

"She didn't mind much till now," protested Solomon with a sinking heart.

"Ah, but now is different than before," answered Goldie almost inaudibly. Then, without glancing at Solomon, she quickly went to the rear of the store and busied herself rearranging the contents of the shelves.

The following Tuesday Mr. Robbins came to school over an hour late. A suppressed joy beamed from his eye was apparent in the lightness of his step, in the glances of triumph he directed at Solomon.

SOLOMON sat miserably at his desk. He dared not let himself think of what Meyer's unusual joyfulness might mean to him. Desperately he strove to concentrate on his reader.

Just at dismissal time a much-folded square of white paper struck Solomon's hand. Solomon's patience snapped. Quickly he followed Meyer Robbins out of the room. In the school yard he roughly caught his tormentor by the collar.

"Let me go, you loafer you!" cried Robbins.

"You tell me first what is in this letter," demanded Solomon.

Meyer's laugh was insulting, even though toned down because of Solomon's grip.

"He's five months in a night-school and can't read yet what is in a letter!" he exclaimed.

"You tell me or —"

"Why don't you go ask Goldie? Maybe she shall tell you some news."

Solomon's hand suddenly became nerveless. Robbins seized the opportunity to tear himself free.

"Go ask Goldie," he gloated, "I'll let you go — this one time."

"You!" But Meyer eluded the blow. With a rasping laugh he disappeared in the crowd making its way slowly through the exits.

For a moment Solomon stood as if turned to stone. Then he drew a long, quivering breath.

HE plunged through the teeming streets straight to Mrs. Finkelstein's store. He walked swiftly, as if by speed he could shake off the black despair that had gripped him. He walked dazedly, like a man in a nightmare going to some fate he knew would overwhelm him.

As he entered the store, Goldie looked up. She turned away quickly.

"Goldie, what has happened?" Solomon's voice was so weak and hoarse that he could hardly make it issue from his throat.

Goldie did not look up.

"What should happen?" she began in a tone that strove to be matter-of-fact but faltered pitiably at the end.

"Mr. Robbins told me to-night —"

Goldie interrupted him by a hard, dry little laugh.

"Oh, he told you. Then — then I guess you know," she said almost as if talking to herself.

"I don't know. Tell me yourself, Goldie. Look, look at me. I'm not afraid to hear it from you. Tell me yourself, Goldie, and I'll believe it. Tell, Goldie."

Goldie raised her head. Infinite pity bathed Solomon at the sight of her care-worn face, at the circles under her eyes. But Goldie's quiet, controlled words speedily swept this emotion from him.

"I am engaged to Mr. Robbins," she said.

Solomon wondered why the four electric globes suspended from the ceiling suddenly emitted such glaring radiance. And, at the same time, strangely enough, the massed pyramids and squares of colored tins on the shelves all about the store seemed suddenly to dissolve into darkness. He brushed his hand over his eyes as he sank upon an empty box.

"Goldie!" he protested in a low, stricken tone.

"If you don't want nothing else, maybe it is better you should go," said the girl monotonously.

"Goldie, don't you know, don't you understand?"

"It isn't right for a man to speak like that to a girl who has another man's ring on her finger."

Solomon arose unsteadily. His hand by some miracle found the door-knob. Goldie's voice, high-pitched, hysterical almost, drew him back.

"Solomon, I want you to know — Solomon, let us be sensible. You — you are a poor man — it will be yet years before you can do anything. And — and our fish business here is nothing worth. Mama — we — we are going into the millinery business. That will pay good."

"Goldie, for this you marry Robbins!"

"Solomon, you should know how I have suffered. Three nights I haven't slept. Three nights have I shed bitter tears and my mama with me. Last night she rocked me in her arms like I was a baby —"

"She has no right —"

"You don't know how hard my mama has worked for me, Solomon. Ever since my papa died when I was a little girl, she has worked day and night for me. She has forgotten to eat to give me to eat. She has forgotten to sleep so I could sleep. What can I do, Solomon? I cannot break her heart now."

Solomon bowed his head. He stifled the wild protest that rose within him.

"You are right, Goldie. I shouldn't bother you like this. What cannot be different, cannot be helped. I — I — God bless you, Goldie —"

Before his voice should break completely, he forced himself to leave the store.

This time he was not recalled.

THE last session of the night-school term came in the middle of March. It happened to be as well the night before that set for Goldie's wedding.

At dismissal time Solomon walked home listlessly through streets filled with dismal brown fog. Under his arm he carried a yellow-covered copy of "Old Curiosity Shop." This had been presented to him that evening as the prize for the pupil who had made most progress in Mr. Weiss' class that term. Solomon could now read English of Fourth Reader grade without difficulty, and even understand easy paragraphs in English newspapers. But without Goldie to share them, these achievements meant nothing to him. No elation at having successfully completed a difficult task possessed him; instead, in his brain there throbbed continuously the thought that after to-morrow Goldie would be lost to him forever.

Solomon reached the tenement-house in one apartment of which he occupied a small bedroom. Wearily he ascended the littered, slippery stoop, passed through the narrow hall with its perpetually sweating walls and up four flights of decaying stairs. He sat down on the wooden bed that filled three-quarters of his narrow bedroom.

Bitterly he reproached himself. Why had he wasted time studying English? Why hadn't he devoted all his time and strength to his work in the factory? By now he might have become a full fledged operator. By now he might even have found it pos-

sible to go into partnership with four or five other operators and have become part-owner of a small dress-factory. Then a proposal to marry Goldie might have sounded reasonable even compared to that of Meyer Robbins. What a fool he had been to waste his time in night-school. Twenty-four hours, and Goldie would be irrevocably removed from his life without his being able to lift a finger to prevent it.

Leaning his elbows on his knees, Solomon buried his face in his hands.

After a time he became calmer. After all, he was not the only person concerned. There was Goldie — if the marriage would make her happy in any degree, why should he desire things to be otherwise? With all his heart he hoped that Meyer would make her a good husband. He wished Meyer, too, all the happiness in the world. Freely and fully Solomon forgave him for the ridicule he had so often heaped upon him at Mrs. Finkelstein's store, for the annoyances he had inflicted upon him at night-school.

THAT reminded him. What had Meyer really written to him in those notes? That they were hardly complimentary Solomon was, of course, sure. But exactly what was their contents? Solomon wondered if he had enough command of English to read them now.

The mild curiosity carried him over to the bureau. He rummaged through the top drawer. Smoothing out one of the notes he slowly spelled out the badly scrawled words.

Speetnick —
What for shood a dum man try speeking. it is just so moch use for you
M. Robbins

A hot flush of anger mounted to Solomon's very temples as he put this missive aside and took up another.

Fine Skolar!
you shood stay in the english cless so I do not have to go in theayter to laff
M. Robbins

Breathing heavily Solomo.. read a third.

Speetnik!
Ven you will be ninedy yeers mabe so you will can reed the eezy english book paje 1
M. Robbins

Quickly Solomon glanced over the rest of the notes. They were all of the same tenor, silly, cowardly references to Solomon's slowness in learning English. But the last note, the one that Robbins had written the night Solomon had learned of his engagement to Goldie, was the worst of all.

It mocked him with the loss of Goldie. It pictured her laughing at his feeble attempts to learn English. It ended with a reference to Goldie and Meyer that made Solomon's blood boil.

He paced furiously about the room. So this was the man into whose arms fate had cast Goldie. This cruel, heartless, malicious, vulgar coward was going to marry Goldie!

An impulse carried Solomon half way to the door, the notes tightly clutched in his hand. He would bring them to Goldie, to Mrs. Finkelstein. He would show them what sort of man the bridegroom was. Mrs. Finkelstein could not have a mother's heart if she permitted the wedding to go on after such evidence of Meyer's baseness of character.

BUT Solomon dropped upon his bed with a moan of despair. What good could it do to bring those notes to Mrs. Finkelstein? If she was determined on the wedding, a little matter like news that her prospective son-in-law had written insulting notes to a suitor of her daughter's would certainly not cause her to stop now. And it would only add to Goldie's troubles to reveal the sort of man Meyer was. It was too late to do anything now.

He must put the whole matter out of his mind or he would go mad. He would start the book the teacher had presented to him as a prize. He would read until his eyes could remain open no longer. Then perhaps he could sleep.

Solomon lit the gas. Feverishly he took up the book. But after reading only the first paragraph, he flung it to the floor. He could not bear it. Every word of English he read reminded him of Goldie, who had first inspired him with the desire to learn English. Every time he would come upon a difficult word it would remind him of the comradely way in which Goldie had assisted him over his first difficulties.

Solomon grasped the sheets of a Yiddish paper which served as a table-cloth for the tiny table near the door. He had not read a paper printed in his own language since he had begun going to night-school. Mr. Weiss had pointed out it would help him to learn English more quickly if he cut himself entirely loose from his mother-tongue.

Now he doggedly set to work to interest himself in the dull items of the pages he had found. His eye passed listlessly over the words. Then they were held for a moment. He suddenly became rigid with attention.

He re-read the item. His eyes dilated. With shaking hand he carried the sheet he was reading over to the bureau. He picked out one of the notes on top of the bureau. Breathlessly he compared the item in the newspaper with this note.

He uttered a choked groan of horror and intense relief. Then, stuffing the notes and newspaper into his pocket, he rushed from the room.

"A kiss, Goldie."

"Please, no!"

"Not even a good-night kiss?"

"No, no!"

"Never have I heard such a thing. No kisses for a man who is as good as a husband already?"

The gray-white light from the worn gas-mantle in Mrs. Finkelstein's parlor revealed a scowl on Meyer's dark features. Goldie, shrinking away to the other end of the sagging sofa, faced him pleadingly.

"I — I can't, Meyer. Your beard scratches me."

Meyer flung himself up from the sofa and threw his arms ceilingward in a gesture of exasperation.

"Again she talks about my beard. In Heaven's name leave it alone already. Now give me a kiss."

"The beard makes you look so much older," said Goldie frantically, "it sometimes don't look to me you're the same man as last January."

Meyer grunted.

"Now that I'm settling down, there's no reason I shouldn't look respectable. Now, Goldie dearest —"

"Look, here's mama!" Goldie's voice thrilled with relief as her mother's placid bulk filled the space between the heavy red portieres that shut the parlor off from the rest of the flat.

"Well, my children, I hope you're having a nice talk," beamed the old lady.

"Nothing to shout in the streets about," complained Meyer, "sometimes I don't think Goldie wants me for a husband at all."

"Goldie, child," reproved her mother.

"No, no, mama dearest," exclaimed Goldie hastily, "it isn't so, only — only it's so short a time till the ceremony, I — I can't get used to the idea. Couldn't we maybe put it off a little while yet?"

MRS. FINKELSTEIN wiped away a tear.

"Ah, how much this reminds me of my own wedding with your father holy. I felt the same way, afraid, timid, blushing and trembling all the time. Don't worry, Meyer, my son, Goldie, my life, it's only natural for a young girl to feel like that before she is married. Well, Meyer, where are you going for your wedding-trip?"

"I haven't decided yet," answered Meyer; "where would you like to go, Goldie, Lakewood or Atlantic City?"

"It's all the same to me," answered Goldie dully.

"Lakewood, Atlantic City, phui!" declared Mrs. Finkelstein; "to-day I got a letter from my sister in Chicago. She says you must come and see her. You can stay as long as you like and it won't cost you a penny."

"Chicago!" exclaimed Meyer.

"Have you ever been there?" asked Mrs. Finkelstein.

"Me? No, no," answered Meyer quickly. "A New Yorker I am since I came from the old country and I never went further away than the Catskill Mountains. I don't like to go to Chicago. It's too far away from the business."

(*Continued on page 120*)

The Tennessee Baby

By Anita Fitch

I REMEMBER waking up one night on a raggedy horsehair sofa with the vivid feeling that I was living in a beautiful world.

Before the fireplace, in a shuck-bottomed chair, sat my young mother with her most mammy look — her tenderest, most solemn look — and at her feet kneeled a slimmer, nymph-like creature, in deep widow's weeds, pouring out an enchanting bit of news. She was going to adopt a baby, the visitor was saying — a little Tennessee baby; a boy, and dark. "Just what I wanted," came rapturously to my ears. The nymph in black, with Italian picture eyes and stylish chignon — red was her abundant hair, the gold-red of her long, narrow eyes — was my mother's cousin, Laurie Lindley, and her husband, dead these two years, had been a Tennesseean and dark. Hence the need for that particular sort of baby.

But how did she get to my home at this late hour? Lindley Hall, the ramshackle old mansion in which she lived, was ten good miles from our township, Bramley Roads. Then I heard that Mr. Baxter, a despised swain and family friend, whose home was not far from hers, had brought her over in his buggy; and I heard her beseech my mother, as usual, not to ask her to *marry* him. "My heart is in the grave," she murmured, my poor, romantic, baby-loving cousin Laurie. "I only want to adopt this child; and *don't* think I am making up my mind in a hurry. I have thought of him for ages — two whole months! . . . sleeping every night with that little picture under my pillow, saying good morning to him every day. But I had to be prudent, of course. I didn't decide about him until I had decided about his mother. Oh, Kate, you ought to see that woman's letters; real lady-like — distinguished even in their simple, countrified way. Isn't her name precious? — Judith Applegate Lea.

"LIKE home-made bread and honey," said my mother, musingly.

"Her mother was a little Methodist minister's daughter," pursued Laurie; "she was a South Carolinian, and she would never let Judith speak the mountain dialect. She tells it all so simply in her delicious letters. Her father was not so good from the family point; a plain, unlettered man, but a grand man, Mrs. Lea says. His word was his bond. But the baby's father — goodness, there's luck for you! A painter, my dear . . . think of it, a picture painter! . . . but that isn't all. He was related to the *Seviers!* Go along with your rattlesnake's egg! . . . That baby —"

I leaped from the raggedy sofa in an ecstasy of excitement.

"What's his name, Laurie?" I shouted.

She turned toward me, a transfigured second-cousin Laurie, and as I recall her at that instant I seem to see a Botticelli Mary listening to the voices of sophisticated angels.

"Benjamin," she smiled.

That young widowed kinswoman, only twenty-six now, had but two months of wedded life to recall; for cousin George, who had been a little wild, had been killed in a hunting accident.

I SAW that my mother was thinking of that, thinking of all Laurie's youth and beauty and loneliness. But there was something else in her manner, too — a strange distaste for the news that I found so enchanting.

She hoped again that our cousin wasn't making a mistake — "taking a rattlesnake's egg to her bosom" — (she had found the child by advertising in the Tennessee papers) and expressed herself as a little hurt that Laurie had been so "sly" about such an important matter.

"But *that's* all right," Mammy hurried on; "and I want you to be happy, darling — of course! But don't ask me to come over day after to-morrow . . . I can't . . . I can't. I couldn't look that poor creature in the eye . . . with you robbing her of her young! I'm a mother, too, Laurie."

Laurie ignored the thrust, though she turned red and was silent a moment. "Well," she said then, jumping up and speaking decisively, "if you won't come, Cissy must. I've simply *got* to have somebody."

And so it was that destiny flung me, a growing girl-child of the highly keyed species, into that stormy and beautiful drama of the Tennessee baby. Moreover, I was to go over to the Hall to-morrow. Laurie hated to be alone with Jim Baxter, and, with the adoption papers to talk over and other things to discuss, she might have to see him several times. Mr. Baxter, whom she had asked to supper, would come for me at three.

"Poor lamb! — with that streak of foreignness!" mourned my mother when the visitor had departed, laying all Laurie's complexities to her one Italian forebear.

"That's why she has those exquisite eyes, with lids like pale rose petals (oh, we were all romantic in my family!) — and that's why she's so crazy about beauty. . . . When she's had enough of the burning plowshares she'll marry Jim Baxter quick enough."

I took Laurie that night at her own valuation — she was a "one marriage woman," she said — and went to bed and dreamed only of the Tennessee baby, for not once did I see him in my cousin's longing arms. He seemed just a daguerreotype baby, and while I was eating him up with my eyes he faded away until only his brass frame was left. Ah, I was so fond of babies, too!

Why is it that our deepest memories of the long ago are connected, somehow, with the weather? I cannot tell. I only know that is how they come back to me, the great heart-break and the great joying; with rain, or sleet, or wind, or sun, or snow. This one comes with snow: but its wild, sweet whirl was still tucked away behind leaden clouds when Mr. Baxter drove up for me at the appointed hour next day.

"Howdy, Red Riding Hood," he said, as I climbed into the buggy and sat down beside him, this greeting having to do with my little-girl cloak. The shabby outgrown thing was far too little-girl for me, however, and I have no doubt my long legs appeared ridiculous under its short tail.

I liked Mr. Baxter. In fact, we were intimate friends. He was a squarish, rough-featured man, with kind gray eyes and good plain clothes; grimmish manners he had for strangers, and shyish, joky sort of manners he had for intimates. He was a good lawyer (charging widows and orphans nothing for his services), and maybe thirty-four at this time. He liked to talk of Laurie on these intimate buggy trips of ours, and sometimes we both tore her to pieces.

"CISSY," he said suddenly, to-day, "I want to ask you something. It concerns Miss Laurie, and I've got nothing to do with it; it's just about the development of her character — her lovely womanliness. Now, she loves you — do you think you could influence her?"

"I could twist her round my little finger," I announced with the assurance of twelve. "When I had measles last winter she nursed me till she looked like the Mater Dolorosa, Mammy said; and every night she slept on a pallet on the floor of my bed room like a slave."

"That was because she was pitying *you*," growled Mr. Baxter. "But just let her pity *herself* . . . by golly, yes! . . . she'd wring your neck like a chicken's and fling you on the woodpile, measles or no measles."

Failing to be convinced of my usefulness in the holy work of developing Laurie, the decent man proceeded to attack her financial affairs. If she sold any more land the Hall would have just the dirt it stood on and

no more. . . . As for Ruk Jones (the black gentleman who did the farm work on shares), he would steal the coppers from his dead brother's eyes. With such interchanges, and a deal more, we skimmed over the road. Then, there we were whirling through the big gate, the Hall looming beyond with its usual stamp of mildewed gentility and impending romance.

My way of entering the house in winter time rarely deviated. I would sneak up the front steps first, tip toe across the piazza, and plant my nose against the glass of one of the long French windows which opened into the library, where Laurie was generally to be found in cold weather. To-day she omitted the hugging I usually got, showing me instead the thing she had been sewing on by the firelight.

"Isn't it sweet?" she asked.

Sweet! It was sugarplums and the heart's honey: a wee, wee infant's sacque, of white merino, bound round with lutestring ribbon. (Lutestring ribbon! How singular that, too, should play a part in this memory.)

"Now," said Laurie, folding away the precious garment, which was to prove just three sizes too small for the coming Prince — "now we'll go upstairs and put your things away, and peep into Benjamin's room. It's Cousin George's, made over. Oh, it's dear. I've brought the Lindley cradle down and it's all ready for him. . . .

"That's why I haven't had you and mammy here in so long: I was fixing it all. It was my secret, you know."

The room *was* dear. But sweeter than all else in that burnished chamber, recalling to my mind now every sweetness of poor Laurie's complex nature, was the Lindley cradle, an ancient thing of dark wood, so eaten over with worm holes it appeared carved. It was close to the four-poster, and across the foot of it was a baby nightgown, just as there was a lady one across the big bed.

"For a hundred and fifty years proud Lindley babies have slept in that cradle," I mused in my story-book way.

"OH, yes," laughed Laurie, "but they weren't any better than Benjamin; *he* will be its best beloved. That's mama's nursing armchair over yonder," she went on . . . "and the same footstool . . . and see, the fire's all laid for the match. . . . Now, haven't I been good to her?"

"*Who?*" I asked in amazement.

"Why, Mrs. Lea, of course," she cried impatiently. "I've got to ask her to stay awhile — maybe a week; she can't take that long trip again until she's rested. I can't be a savage, you know."

"Shucks," I grunted. "I thought you were going to use it yourself."

We went down stairs, Laurie telling me just how I must behave while Jim Baxter was in the house. After supper we'd all sit in the library and I mustn't budge out of it till he departed; and if I went to sleep again as I did last time, like a big baby, she'd be *furious*. Above all, I was not to ask her questions about Benjamin till he went. There was so much business to talk about . . . wait till we went to bed, we'd hold hands and she'd tell me the whole story.

Yet I had discovered that she had arrayed herself for the despised suitor — something she always did — and when we were at table directly the gentleman turned his somber eye upon me and gave me a sly wink anent the toilet. Jim Baxter was no fool; he often told me that he would marry her if he had to wait till he was ninety to do so. He would just give her the reins, he would say — and go on totin' his rabbit's foot.

I REMEMBER what we had for supper: fried chicken and new-ground hominy, and beaten biscuit, and brandy peaches and pound cake. The fruit intoxicants were for Jim Baxter, and so was everything else. Laurie had uses for him; he was to be the forger of the golden bands which were to bind her and Benjamin together. Even with bald talk of the adoption papers, her voice sounded like lutes and flutes and dulcimers and instruments of ten strings. Her sweet corporeal substance was there at the table, but in her dream she was on the train with Benjamin Lea — when the snow began to fall she hoped it wouldn't be delayed; and four times she said that Benjamin was coming *to-morrow*. That was how I got the chance to help myself to forbidden fruit, for brandy peaches were thought too wicked for small females.

"There, the snow's sweetest from that window," she cried, when we were back in the library. Mr. Baxter had gone to the piazza to smoke. "It's just as if the angels were shaking the blossoms from the fruit trees of heaven." We stood by the window, hugging waists, and I said grand flowery things too. Ah, how close we were, we two second-cousins of such unequal ages. Augusta Evans we had read together to the last printed page, and now we were on the *Romaunt of Sieur Phillipe*, wherein a fall of just such snow was likened unto blossoms from the fruit trees of heaven. How romantic we both were!

Mr. Baxter entered, and the two sat down at the fireplace to read Mrs. Lea's letters. I went on looking at the snow, thinking each window gave a prettier view than the last. Down it was coming, in a wild, swift way, the wind blowing it by moments in delicate rings between the big, scaling columns of the narrow piazza. That columned piazza always suggested glorious romance to me. . . . and now it seemed a setting for a sort of adoption saga; across that piazza, from the far Tennessee mountains he would come, the Heir of Lindley Hall.

Still I listened to the fireplace talk sometimes, and so I heard a part of Judith Lea's love romance. . . . The painter husband had come a-wandering with brushes and springtide to the mountains and had met Judith in the woods; she wore her pink sunbonnet, and he had painted her thus, calling the picture *A Mountain Maid*. It had sold in Nashville for fifty dollars, that "beautiful picture"; and in Nashville they two had lived for a whole year, Judith still sitting for her lover-husband and improving her mind to be worthy of him. Oh, she had had plenty as long as he lived. . . . she had even traveled a little, gone as far as "Orangeburg, in your own State." . . . But she had pined for the mountains; and back they had gone, and there he had been "stricken" and there death had borne him away. . . .

"Now," said Laurie, "I think this letter is the most interesting of all. It shows her motives exactly, and how she adored that dead husband . . . Some women, you know, are more wives than mothers:

. . . "'*Yes, my mother used to tell me about the Lindleys, and I knew when I saw the name it was the same family. But your husband's folks ain't any better than my poor dear's. He was never ashamed of mine, but he was afraid of the mountains when he lay dying for the child that was coming. If the baby proved a boy, he wanted him brought up a gentleman.*

"'*Oh, you don't know the Tennessee Mountains* (went on that wistful letter.) *They're picked as clean of a chance to make a living as a chicken yard. There ain't any schools an' the boy that goes wrong here gets hung sometimes. My poor dear thought of it. I've had a hard time gettin' the baby where he is. But I don't mind that. I want him to be raised right too — like a gentleman. . . .*'

"NOW, can you call her a *huzzy*," laughed Laurie when she came to the end of the piteous missive, "Your respectful servant, Mrs. Benjamin Lea."

"Can't you see the simple country heart of her? — sticking to that sweetheart-husband's name even after the grave has claimed him? Love and pride and duty make her give up that child. It is for his own sake. Poor dear, I'll be good to her . . . I'll send her money whenever I can . . . a huzzy, ready to squeeze me for greenbacks for the rest of my life! How little you know of women!"

"Oh Lord," groaned Jim Baxter, "how little you know of *me!*" He got up and walked up and down like a caged lion. "Miss Laurie," he said, earnestly, "I'm thinking of something else now . . . what you told me last night; and I have no ulterior motive in saying what I'm going to say. Why don't you do it? — I've thought of it all night; it couldn't have been a whim, honey, it couldn't." I wondered what he was talking about; at the same time I felt as if I knew — only I couldn't say it outright, even to myself.

"I believe in those deep impres-

sions," he went on; "they are like revelations from on High. (Mr. Baxter was very religious though he talked so foolish sometimes.) You can be so superior when you master yourself — a noble woman. Do it, Laurie. It might be a God's mercy."

"*Me* a noble woman!" cried Laurie ungrammatically, raising her rose-petal eyelids in a gentle stare. "I'm a worm, Jim — a weak, greedy, jealous tigress. When I want a thing, I want it . . . all of it. When I take that child — and I'm going to I tell you — she'll go back to Tennessee and *stay* there!"

"Then we'll fix those papers tight," growled Jim Baxter.

I had hopped from the footstool and was mooning around the room now in a state of fidgets, feeling as if the dauby family portraits on the wall were alive . . . There was Bianca Romano, who had been Laurie's great great grandmother; she had golden eyes too, but they weren't hungry as Laurie's eyes were sometimes; a round baker's dozen of babies Bianca had given to the world. Uncle Ben Brice's wife too had had *ten* . . . and Aunt Sally Crawford seven. Goodness, I couldn't blame Laurie; wanting babies was in the blood. But I was mighty sorry for Judith Lea now.

Laurie went on about her future benevolence — she would deny herself, if necessary, to help Mrs. Lea. And just then I came to my own long window and saw a swirl of snow, all shining with the lamplight . . . *around a head.*

Gracious, how I yelled!

"Laurie! Mrs. Lea's ghost is on the piazza!" She was looking in the window like Mary when there was no room at the Inn!

"*CISSY!*" came at me like a box on the ear; but she jumped up very pale and ran to the window. And the next minute Mr. Baxter said somebody was coming. Of course somebody was coming — a living Judith Lea; coming by the unlocked front door as she would come in simple country-folk way; you could hear her heavy shoes in the hall, her poor dear cowhide shoes, and her baby's babbling voice. Then our half-open door pushed wider, and there she stood, another young, widowed thing, surely younger than Laurie, with her child in her arms. Her black, crinkly hair stood in a cloud about her white face, and I saw that her eyes were blue — with the pale and yet warm blue of forget-me-nots.

Perhaps she was not even pretty, that deep-bosomed young mother in her poor black, yet as she stood there I thought of precious things — of cow's sweet milk, and sky and air and mountains.

The baby was too bundled up for you to see whether or not he was as pretty as his picture. There was only a hand showing, a fat little hand, that grabbed impatiently at the veil covering his face. In his incoherent, young-child way, he was scolding at the foolishness of veils.

"Mrs. Lea," gasped Laurie, flying over to her. "*Is* it Mrs. Lea?"

"Yes," said the stranger, and as she went on I caught a little sweet, odd note in her voice, the far Tennessee note.

She told why she had come ahead of the day arranged upon; she had to give up the cabin, and Pastor Lewis, who was going to Columbia, had offered to take care of her on the train. She had walked to the house from Greensboro, the depot-town four miles away, and Laurie was horrified to hear of it.

"Oh, my dear," she said plaintively, "why didn't you go to the hotel and send me word to-morrow?"

The visitor smiled; and then she was wonderful.

"I DIDN'T mind the snow," she drawled. "I thought it was mighty pretty. Benjamin liked it too; I raised his veil so's he could see it. A black man showed me the road; he was old and real kind. He said it was straight along, and that there was a lantern on both the gate posts. I got here mighty easy."

All the while she had been speaking she had been on her feet, looking from one to the other of us, but longest at Laurie. She still held the baby, but now she put him down in a chair by the fire, and began to take off his bundling garments, Laurie watching with her eyes like lanterns.

A little knitted sacque came off at last, and there he sat, a fat, healthy, dark baby, with eyelashes girlishly long, a delicious grin and two tiny pearls peeping from his red gums. The soft down of his round head was parted boy-fashion, and there was a wonderful hint of strength in his dimpled chin. He was in low neck and short sleeves — with coral shoulder loops and a thin gold chain; yet his frock was dark and of the coarsest wool, and his little morocco shoes were homemade.

"What do you think of him?" asked Laurie after a moment, turning to Mr. Baxter.

"Fine fellow," he said gravely.

"Beautiful," she corrected in her dreamiest tone ". . . a heavy load to carry along a strange country road! . . ." She broke off laughing foolishly, and asked the mother if she might kiss him. "I don't want to scare him, your dark, baby boy."

"He ain't afraid of wild horses," smiled Mrs. Lea, as if pleased with the admiration her child excited. The sturdy fellow was scratching himself, giggling with delight at being freed of the hateful bundling; but he looked up with a wide-eyed wonder as Laurie kissed him, and when she raised her head I saw that her own eyes were wet.

"He's never been sick in his life," Mrs. Lea was telling Mr. Baxter. "And he's a good child too, though he's got his ways. Since I weaned him, he won't drink out of any cup but his own; it's a blue cup with a red rooster on it. I brought it along with me," opening the little bundle now which had been hanging to her arm. "His pillow too; it's the sort of pillow you couldn't get anywhere but in Tennessee. It's made of the finest goose feathers — the teeny, blowy ones."

"I thought you wouldn't mind taking his little things," she concluded, turning that strange, sweet, patient smile of hers full upon my cousin.

"*Mind!*" Laurie beamed and grabbed Benjamin's little goods, holding them to her as if they would be with the holy of holies in that house. "But, my dear — I must see about your supper . . . Oh, heavens, what a fool I've been; your feet must be wet." She knelt down as if to touch the visitor's rough shoes, jumped up and flew to the bell cord. *Jingle jangle* went the bell in kitchen regions, and soon enough, in bobbed Nat, the black boy, who brought in winter firewood and waved the peacock flybrush of summertime. Miranda, the cracker white woman who did the cooking, came running too — bell ringing was so rare in that house; and fast and furious came the orders to the minions.

"Bring some supper, Miranda"; she named all the dainties we had had. "Warm everything — and use the embroidered doilies. And Nat — listen to me; run up stairs and light the fire and stay there till we come. Put the fender round, and look out for sparks. Miranda, bring the waiter up stairs."

THE Prince had arrived and here were his retainers; and to-morrow he'd see Ruk Jones, the most important vassal of all who was wasting his future inheritance. But meanwhile, the deep-bosomed mother, who still owned him, had a word to say. She had eaten her supper on the train, and Benjamin had had his milk at the depot; thank you ma'am, but she only wanted to talk now.

"It concerns his future," breathed Judith Lea.

"Indeed," said Laurie's delicate eyebrows; but her lips only begged Mrs. Lea, in their sweetest way, to get right up stairs and rest. "You must be horribly tired — with that long journey."

"No," said Judith Lea, "I want to talk; it's very important . . . But I'll let Benjamin creep around; he frets if he's cooped up. The gentleman and the little girl needn't bother about him; he's used to taking care of himself." She put the child on the floor as she spoke, the lusty fellow turning over on hands and knees and proceeding with little sputters of excitement to explore the room.

For a breath the two women stood silent, eyes looking into eyes. They were about the same height, a goodly height, but Mrs. Lea was decidedly of sturdier build than the Hall's fair mis-

tress. She didn't look at all as if she needed me, yet I wanted to be on her side; for I knew something thrilling was coming, something of desperate importance. The room beat with it.

"It's just about a letter," began Mrs. Lea ". . . it's for Benjamin when he is a man grown. We must get over with it."

"A *letter!*" echoed Laurie.

"Yes, a sealed letter. I wrote it to him. You must give it to him when he is twenty-one; it's just about our two selves. I will leave him, my Sonny, if you promise to give it to him. But you must put your hand on the Holy Bible . . . I must be sure."

"About your two selves!" — Laurie reared her little head like the cobra de capello in my geography book; "and if I tell you that I will break open this letter and see what it contains," she said sharply — "*Now!*"

"You wouldn't," returned Mrs. Lea gently. "You are a lady; you *couldn't* do such a thing."

Laurie waved her hand grandly, arose from the chair into which she had dropped, as if to dismiss the visitor — and took her hand instead. "Dear Mrs. Lea . . . *why* we are being silly!" she stammered. "But — the letter; don't you think I ought to know what you've written him? A *little* bit?"

Judith Lea sighed as if she could read her through and through, that poor childishly jealous heart; and she must have read her a good deal better than I did, when I come to think of it.

"I reckon I can tell you pretty much what's in it," she began slowly. . . . "I told him what I told you; Why I had to put him away from me; about the lawlessness in the mountains, an' the grindin' poverty . . . I told him that before he was born there were two days when his mother hadn't a bite to eat . . . I told him of the nights she kneeled down askin' God to give her strength to part with him . . . "

"Then?" put in Laurie, her own lips trembling.

"I TOLD him that he must see this mother that had more than died for him! I told him" — the stranger moved back, her forget-me-not eyes shining dangerously — "I told him he must come to me."

"*Told him to come to you!*" choked Laurie, after an awful moment. "Did you tell him you had sold him for two hundred dollars?" she asked furiously. "Two hundred dollars another woman had saved with miserable economies!"

"Sold him!" She cried out then, that tragic mother, as my own mother would have cried out at the blow. But she was a big woman that simple soul, defending so ably this last dignity of her ravaged nest; and she had her sense of humor.

"Oh honey, I must be patient with you," she sighed; "you're a childless woman. Did you think I was goin' to take your money for him? My Sonny!"

"You read my advertisement: Two hundred dollars will be given for an infant answering these requirements. You had been very poor."

"Not poor enough for that," went back mournfully; but when Laurie cried out that she had written her for two months and had said nothing about *not* taking it, her eyes were stern again.

"I told you — don't set me crazy. There can't be any talk of money between us. Even what was left from the railroad ticket — even that I've brought you;" she fumbled in the folds of her black spencer and held out a tiny paper parcel. "There! I put down just how every cent was spent. When I go from here it will be empty handed . . . God will not forsake me for I do His will, only His will, in lettin' you have my child. If he has his good home, an' I have your promise . . . "

A WRETCHED "Oh" came from Laurie, and she flashed to a window, pretending to look out; and flashed back again.

"I told *you* I was going to bring him up as my own; and you brought him," she gulped — "when I told you *that*. You waited till I had seen him to fling this bolt. Till he was all round my heart!"

"God forgive me," sighed Judith Lea; and she said something about her wits wool-gathering, and something about the eleventh hour, as if her bowels yearned for the other woman.

"It came over me all at once — the full meanin' of our partin'."

The room went from me then, and when my sight came back they were sitting on the sofa holding hands, looking, in truth, as if they pitied one another. Laurie was begging Mrs. Lea again to go up stairs — "they would have more sense to-morrow" — but she returned the same answer:

"We must get over with it now."

It was a long sofa, and the portrait of Bianca Romano was just above it, Bianca who had so splendidly peopled the world.

Once, too, when Laurie's flowing sleeves slipped away from her pretty arms (she was wearing black ribbon bracelets), I remembered how many babies she had hugged on that sofa: poor trash babies and pretty nigger babies, servant babies. The poor trash ones came from down the road, and because they needed clothes, the starveling mites, and their haggard snuff-dipping mothers needed "vittles."

Oh, yes, she was kind to little children, and kind to poor nursing mothers, Mistress Laurie; but I couldn't think about that now. I wanted to cut off her head, and take Judith Lea to my bosom. She it was, that outraged mother, who was sanctified in my eyes; and for her I prayed, when I could remember prayers.

Our Father which art in Heaven, forsake not thy servant Judith.

But I could pity my Laurie, too, at times. When she stopped the talk to look round at Benjamin, that perfectly strange child, who was only fooling over the floor baby way — trying to stand up, and bumping down, and roaring with the fun of it — my heart seemed to crack in two; she looked at him, oh, Lord, as if he were the crown and scepter of her life, the last drink of water in her desert! . . .

Bits of their talk kept coming over to me, and some of it seemed mighty crazy. Mrs. Lea told Laurie that she had "gazed" in the window before coming in, and had thought Mrs. Lindley looked such a sweet lady — "like somebody I could love" and Laurie told Mrs. Lea that she had such respect and sympathy for her, *such* respect and sympathy.

They said new things, and the same things over and over.

"You brought him when you knew *that!*"

"I trusted to your woman's heart."

Lord, how terrible it was, and how foolish! There on that sofa (it was another darling old raggedy thing; blue with brocaded baskets of dim flowers) they looked so preciously reasonable at times: as if they were made for one another, as were Jonathan and David, or Ruth and Naomi. Then that lovely notion would go, they harped on the One Thing.

Sometimes I half thought they were both a little bit right, though I knew Laurie wasn't even when her voice sounded too like the voice of a mother bird, lamenting its empty nest.

"LET'S argue it reasonable," she said at last, a tiny smile, as harrowing to me as tears, hovering about her lips; her hand was out beseechingly. "I must have the responsibility of him for all his troublesome years and when he begins to be a comfort to me he goes back to you. Is it fair?"

"Oh, but the sweetness of a baby!" returned the mother, her own strange smile coming back. "You have his dearest years and I only know him when he's a man grown. It's fair. A wife can take him from me then. All I want is that he comes an' claims me — *once*. He will give me the sacred place if he sees me once — if he reads that letter. But you'll still be the sweetest, maybe."

"Promise me," she pursued imploringly, "promise me you'll tell him about me when he's a man grown, my Sonny. If you promise I'll go down on my knees to you — I'll kiss the hem of your robe. He'll still love you. He will! He will!"

"I won't promise anything," said Laurie in the grand-lady way, though her lips were trembling and there were two tears like decanter stoppers on her cheeks . . . "You've robbed me!" staring at Mrs. Lea now as if she didn't know what she was

(*Continued on page 124*)

The House of McLeod

By Thomas S. Miller

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason

A CHARTERED company hogged the trade of the Niger, and the company's Agent General was a big man in Africa. Now he hung at his yacht's rail, the Collector of Customs at his side, and watched two bigger men making their way to Old Calabar's makeshift jetty. The picturesque is common in Nigeria, but it is not every day you see the like of that advancing pair; one white and one black, yet they were matched in great height, gray beards, lean hard faces and regal bearing.

"Old cronies in rascality you called 'em," the Collector repeated inquiringly; he was a new man.

"That's it," agreed the Agent with gusto, "but Abwol's made himself Sultan — Shehu's the local word — and rules N'Adana by right of the strong-arm and get-there, and Hector McLeod's the Man Who Tamed Abwol. And mind you there's virgin trade in N'Adana that handled right would boost the company's dividends way up."

"What they doing down here?"

"Give you six guesses! But you'll never hit it. Both of 'em are here after sons, a son apiece. Yes, a Liverpool boat brings out a young McLeod and at Accra she picks up a cub of Abwol's."

The Collector's questions and exclamations kept the Agent talking about the famous pair. After all there was little he could tell the new man that smacked more racily of Africa than the tale of the doings of Hector McLeod.

"The old fellow's got a title; he's Abwol's prime minister, the Garoba, and I tell you that means something up in N'Adana. And I've just offered the Garoba twelve thousand pounds for his trade rights up there; trade chances would be a better name, for all he's got to back him is the goodwill of the Shehu, that old savage whose very name used to be a mother's hush-word in Sokoto. My word, the treaty wouldn't be worth its own ink if Abwol got going on a rampage. Take it? He didn't even trouble to answer me; just let those crafty old eyes film away after visions, the way the hardest Scotchman's will sometimes. I got his ear though by drawing his attention to a recent formal demand on the Colonial Office by the missionaries for safe-conduct into N'Adana. I knew that would touch him raw.

"He hot-shot it back to me: 'I want nae trouble-makin' doctrinaires quarrelling o'er converts tae the scandal of good Mohammedans in my country.'

"My country, mind you, the Napoleon! I passed that up — you know he really has done big things — so I just fished around to find what had brought the two of them down here in state. Abwol came in his royal barge, flying a religious banner, flaunting the seven umbrellas that belong to his rank; and he's got a coat of arms — are you on to that?

McLeod gave the fellow the ceremonious salute of N'Adana — fingertips to turban, heart and breast in sequent order

Yes, a laughing hyena done in red ochre on his high poop; and behind him trailed the Garoba in a forty-foot dug-out.

"You should have heard the purr of it when McLeod told me he was here to meet his S-o-n. He even spoke of Abwol's son with a kind of holy zest. They're not only cronies in rascality, bound by that business they call 'Sleeping Behind the Koran', but, by Jove, they're tied up tighter than ever with this father-feeling that's got 'em both. They're looking to turn over their country to the cubs, and have got their heads together on something so big and fine that twelve thousand pounds are not worth even a scoff.

"All the same, mark me, we are going into N'Adana one of these days. Something will start Abwol going again, he's not tamed for good. One look into his live-coal eyes, and you'd see that the tiger's only dozing behind them. When we go into N'Adana we'll pension McLeod, of course, but there'll be no pensioning of Abwol; he's not that kind; one last mad charge against a wall of blazing magazine rifles — that'll be the end of Abwol."

While the Agent prophesied, the stately Garoba and the terrible Shehu, with the measured stride of barbaric dignity, had reached the jetty, and stood now, statuesque, watching twin funnels moving from the lazy sea into the lazy river.

The Shehu was speaking, baying in a kind of chant that told his emotion: "The years grow lean with thee and me, Garoba. The years have been long since thy wisdom sent my second-born to the Mission to gain knowledge.

Ali spun off like a child repeating its primer:
"It gives me pleasure considerable to be honored of your respectful acquaintance, Mister McLeod, Senior"

Now our sons come by the canoe-ship, and I am ready to pay my debt to Allah. Allah il Allah!"

A controlled excitement sparked the two adamant faces; the ship had just dropped a gig, the oarsman striking diamonds from the glassy delta waters. Eyes, Scotch gray and Sudanese black, fastened, each pair where they belonged to be sure, on two youths in the gig, one a white, brawny, handsome lad; the other a pudgy-faced, turnip-shaped black.

"Dad!" Young McLeod sprang to the jetty with a buoyancy rare to six-feet-two.

"S-o-n!" purred the old man, seizing the giant's two hands, feasting eyes and soul on the excited, ruddy face. "S-o-n, ye hae your mither's bonnie blue eyes. How did ye leave her?" S-o-n winced. The old man hurried on with broken voice. "Aye, we maun see ye come tae nae har-rm. Will ye humor your old dad and tak' off your hat again . . . Aye, the McLeod red." He put both hands to those knit shoulders, and made no bones about his joy. "S-o-n, I hae dreamed twenty-twa years o' this day — frae the hour the runner brocht your mither's letter saying a S-o-n was born tae me. D'ye mind ye were eleven years old when I first saw ye? I was ca'd home to fight the legal deceits o' the Chartered Company, who'd outlaw my trade richts wi' claims o' prior treaties. Ye were at the dock wi' mither. Ye piped 'Daddy!'" He blinked, swallowed his Adam's apple — gulped on. "S-o-n, your mither has writ me o' your gran' doings at Oxford — your learnings, and what a crack-it shot ye are wi' the rifle. S-o-n!" In fulness of heart he dropped a Kanuria proverb: *"Gedi kanadiben tsannawa."* (At bottom of patience is Heaven.)

The guttural voice of the Shehu quoted proverb for proverb at his elbow.

"AGO dnianyin koron kirnyinno tata tserangenago bago." (Nothing in the world loves its young more than a she-slave and an ass.)

McLeod turned with grim appreciation of the wry wisdom, but sobered as his eyes fell on the turnip-shaped black, whose identity was indexed in Abwol's prideful face. In a quick, appraising glance he itemized Ali, the son — tan derby, crimson tie, blazer coat, checkered trousers; but he kept all deductions out of his face as he gave the fellow the ceremonious salute of N'Adana — fingertips to turban, heart and breasts in sequent order. Ali, however, elaborately doffed his derby, and spun off like a child repeating its primer:

"It gives me pleasure considerable to be honored of your respectful acquaintance, Mister McLeod, Senior."

The Garoba winced and shot a glance of wasted sympathy at the Shehu; Abwol bayed pridefully:

"My son has the book learnings of the whites. The whites encroach on the Faithful by their book learnings and magics. Ali is the Hope of our people."

Old McLeod exchanged an eye-corner glance with S-o-n, then quickly hurried the introductions and embarkations. Royal sire and son boarded the gay state barge, whilst the two McLeods and five cases of barter goods went into the ancient, much-patched dug-out. Forty Brobdingnagian, porpoise-shiny, naked, smelly Yoruba brought their paddles down in a mighty swoop.

S-o-n slowly packed Dad's native pipe from a tin of tobacco thoughtfully brought from England. Something troubled him.

"DAD," he said, in a voice that gave the old man a quick vision of the surpliced youths of Old World cathedral choirs, "I'm all at sea. For the life of me I can't match up this shifty-eyed, soft-living Ali with that dare-devil you used to tell me about." A note of disappointment suffused the words.

"S-o-n, you're mixing Ali wi' Kolo, Abwol's first born," corrected the old man, and treated S-o-n to a passage in N'Adanian history. "Aye, Kolo was a braw lad. Being ta'en by the Sultan o' Sokoto, he was offered the first-emirship if he'd tak' the oath o' allegiance, for the Sultan loved a brave man aboove a' things. But Kolo spat in his beard and swore an oath. Sokoto, loath to kill the wild lad, sent him to the dungeon to think on it. Next morning he had him brought up, and again offered high office for fealty. Again Kolo swore an oath and spat. Five times did Sokoto send him to the dungeon — five times tempted him, and five times Kolo spat. Then said the Sultan's first-born: 'Give him to me; I will win him.' And he took Kolo intae the courtyard and stabbed him. Kolo covered his face in his burnoose, said, *'Allabe rambuskin'* (I Pay My Debt to Allah), and died."

"A chip of the old block," enthused S-o-n. Then soberly, "Ali is not Kolo, not by a long shot."

"Ye've got acquaintit?" The old man twisted his head, to see S-o-n's face, as they sat side by side, with the muscular back of the nearest paddler blocking the forward view.

"You wrote me to look out for him at Accra."

"Oh aye." McLeod laid a hand on S-o-n's knee, speaking seriously. "Ye maun cultivate Ali — ye maun be tae him what I hae been to his father, for we — the Shehu and I — hae fixed it Ali shall come intae the trading station and learn barter, for princes live nae longer by the sword, but by trade, e'en in the Hinterlands. Ye maun attach Ali to your hear-rt, for he is the cornerstone o' the House o' McLeod. S-o-n, I hae fixed a grand future for ye." He paused, inviting enthusiastic curiosity. But the Oxford man failed to take fire.

"I'd rather it had been Kolo," he mused, and went on reluctantly, careful of Dad's feelings; "there's a theft blocking friendship between me and this blighter. I had a fancy vest, Dad, hanging in my cabin. Ali coveted it and it vanished. To-day I saw him packing it away."

The old man blinked — spoke huskily. "I thocht a leetle education in figuring and the ways o' whites would mak' the boy more tractable to our ideas; anyway, I had to hide him from the Chartered Company, for who owns Ali owns the N'Adana trade. But a thief!" Perhaps he saw a crack in the foundations of the House of McLeod; he frowned a long while at the knotted back of that nearest paddler and when he spoke again it was straight to S-o-n's heart.

"Hector lad, did ye but know the insults and humeeleeties I hae stomached for to write McLeod big on the map o' Africa ye wouldna balk on Ali's shortcomings," he gently chided. "Aye, the days I ate charity scraps frae the Shehu's supper — those first days in N'Adana, before he and I slept behind the Koran; the days when they ca'd me filibusterer, and nae white the length and breadth o' West Africa'd gi' me hand or good word. S-o-n, it wanted just that tae stiffen my back, stubborn my pride. S-o-n mine, ye'll be patient wi' Ali — ye'll wean him frae his faults," he pleaded, and hurried on, striking right home behind the flush that mounted the youth's face. "You and I will do big things. I hae but started — hae but made the beginning. Why, S-o-n, wi' your education and strength and a', what can stop us frae overshadowing the Chartered Company? — why shouldn't we get our own charter, a string o' river stern-wheelers feeding our ocean liners; our own flag, and maybe ye could fix it a motto in Latin — something aboot trade wi' honor and a square deal. There's virgin trade ground behind N'Adana; we could deflect the Timbuctoo caravans, and maybe we could cut out the French trade that flows up Senegal. S-o-n, I hae thocht and planned for years. Why shouldn't we . . ."

The old man rhapsodied along — had it all cut-and-dried — a Napoleonic dream of trade empire, wildly impossible in the every-day world, wholly possible there on the forest-bounded, monkey-denizened river, with a royal barge flaunting seven ranking umbrellas and forty kingly throats chanting the Yoruba canoe-song of the Land of Romance. S-o-n responded for his part without reserve.

"IT'S all right, Dad, as far as Ali and I go; but — Dad, how the deuce will this thieving bounder and the old warrior get together?"

But the Garoba could answer there with a father's heart.

"Abwol is stiffening Ali wi' his own braw history — how he came out of Sudan wi' naething but a ragged shirt and a Mecca Pilgrim's holy reputation — found dog's service wi' the Sultan o' Sokoto, rose tae be Galadima, and struck for his own

when Sokoto went over to a false branch o' Mohammedanism — raised a religious standard, ca'd himsel' Defender o' the True Faith, gathered the riff-raff and fanatic and grabbed N'Adana," sang the old man, eyes glowing, for was not the Shehu's wild history akin to his own? "Na, na, Hector, next tae Allah, love of his son is the only fire left in Abwol's cindering soul, and he will kindle the lad wi' it yet."

Right at any rate was McLeod as to Abwol's ardor. When the two crafts nosed the clay bank at the trading station — "Port McLeod," the old man had it grandly chartered in his empire dream — the Shehu's pride stalked naked; the lean, hard face was mellowed, the thin, cruel lips almost smiling. To Ali he abdicated the honors — the salutations of the emirs and ruffianly courtiers come down from the town to greet their lord; to Ali the adulations and minstrelsy, the game and ceremonies that pomped the following days.

The Heir Apparent sat owl-wise behind a single entry ledger in the barter store, swelling the Shehu's pride by his familiarity with clasp-knives and tin kerosene lamps. The Shehu would glide out of the strong sun into the shadow of the big store and stand, one hand to sword hilt, one gravely fingering his beard, and fix intense eyes on the Hope of N'Adana, and Allah alone knows what dreams he got out of the hybrid's bluff.

S-o-n, holding the old warrior in romanceful admiration, let go disgusted comment on all this.

That Ali — that such a sniffling, shambling, slab-sided sham, aping European dress and mannerisms like a trained monkey, could so fool the old chap!

"HECTOR lad," chided the Garoba, "ye maunna go sledge-hammering Ali for his superfeeceealities; if he wears trousers for burnoose, derby for turban, so much the better for trade. Make a note tae order oot twa gross o' derbies, wi' red-and-blue striped bands. We'll ceeveelize and commercialize the barbarians through example o' Ali." Gaily he twisted the hybrid's shortcomings into assets. But S-o-n's misgivings were not so easily beguiled.

"It is pathetic — Abwol's blind infatuation, I mean. It keeps me on edge for trouble. Supposing he did by chance uncover the real Ali — the lying, thieving make-believe. Things would hum round here."

Dad was not sleeping — by no means. "That's a probabeelity I headed off this vera morn. Abwol had a notion tae raid that Montoil village across the river, to gi' Ali a chance to Flesh His Spear — win his spurs — prove his manhood. Abwol isna yet converted tae the sanctity o' human life. Me — I had ma doots o' Ali's scruples, nae tae mention his prowess, in sticking those slippery pagans. I steered the proposition intae a leopard hunt. To-morrow we a' go out after the big cats; then Abwol sets out for his town. S-o-n," with a sudden note of anxiety, "S-o-n, ye'll gi' an eye tae Ali the morrow — ye'll see he nae discredits himsel'. S-o-n, he is the cornerstone o' our gran' fortunes."

"I'll do my best, Dad," promised S-o-n. "I'll take my rifle, and with smokeless powder and a Maxim silencer I might save Ali's face."

Pride throbbed in the old man's reply. "S-o-n, I knew ye'd find a way. If the prince failed to spear-it his quarry ye could plant a timely bullet and nae one the wiser."

"THAT'S the lay, Dad. I'm sorry you won't be along to see the fun; but you must keep out of the sun; that canoe journey has been overhard on you, Dad. You're sure you haven't any fever?" anxiously.

The old man liked the solicitous care and his eyes said so, but he wasn't going to alarm S-o-n by admitting fever.

Next morning found S-o-n testing his rifle sights on the horny snouts of crocodiles sunning on a sand island off the compound. A figure shuffled up behind, and he needed not his galvanic antipathy nor the wheeze of a whine to identify the Heir Apparent.

"Mister McLeod Junior," whimpered Ali, "I come to acquaint you I must refuse to join in this day's barbaric proceedings. I am not acquaint with the assagai. My life is dangered."

S-o-n swung round, grounding his rifle with a bang.

"You're not going to funk before your father and the emirs."

"Funk is word I am not acquaint. I come to enquire how I must proceed?"

"Proceed! My soul! is there any choice? — don't you stand this day to win honor or earn execration? Proceed? — why, as the son of the Shehu, Lord of Seven Umbrellas; as brother to that brave Kolo. Hold up your head. What! Listen. You've got to bluff through this day — just *got* to. I'm going to help you out. You take your spear and go right in where you are told, and you can be sure that I have the least move of your quarry covered with my rifle. I'm a sure shot. Understand? — at no time will you be in real danger. Go to my nigger and tell him to give you a bottle of brandy from my medical case. Take a pull whenever you get the shivers. Go! For Heaven's sake go! And get drunk," he called after the hybrid; "get drunk, if you can't pull it off sober."

Ali must have taken the irritable advice seriously, for his turnip body had an absurd strut of confidence when a little later the two McLeods from the balcony saw him cross the compound to join the procession that went forth with pipes and drums to a dipping plain behind "Port McLeod."

"S-o-n, ye'll be vera carefu'," again cautioned the old man.

"I'll be his Guardian Angel, Dad. Tell you all about it at noon," he gaily promised and, swinging his rifle, set forth.

McLeod, the father, was in the living-house over the barter store making out a requisition on his London agent for tan derbies with red-and-blue striped bands; his eyes turning on the scrubby sheds of "Port McLeod" saw a dream of great warehouses where flew the flag of the McLeod Company, and king over all was S-o-n. So he was dreaming when at high noon S-o-n came in, laughing.

"It's all right but, Dad, I've been way back into medievalism — never dreamed anything so primitively simple and dare-deviling was left over."

The big cats were there in plenty, unhunted and unsuspicious — two yellow ones with the tufty tip of a flexible tail level with the high grass. Jove, it was pretty work! The blacks — stripped to their brown, lean, sinewy bodies, knife between teeth, assagai in hand — ran up within striking distance of the cats when they'd crouch, spear up-pointed, inviting the beast's leap. My soul, Dad, you saw a streak of yellow flash through the air — thought it was all over with the hunter, when up into the white belly goes his spear like a striking snake, and the cat is on its back kicking four paws at the sky. Then, quick, the knife to the heart. You know how it is; the action—the thrill never varied. The certitude became positively monotonous. It fooled Ali. The Shehu had kept him in reserve until a she-cat with two cubs was found. Ali received an enchanted assagai from a pious *mallam* and pot-valiantly swaggered forth.

"I TOOK an ant-hill that gave me a clear sight on the cat, which was a good thing for Ali, for the bally idiot turned to stone at the very moment for quick action. My bullet caught the cat in the arch of her leap. She dropped into the high grass. Ali woke up in time to make a bluff with his *enchanted* assagai. When I reached him he was wantonly, ferociously spearing those helpless chubby cubs. I flung the dead shell from my rifle, blew the smoke smell from the bore, and walked with Ali, to see what Abwol and his court had made of it. Heaven's, I needn't have worried; Abwol's eyes were afire; and the court minstrel droned an epic, about Ali-the-son-of-Abwol, who bideth his time — looketh on the she-cat undismayed. And that shameless nigger smirked at the fulsome stuff. Why, Dad, he even bragged to me, though I had taken the trouble to point out the bullet hole in the cat's forehead before the pelt lifters arrived and cut off and cremated the head. I don't know whether to laugh or get mad. I'd like to call it all a joke, but — Oh, the poor old Shehu!"

But the Garoba saw only the business end of the droll deceit. "It were a crack-it shot, a pivot in the fortunes

o' the House o' McLeod. I'm richt proud o' ye, Hector."

"Yes, yes," irritably. "But Abwol packs off this day for his town — is striking camp now. And Ali stays on here; and I've got to be decent with him, got to swallow that lie, for your sake, for the Shehu's sake and for sake of your fine plans, Dad, and I've no heart for it. If that cub brags around here of his killing I'll teach him a lesson."

That touched the seat of the old man's fears. "Hector," he said in gentle chiding, "come the new moon I'll be gangin' home and ye'll be autocrat here. Ye maun guard your temper," he cautioned, and dropped again into the persuasive tone that was like a whip-lash to the youth. "Can ye no be patient wi' Ali? I mind in your letters once ye wrote me how ye learned a retriever to hunt — to understand your will, to love and obey ye. Can ye no do with Ali what ye did to a dog? Aye, but ye can; ye've a gran' way with the blacks. I've been watching ye. Aye, come the new moon I'll go to your mither, for what's left of me belongs to her. Ye'll be patient wi' Ali, S-o-n?"

"Don't worry, Dad; I hate to see you worrying," cried the boy. "I'll be brother, priest, doctor, teacher to him; honest, Dad; don't worry, I'll do my best."

His best was a persistent, patient, enduring and abortive attempt to put decency in the trousered misfit. Did he think, after a long day's gentle moral pilotage, he had struck qualities in Ali, night laughed at his efforts; he had only to slip across the compound into the darker shadow of a giant baobab, and watch Ali's face in the mammy dance to know it. Did he think his impassioned appeal — "Be the son of your father; remember Kolo. Be the real prince of your people" — had sparked pride (Ali was prompt in promises) he was miserably undeceived by discovery of trinkets missing. But he so ached to see Dad embarked for home with an easy mind that he swallowed failure — throttled personal antagonism, persisted until on the day of the new moon a fuse was laid to the inevitable explosion.

HE was not normal that day. Dad, stricken to his mattress with fever, worried him; the old man's retching racked his nerves like pain-born cries from a torture chamber. With the dawning of that last of all old McLeod's hundreds of African moons, such trouble broke loose as through all his bitter years he had never known before.

The fever the Garoba had pooh-poohed so long pinned him to his mattress.

"Never mind, Hector," he said cheerfully. "What's a day or two the more to twenty-two years? Ye can read me from Gibbon."

So young McLeod got Gibbon's Rome, the old man being interested above all in the doings of the barbarians, and read on, until a strange quietness over the compound raised a question as to why the blacks were not working.

It was Ali's business to call the morning muster and start the day's routine, a duty S-o-n had put on the lazy prince with a view to developing a sense of responsibility. He went down to investigate. Not finding Ali in the compound he went over to his hut. The sight of the idling blacks, the closed stores, and the torturing sound of Dad's fever retching in his ears tensed his nerves to mischief. His irritation was not allayed by a collision with Ali's three concubines wearing his missing trinkets, bits of jewelry that had been kept in a case conveniently near the ledger behind which Ali was wont to bluff so owl-wise. The prince himself lay on his mat, recovering from a night-long surrender to the "ju-ju" dance that had ushered in the new moon; he rolled his eyes away from his visitor with an affectation of sickness. Young McLeod was doing his best to control his disgust, but as fate would have it his feet got entangled in the pelt of the historical leopardess. It was the match to the powder.

"Get up!" he snapped. Ali got to his feet with an alacrity that revealed his sudden fear. McLeod, snatching the pelt from the floor, dangled it before Ali's bulging eyes.

"Who killed this cat?" he demanded.

Ali backed to the wall; perhaps it was a sulky child's stubbornness, or perhaps he had repeated the lie so often that he had come to believe it himself; anyway he stood to it now.

"Mister McLeod Junior, my father and the emirs saw me kill the leopardess with my spear. They praised my courage."

"You've got to come through with the truth. I'm going to confess you, shrive you and start you all over again. Now! Who killed this cat?"

Ali muttered something about his father and the emirs being witness to his valor. S-o-n's right hand went out flat to Ali's flabby jaw, and his left followed, but never reached its mark; Ali slipped to the floor, crossed his arms protectingly over his head, and stuck there like a foolish ostrich with its head buried in the sands. S-o-n flung away to Dad.

"Dad," he confessed, "I've thrashed Ali."

"S-o-n!" The Garoba raised himself on one elbow. "What hae ye done!" His brows contracted into a sharp V. "Ye'll mak' bad blood atween ye and the Shehu; and ye hae nae friendship oath, ye dinna Sleep Behind the Koran."

S-o-n defended himself. "It had to be, Dad. The compound couldn't hold him and me as long as that lie flaunted so shamelessly between us. It was necessary, if not for his soul's salvation, then for the House of McLeod. Don't worry, Dad."

But the old man was grave. "Hector, it isna Ali, but the Shehu I'm thinking o'. Ye've offered him an insult. Something will come o' this. Go richt over and bring the boy up to me."

To please Dad young McLeod went over, and got off a few words of manly apology — worry over Mr. McLeod's sickness — forgot himself — sorry. To which Ali turned a sour face, nor would he rise and accompany S-o-n, but complained of stomach pains and headache, naturally enough after the night he had put in. S-o-n, diagnosing the need of a physical purge to back up the soul shriving, left on a promise to send over calomel, instructing Ali to take a pill every two hours until relieved. He sent his boy across with the bottle, then returned to Dad and took up Gibbon, with a remark that he had "squared" it with Ali. The old man did his best to believe it, and gave himself over to S-o-n's musical voice in Gibbon's great story. They were following Nero's wild doings when a house-boy came running, bawling:

"O-O-H, Ali done gone lib for abambo." (Ali has gone to live in the spirit world.)

The old man snatched the book away, croaking:

"Go over! Go over, Hector! Hurry!" Painfully he raised himself, as if he would go himself, but fell back, hiccoughing; down in the compound abandoned feminine shriekings shrilled Ali's requiem; — "Oh, go — quick!"

Young McLeod went on the run, and was quickly back again. His face was drawn.

"He swallowed the whole bottleful," he moaned. "And on top ate a hearty meal that included green paw-paw. — Oh, Dad! — D-a-d, don't look like that." He winced before the old man's ash-gray face. Eager for action, eager to make amends, he wanted to take the trail immediately for N'Adana, that the Shehu might get the story straight from his own lips. But the Garoba was listening to a tom-tom tap-tapping in the compound, and the faint repetition of the taps from the first of a string of villages that straddled the N'Adana trail.

"S-o-n, ye can do nothing. The drums'll get the story to N'Adana in as many hours as ye'd tak' days."

"What sort of story!" breathed the youth.

"Deeleeberate poisoning o' the prince," husked old McLeod, not in censure but in simple deadly fact, and he stayed S-o-n's impulse to go down and wrest the tom-tom from the drummer with a proverb of the land: "What Allah hath decreed, that we shall see."

"Will Abwol come down with his ruffians?"

"Na, na; he and I Sleep Behind the Koran, and the station is protected by our trade oath. But *you* —" the gray old eyes grew wild. "Hector, ye maun go richt down — ye maun go

richt home; I promised your mither nae har-rm should come to ye."

"And leave you to face the music?"

"Hector, it isna you nor me; it's your mither."

"Dad — don't ask me. I can't."

They argued, the old man urging his promise, and, "What is a' oor gran' dreams — oor ocean ships, charter, flag — to mither, in the balance against her S-o-n!"

The old man was terribly earnest, with the wildness in his old gray eyes of a mother hen when a hawk hovers — "I *promised* your mither. What would I say to her?"

S-o-n, with the stubbornness of youthful optimism, stood his ground that all must come out right, romance triumph, and Dad's dream of empire come true. He would explain to the Shehu. But the old chieftain-trader beat him down.

"EXPLAIN to Abwol, do ye say — explain to a hyena over the carcase of its cub!"

The youth pleaded hard at least to stay on until Abwol showed his hand.

"Show his hand," scoffed the Garoba; "Hector, he'll be as subtle as Satan." And he reiterated, "I *promised* your mither."

In the end they compromised: S-o-n should wait on the temper of the Shehu: but fly the instant he showed his teeth. The forty-foot dug-out was to be kept manned and provisioned for instant flight.

Three suspended days dragged out. On the dawn of the fourth burnoosed figures drew out of the trail into the compound, shouldered the clay-packed remains of the Hope of N'Adana and, to funeral drums, marched across the plain. Not an eye had sought the two whites watching moodily from the balcony. Old McLeod was of opinion that Abwol would do nothing until after the days of lamentation. To test the autocrat's temper — to learn the worst — he sent demand on him for twenty ivories, due for the costs of the spectacular voyage to Old Calabar.

The answer was horribly lucid. The messenger returned with blood daubs where his ears had been, and a laconic proverb done in charcoal on parchment. McLeod translated it to S-o-n: "I will pay thee when fowls cut their teeth." The parchment fluttered from his hand. Slowly, wistfully his eyes roved over the two-acre compound of Port McLeod. When he spoke he had already surrendered his trade empire.

"Ye maun go down to Lokoja, Hector, and spiel the Agent General o' the Chartered Company. Ye'll let him do the chasing. Twelve thousand pounds is what he offered me for my trade richts, ye can hoodwink him wi' some excuse — something aboot the country nae agreeing wi' ye."

"I might say I'm not adaptable," bitterly. Then the old plea for time; "but let us hear definitely from Abwol first. I can't run now, Dad; I can't; don't ask me."

The old man raised and dropped his arms in despair, but was too weak to renew the argument. "He'll be subtle and patient and merciless," he moaned.

So four more days dragged out. Young McLeod was tallying the ivory and rubber stores, stifling brooding remorse in the tireless activity that had already earned him the sobriquet of the Red Ant Massa, when there happened into the compound a sun-baked, tripe-wrinkled, back-doubled Methusela, a very cinder of a man; he gravitated to the Red Ant Massa and screwed his neck until he focussed a pair of pin-point blackest pupils, set cunningly behind antimony-painted lids, on S-o-n's bluest orbs. Young McLeod smiled invitingly on the derelict, and fished around in the dialects, until he connected up in Housa, when he learned that the cinder was an Animal Wizard, hiring himself out to hunters — had been a hunter himself, "Before Allah and the years withered my spear arm."

No better recommendation could he have advanced to S-o-n's affection; the youth attached the old fellow right there, and was glad to kill heavy hours listening to fantastically charming animal lore, wherein beasts had souls, thought human thoughts, used human cunning; so fascinated was young McLeod that he gave the wizard the unheard-of privilege of his own room, which caused the blacks to mutter darkly that the cinder had "ju-jued" — bewitched — the Red Ant Massa. On the second day of the strange companionship the wizard offered, as a rare favor, to guide S-o-n to the watering place of that almost unknown animal, the okapi. Old McLeod's vigilance took alarm; but because the hunt promised relief to S-o-n from his brooding remorse, and because he really had no valid objection — nothing but the dread he ever carried at his heart these days — he gave grudging consent, demanding only that the youth be back by sundown. Still, it was bodingly he saw S-o-n embark with the wizard and a single paddler. S-o-n calling back gaily promised Dad fresh meat. Dad called a caution not to go too far from the station, but would not say more lest in showing what he suffered he take all the good out of S-o-n's so-much-needed recreation.

Stoically he set himself to endure two drawn-out hours of suspense — a fretful sentry-go of the balcony, his eyes ever straining toward the tortuous N'Adana trail as if the Avenger might any moment stalk there. He was still pacing when rosy sundown gave way to chilling shadows, starting alive the fears at his heart. He raked the darkening river with frightened eyes, and drew blank. "S-o-n," he moaned, "ye mak' me suffer." His hands gripped the balcony rail, and he hung there, on the breathing suspense between African day and night, between African disquiet and despair. So the stars came, tiny silver holes in a fading dome; the crickets and bull-frogs took up their nocturne, and still he raked the silent-sliding leaden waters, until the ghosts of fear sent him to S-o-n's room, as a bereft mother wanders to her child's nursery. His eyes clung at once to a small white splotch against the dim square of the mosquito curtains. Something was pinned there, a paper apparently. Fear started questions; what was pinned there? Who pinned it there? Why pinned there? He moved toward it, slowly, peering, dreading. It *was* a piece of paper, pinned with a dagger. His hand went toward it, but deflected to his suffocating heart. Suddenly, with set jaws, steeled nerves, he snatched away paper and dagger and hurried to the hurricane lantern that swung under the chop-room punkah. He saw on the dagger's goathorn handle Abwol's braggart arms, a laughing hyena. His hands balled spasmodically, the nails cutting through the paper into his palms. The paper was a fly-leaf from Gibbon's Rome. In and out its crumpled corrugations ran charcoal lines. He flattened it out on the table, but a face — a nightmare face — came between his eyes and the scrawl — a face, swarthy, savage, cruel, the thin lips bared on hyena fangs, the live-coal eyes aflame with the mad lust of a father's and a savage's revenge. Sweat dewed his forehead, trickled into his eyes, blinding. He raised the paper to the light, but his palsy danced the words into blurred lines. He backed it on the nearest wall, and the words scorched into his soul like flame.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. By Allah, by His Prophet, it is the Law."

HE tottered to the table, falling across it face down, hands gripping the edges, his throat emitting a whine like fine sandpaper drawn over thin-edged glass . . . . He got to his feet, twisting his hands, visualizing the ambush; the falsely-bent, antimony-disguised animal wizard, straightening into Abwol, would knock away S-o-n's gun; hidden savages would rush upon him. Then suddenly he cringed before another face — a gray-haired woman's child-hungry, patient face. Next moment he was racing with groggy legs for the river.

He bawled for the blacks — shrieked into their jowled, brute faces to man the dug-out, but when they had tumbled aboard knew not which way to send, for some cried that the Red Ant had gone up river, others yelled he had gone down and some were certain he had directly crossed. Twisting his hands, he began flinging wild promises to Allah — no, to the God of his youth! If God spared S-o-n to his mither he would invite the missionaries to N'Adana — would be at his own charges for a mission — would drive out merciless Koran with the merciful Gospels; would invite civilization—disciplinary soldiers,

(*Continued on page 122*)

The Lamp That Never Went Out

By Edgar Wallace

"HAVE you seen her?" asked Bones.

He put this question with such labored unconcern that Hamilton put down his pen and glared suspiciously at his partner.

"She's rather a beauty," Bones went on, toying with his ivory paper knife. "She has one of those dinky bonnets, dear old thing, that makes you feel awfully braced with life."

Hamilton gasped. He had seen the beautiful Miss Whitland enter the office half an hour before, but he had not noticed her head-dress.

"Her body's dark blue with teeny red stripes," said Bones dreamily, "and all her fittings are nickel plated —"

"Stop!" commanded Hamilton hollowly. "To what unhappy woman are you referring in this ribald fashion?"

"Woman!" spluttered the indignant Bones. "I'm talking about my car."

"Your car!"

"My car," said Bones in the offhanded way that a sudden millionaire might refer to "my earth."

"You've bought a car?"

Bones nodded.

"It's a jolly good bus," he said. "I thought of running down to Brighton on Sunday."

Hamilton got up and walked slowly across the room with his hands in his pockets.

"You're thinking of running down to Brighton, are you?" he said. "Is it one of those kind of cars where you have to do your own running?"

Bones, with a good-natured smile, also rose from his desk and walked to the window.

"My car," he said, and waved his hand to the street.

BY craning his neck Hamilton was able to get a view of the patch of roadway immediately in front of the main entrance to the building. And undoubtedly there was a car in waiting — a long, resplendent machine that glittered in the morning sunlight.

"What's the pink cushion on the seat?" asked Hamilton.

"That's not a pink cushion, dear old myopic," said Bones calmly, "that's my chauffeur — Ali ben Ahmed."

"Good lor!" said the impressed Hamilton. "You've a nerve to drive into the city with a sky-blue kroo boy."

Bones shrugged his shoulders.

"We attracted a certain amount of attention," he admitted, not without satisfaction.

"Naturally," said Hamilton, going back to his desk. "People thought you were advertising Pill Pelletts for Pale Poultry. When did you buy this infernal machine?"

Bones, at his desk, crossed his legs and put his fingers together.

"Negotiations, dear old Ham, have been in progress for a month," he recited. "I have been taking lessons on the quiet, and to-day — proof!" He took out his pocket-book and threw a paper with a lordly air toward his partner. It fell half way on the floor.

"DON'T trouble to get up," said Hamilton. "It's your motor license. You needn't be able to drive a car to get that."

And then Bones dropped his attitude of insouciance and became a vociferous advertisement for the six-cylinder Carter-Crispley ("the big car that's made like a clock"). He became double pages with illustrations and handbooks and electric signs. He spoke of Carter and of Crispley individually and collectively with enthusiasm, affection and reverence.

"Oh!" said Hamilton when he had finished. "It sounds good."

"Sounds good!" scoffed Bones. "Dear old skeptical one, that car . . ."

And so forth.

All excesses being their own punishment, two days later Bones renewed an undesirable acquaintance. In the early days of Schemes, Ltd., Mr. Augustus Tibbets had purchased a small weekly newspaper called "The Flame." Apart from the losses he incurred during its short career, the experience was made remarkable by the fact that he became acquainted with a Mr. Jelf, a young and immensely self-satisfied man in pince-nez, who habitually spoke uncharitably of bishops, and never referred to members of the government without causing sensitive people to shudder.

The members of the government retaliated by never speaking of Jelf at all, so there was probably some purely private feud between them.

Jelf disapproved of everything. He was twenty-four years of age, and he too had made the acquaintance of the Hindenburg Line. Naturally, Bones thought of Jelf when he purchased "The Flame."

From the first Bones had run "The Flame" with the object of exposing things. He exposed Germans, Swedes and Turks — which was safe. He exposed a furniture dealer who had made him pay twice for an article because a receipt was lost — and that cost money. He exposed a man who had been very rude to him in the city — he would have exposed James Jacobus Jelf, only that individual showed such eagerness to expose his own shortcomings at a guinea a column that Bones had lost interest.

His stock of personal grievances being exhausted, he had gone in for a general line of exposure which embraced members of the aristocracy and the Stock Exchange.

If Bones did not like a man's face he exposed him. He had a column headed, "What I want to know," and signed "Senob," in which such pertinent questions appeared as:

> "When will the naughty old lord who owns a sky-blue motor car and wears pink spats realize that his treatment of his tenants is a disgrace to his ancient lineage?"

This was one of James Jacobus Jelf's contributed efforts. It happened on this particular occasion that there was only one lord in England who owned a sky-blue car and blush rose spats, and it cost Bones £200 to settle his lordship.

Soon after this Bones disposed of the paper and instructed Mr. Jelf not to call again unless he called in an ambulance — an instruction which afterward filled him with apprehension, since he knew that J.J.J. would charge up the ambulance to the office.

THUS matters stood two days after his car had made its public appearance, and Bones sat confronting the busy pages of his garage bill.

On this day he had had his lunch brought into the office, and he was in a maze of calculation when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," he yelled, and as there was no answer walked to the door and opened it.

A young man stood in the doorway — a young man very earnest and very mysterious — none other than James Jacobus Jelf.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Bones unfavorably. "I thought it was somebody important."

Jelf tiptoed into the room and closed the door securely behind him.

"Old man," he said, in tones little above a whisper, "I've got a fortune for you."

"Dear old libeller, leave it with the lift-man," said Bones. "He has a wife and three children."

Mr. Jelf examined his watch.

"I've got to get away at three o'clock, old man," he said.

"Don't let me keep you, old writer," said Bones with insolent indifference.

Jelf smiled.

"I'd rather not say where I'm

going," he volunteered, "it's a scoop, and if it leaked out there would be the devil to pay."

"Oh!" said Bones, who knew Mr. Jelf well. "I thought it was something like that."

"I'd like to tell you, Tibbetts," said Jelf regretfully, "but you know how particular one has to be when one is dealing with matters affecting the integrity of ministers."

"I know, I know," responded Bones, wilfully dense, "especially huffy old vicars, dear old things."

"Oh them!" said Jelf, extending his contempt to the rules which govern the employment of the English language. "I don't worry about those poor funny things — no, I am speaking of a matter — you have heard about G?" he asked suddenly.

"No," said Bones with truth.

Jelf looked astounded.

"What!" he said incredulously. "You in the heart of things and don't know about old G?"

"No, little Mercury, and I don't want to know," said Bones, busying himself with his papers.

"You'll tell me you don't know about L next," he said, bewildered.

"Language!" protested Bones. "You really mustn't use Sunday words, really you mustn't."

Then Jelf unburdened himself. It appeared that G had been engaged to L's daughter, and the engagement had been broken off —

Bones stirred uneasily and looked at his watch.

"Dispense with the jolly old alphabet," he said wearily, "and let us get down to the beastly personalities."

Thereafter Jelf's conversation condensed itself to the limits of a human understanding. "G" stood for Gregory — Felix Gregory. "L" for Lansing, who apparently had no Christian name, nor found such appendage necessary, since he was dead. He had invented a lamp, and that lamp had in some way come into Jelf's possession. He was exploiting the invention on behalf of the inventor's daughter and had named it — he said this with great deliberation and emphasis —"The Tibbetts-Jelf Motor Lamp."

Bones made a disparaging noise, but was interested.

THE "Tibbetts-Jelf Lamp" was something new in motor lamps. It was a lamp which had all the advantages of the old lamp, plus properties which no lamp had ever had before, and it had none of the disadvantages of any lamp previously introduced, and in fact had no disadvantages whatsoever. So Jelf told Bones with great earnestness.

"You know me, Tibbetts," he said. "I never speak about myself, and I'm rather inclined to disparage my own point of view than otherwise."

"I've never noticed that," said Bones.

"You know, anyway," urged Jelf, "that I want to see the bad side of anything I take up."

He explained how he had sat up night after night endeavoring to discover some drawback to the "Tibbetts-Jelf" lamp, and how he had rolled into bed at five in the morning exhausted by the effort.

"If I could only find one flaw," he said. "But the ingenious beggar who invented it has left not a single bad point."

He went on to describe the lamp. With the aid of a lead pencil and a piece of Bones' priceless notepaper he sketched the front elevation and discoursed largely upon rays, especially upon ultra-violet rays.

Apparently this is a disreputable branch of the Ray family; if you could only get an ultra-violet ray as he was sneaking out of the lamp and hit him violently on the back of the head, you would be rendering a service to science and humanity.

THIS lamp was so fixed that the moment Mr. Ultra V. Ray reached the threshold of freedom he was tripped up, pounced upon and beaten until he (naturally enough) changed color!

It was all done by the lens.

Jelf drew a Dutch cheese on the tablecloth to illustrate the point.

"This light never goes out," said Jelf passionately. "If you lit it today it would be alight to-morrow, and the next day, and so on. All the light buoys and lighthouses around England will be fitted with this lamp; it will revolutionize navigation."

According to the exploiter, homeward-bound mariners would gather together on the poop or the hoop or wherever homeward-bound mariners gathered, and would chant a psalm of praise in which the line "Heaven bless the Tibbetts-Jelf lamp" would occur at regular intervals.

And when he had finished his eulogy and lay back exhausted by his own eloquence and Bones asked: "But what does it *do?*" Jelf could have killed him.

Under any other circumstances Bones might have dismissed his visitor with a lecture on the futility of attempting to procure money under false pretenses. But remember that Bones was the proprietor of a new motor car, and thought motor car and dreamed motor car by day and by night. Even as it was, he was framing a conventional expression of regret that he could not interest himself in outside property, when there dawned upon his mind the splendid possibilities of possessing this accessory, and he wavered.

"Anyway," he said, "it will take a year to make."

Mr. Jelf beamed.

"Wrong," he cried triumphantly. "Two of the lamps are just finished and will be ready to-morrow."

Bones hesitated.

"Of course, dear old Jelf," he said, "I should like as an experiment to try them on my car."

"On your car?" Jelf stepped back a pace and looked at the other with very flattering interest and admiration. "Not your car! *Have* you a car?"

Bones said he had a car, and explained it at length. He even waxed as enthusiastic about his machine as had Mr. Jelf on the subject of the lamp that never went out. And Jelf agreed with everything that Bones said. Apparently he was personally acquainted with the Carter-Crispley car. He had, so to speak, grown up with it. He knew its good points and none of its bad points. He thought the man that chose a car like that must have genius beyond the ordinary. Bones agreed. Bones had reached the conclusion that he had been mistaken about Jelf, and that possibly age had sobered him (it was nearly six months since he had perpetrated his last libel). They parted the best of friends. He had agreed to attend a demonstration at the workshop early the following morning, and Jelf, who was working on a 10 per cent. commission basis, and had already drawn a hundred on account from the vendors, was there to meet him.

In truth it was a noble lamp — very much like other motor lamps, except that the bulb was, or apparently was, embedded in solid glass. Its principal virtue lay in the fact that it carried its own accumulator, which had to be charged weekly or the lamp forfeited its title.

Mr. Jelf explained with the adeptness of an expert how the lamp was controlled from the dashboard, and how splendid it was to have a light which was independent of the engine of the car or of faulty accumulators, and Bones agreed to try the lamp for a week. He did more than this; he half promised to float a company for its manufacture, and gave Mr. Jelf £50 on account of possible royalties and commission, whereupon Mr. Jelf faded from the picture and from that moment ceased to take the slightest interest in a valuable article which should have been more valuable by reason of the fact that it bore his name.

THREE days later Hamilton, walking to business, was overtaken by a beautiful blue Carter-Crispley, ornamented, it seemed from a distance, by two immense bosses of burnished silver. On closer examination they proved to be nothing more remarkable than examples of the Jelf-Tibbetts lamp.

"Yes," said Bones airily, "that's the lamp, dear old thing. Invented in leisure hours by self and Jelf — step in and I'll explain."

"Where do I step in?" asked Hamilton, wilfully dense, "into the car or into the lamp?"

Bones patiently smiled and waved him with a gesture to a seat by his side. His explanation was disjointed and scarcely informative; for Bones had yet to learn the finesse of driving, and he had a trick of thinking aloud.

"This lamp, old thing," he said, "never goes out — you silly old josser, why did you step in front of me? Goodness gracious! I nearly cut short your naughty old life —" (this to one

unhappy pedestrian whom Bones had unexpectedly met on the wrong side of the road)—"never goes out, dear old thing. It's out now, I admit, but it's not in working order—Gosh! that was a narrow escape. Nobody but a skilled driver, old Hamilton, could have missed that lamp-post—it is going to create a sensation; there's nothing like it on the market—Whoop!"

He brought the car to a standstill with a jerk, and within half an inch of a city policeman who was directing the traffic with his back turned to Bones, blissfully unconscious of the doom which almost overcame him.

"I like driving with you, Bones," said Hamilton when they reached the office and he had recovered something of his self-possession. "Next to stalking Bushmen in the wild, wild woods, I know of nothing more soothing to the nerves."

"Thank you," said Bones gratefully. "I'm not a bad driver, am I?"

"Bad is not the word I should use alone," said Hamilton pointedly.

In view of the comments which followed he was surprised and pained to receive on the following day an invitation couched in such terms as left him a little breathless to spend the Sunday exploiting the beauties of rural England.

"Now, I won't take a no," said Bones, wagging his bony forefinger. "We'll start at eleven o'clock, dear old Ham, and we'll lunch at what-you-may-call-it, dash along the thingummy road, and heigho! for the beautiful sea breezes."

"Thanks," said Hamilton curtly. "You may dash anywhere you like, but I'm dashed if I dash with you. I have too high a regard for my life."

"Naughty, naughty," said Bones. "I've a good mind not to tell you what I was going to say. Let me tell you the rest. Now, suppose," he said mysteriously, "that there's a certain lady—a jolly old girl named Vera—ha-ha!"

Hamilton went red.

"Now listen, Bones," he said. "We'll not discuss any other person than ourselves."

"What do you say to a day in the country? Suppose you asked Miss Vera—"

"MISS VERA SACKWELL," replied Hamilton a little haughtily, "if she is the lady you mean, is certainly a friend of mine, but I have no control over her movements. And let me tell you, Bones, that you annoy me when——"

"Hoity, toity!" said Bones. "Heaven bless my heart and soul! Can't you trust your old Bones? Why practice this deception, old thing? I suppose," he went on reflectively, ignoring the approaching apoplexy of his partner, "I suppose I'm one of the most confided in persons in London. A gay old father confessor, Ham, lad. Everybody tells me their troubles—why, the lift-girl told me this morning that she'd had measles twice! Now out with it, Ham."

If Hamilton had any tender feeling for Miss Vera Sackwell he was not disposed to unburden himself at that moment. In some mysterious fashion Bones, for the first time in his life, had succeeded in reducing him to incoherence.

"You're an ass, Bones," he said angrily and hotly. "You're not only an ass, but an indelicate ass. Just oblige me by shutting up."

Bones closed his eyes, smiled, and put out his hand.

"Whatever doubts I had, dear old Ham," he murmured, "are dispelled. Congratulations!"

THAT night Hamilton dined with a fair lady. She was fair literally and figuratively; and as he addressed her as Vera, it was probably her name. In the course of the dinner he mentioned Bones and his suggestion. He did not tell all that Bones had said.

The suggestion of a day's motoring was not received unfavorably.

"But he can't drive," wailed Hamilton. "He's only just learnt."

"I want to meet Bones," said the girl, "and I think it a most excellent opportunity."

"But, my dear—suppose the beggar upsets us in a ditch? I really can't risk your life."

"Tell Bones that I accept," she said decisively, and that ended the matter.

The next morning Hamilton broke the news.

"Miss Sackwell thanks you for your invitation, Bones."

"And accepts, of course?" said Bones complacently. "Jolly old Vera."

"And I say, old man," said Hamilton severely. "Will you be kind enough to remember not to call this lady Vera until she asks you to?"

"Don't be peevish, old boy; don't be jealous, dear old thing. Brother officer and all that. Believe me, you can trust your old Bones."

"I'd rather trust the lady's good taste," said Hamilton with some acerbity, "but won't it be a bit lonely for you, Bones?"

"But what do you mean, my Othello?"

"I mean three is a pretty rotten sort of party," said Hamilton. "Couldn't you dig up somebody to go along and make the fourth?"

Bones coughed and was immensely embarrassed.

"Well, dear old athlete," he said, unnecessarily loudly, "I was thinking of asking my—er—"

"Your—er—what? I gather it's an er," said Hamilton seriously, "but which er?"

"My old typewriter, frivolous one," said Bones truculently. "Any objection?"

"Of course not," said Hamilton calmly. "Miss Whitland is a most charming girl, and Vera will be delighted to meet her."

Bones choked his gratitude and wrung the other's hand for fully two minutes.

He spent the rest of the week in displaying to Hamilton the frank ambitions of his mind toward Miss Marguerite Whitland. Whenever he had nothing to do—which seemed most of the day—he strolled across to Hamilton's desk and discoursed upon the proper respect which all right-thinking young officers have for old typewriters. By the end of the week Hamilton had the confused impression that the very pretty girl who ministered to the literary needs of his partner combined the qualities of a maiden aunt with the virtues of a grandmother, and that Bones experienced no other emotion than one of reverential wonder, tinctured with complete indifference.

On the sixty-fourth lecture Hamilton struck.

"Of course, dear old thing," Bones was saying, "to a jolly old brigand like you who dashes madly down from his mountain lair and takes the first engaging young person who meets his eye—"

Hamilton protested vigorously, but Bones silenced him with a lordly gesture.

"I say, to a jolly old rascal like you it may seem—what is the word?"

"'Inexplicable' I suppose is the word you are after," said Hamilton.

"That's the fellow; you took it out of my mouth," said Bones. "It sounds inexplicable that I can be interested in a platonic, fatherly kind of way in the future of a lovely old typewriter."

"It's not inexplicable at all," said Hamilton bluntly. "You're in love with the girl."

"Good gracious heavens!" gasped Bones, horrified. "Ham, my dear old boy, Dicky Orum, Dicky Orum, old thing."

Sunday morning brought together four solemn people, two of whom were men, who felt extremely awkward and showed it, and two of whom behaved as though they had known one another all their lives.

BONES, who stood alternately on his various legs, was frankly astounded that the meeting had passed off without any sensational happening. It was an astonishment shared by thousands of men in similar circumstances. A word of admiration for the car from Vera melted him to a condition of hysterical gratitude.

"It's not a bad old bus, dear old—Miss Vera," he said, and tut-tutted audibly under his breath at his error. "Not a bad old bus at all, dear old—young friend. Now I'll show you the gem of the collection."

"They are big, aren't they?" said Vera, properly impressed by the lamps.

"They never go out," said Bones solemnly. "I assure you I'm looking forward to the return journey with the greatest eagerness—I mean to say, of course, that I'm looking forward to the other journey—I don't mean to say I want the day to finish and all that sort of rot. In fact, dear old Miss Vera, I think we'd better be starting."

He cranked up and climbed into the driver's seat and beckoned Marguerite to seat herself by his side. He might have done this without explanation, but Bones never did things without explanation, and he turned back and glared at Hamilton.

"You'd like to be alone, dear old thing, wouldn't you?" he said gruffly. "Don't worry about me, dear old lad. A lot of people say you can see things reflected in the glass screen, but I'm so absorbed in my driving — "

"Get on with it," snarled Hamilton.

It was, nevertheless, a perfect day, and Bones, to everybody's surprise, his own included, drove perfectly. It had been his secret intention to drive to Brighton, but nobody suspected this plan, or cared very much what his intentions had been, and the car was running smoothly across Salisbury Plain.

When they stopped for afternoon tea, Hamilton did remark that he thought Bones had said something about Brighton, but Bones just smiled. They left Andover that night in the dusk; but long before the light had faded, the light which was sponsored by Mr. Jelf blazed whitely in the lamp that never went out. And when the dark came, Bones purred with joy, for this light was a wonderful light. It flooded the road ahead with golden radiance, and illuminated the countryside, so that distant observers speculated upon its origin.

"Well, old thing," said Bones over his shoulder, "what do you think of the lamps?"

"Simply wonderful, Bones," agreed Hamilton. "I've never seen anything so miraculous. I can even see that you're driving with one hand."

Bones brought the other hand up quickly to the wheel and coughed. As for Miss Marguerite Whitland, she laughed softly, but nobody heard her.

They were rushing along a country road tree-shaded and high-hedged, and Bones was singing a little song — when the light went out.

It went out with such extraordinary unexpectedness, without so much as a warning flicker, that he was temporarily blinded, and brought the car to a standstill.

"What's up, Bones?" asked Hamilton.

"The light, dear old thing," said Bones. "I think the jolly old typewriter must have touched the key with her knee."

"Indeed," said Hamilton politely, and Bones, remembering that the key was well over on his side of the car, coughed, this time fiercely.

He switched the key from left to right, but nothing happened.

"Most extraordinary!" said Bones.

"Most," said Hamilton.

There was a pause.

"I think the road branches off a little way up. I'll get down and see which is the right road to take," said Bones with sudden cheerfulness. "I remember seeing the old signpost before the — er — lamp went out. Perhaps, Miss Marguerite, you'd like to go for a little walk."

Miss Marguerite Whitland said she thought she would, and they went off together to investigate, leaving Hamilton to speculate upon the likelihood of their getting home that night.

Bones walked ahead with Marguerite, and instinctively their hands sought and found one another. They discovered the cross-roads, but Bones did not trouble to light his match. His heart was beating with extraordinary violence; his lips were dry; he found much difficulty in speaking at all.

"MISS MARGUERITE," he said huskily, "don't think I'm an awful outsider and a perfect rotter, dear old typewriter."

"Of course I don't," she said a little faintly, for Bones' arm was about her.

"Don't think," said Bones, his voice trembling, "that I am a naughty old philanderer, but somehow, dear old miss, being alone with you, and all that sort of stuff —"

And he bent and kissed her, and at that moment the light that never went out came on again, with extraordinary fierceness, as though to make up for its temporary absence without leave.

And these two young people were focused as in a limelight, and were not only visible from the car, but visible for miles around.

"Dear me!" said Bones.

The girl said nothing. She shaded her eyes from the light as she walked back. As for Bones, he climbed into the driver's seat with the deliberation of an old gentleman selecting a penny chair in the park, and said, without turning his head:

"It's the road to the left."

"I'm glad," said Hamilton, and made no comment even when Bones took the road to the right.

They had gone a quarter of a mile along this highway when the lamp went out. It went out with as unexpected and startling suddenness as before. Bones jingled the key, then turned.

"You wouldn't like to get out, dear old Ham, and have a look round, would you?"

"No, Bones," said Hamilton drily. "We're quite comfortable."

"*You* wouldn't like to get down, my jolly old typewriter?"

"No, thank you," said Miss Marguerite Whitland with decision.

"Oh!" said Bones. "Then, under the circumstances, dear old person, we'd all better sit here until — "

At that moment the light came on. It flooded the white road, and the white road was an excellent windscreen against which the bending head of Bones was thrown into sharp relief.

The car moved on. At regular intervals the light that never went out forsook its home-loving habits and took a constitutional. The occupants of the car came to regard its eccentricities with philosophy, even though it began to rain and there was no hood.

On the outskirts of Guildford, Bones was pulled up by a policeman, who took his name because the lights were too bright. On the other side of Guildford he was pulled up by another policeman because he had no light at all. Passing through Kingston, the lamp began to flicker, sending forth brilliant dots and dashes, which continued until they were on Putney Common, where the lamp's message was answered from a camp of Boy Scouts — one signalman of the troop being dragged from his bed for the purpose, the innocent child standing in his shirt at the call of duty.

"A delightful day," said Hamilton at parting that night. (It was nearly twelve o'clock.) "I'm sorry you've had so much trouble with that lamp, Bones. What did you call it?"

"I say, old fellow," said Bones, ignoring the question, "I hope when you saw me picking a spider off dear old Miss Marguerite's shoulder you didn't — er — think anything?"

"The only thing I thought was," said Hamilton, "that I didn't see the spider."

"Don't stickle, dear old partner," said Bones testily. "It may have been an earwig. Now, as a man of the world, dear old blasé one, do you think I'd compromise an innocent typewriter? Do you think I ought to —" He paused, but his voice was eager.

"That," said Hamilton, "is purely a question for the lady. Now, what are you going to do with this lamp — are you going to float it?"

Bones scowled at the glaring headlight.

"That depends whether the naughty old things float, Ham," he said venomously. "If you think they will, my old eye-witness, how about tyin' a couple of brick round 'em before I chuck 'em in? What?"

McClure's for May returns to two-column style

Coal—The Roosevelt Way Out

By John J. Leary, Jr.

AT irregular intervals covering more years than most of us can (or care to) remember, the American people have had to meet the consequences and costs of great disturbances in the coal industry. Sometimes these disturbances have not gone beyond the strike threat stage. Sometimes they have been confined to one great field or branch of the industry. Again, as in the situation existing as I write, a general strike in hard and soft coal fields threatens, menacing the heartily desired revival of industry, and, even in the preliminary stages, slowing up business in some lines and seriously affecting the economic life of important areas.

At all times, whatever the condition obtaining elsewhere, a state of civil war exists in the non-union fields of West Virginia and the adjoining counties of Kentucky. For most of each year, sometimes for two or three years, the outside world hears nothing from these fields. Then a flare-up, the killing of many men, an armed march of thousands, intervention of Federal troops, first page head lines for a while, an inquiry of one kind or another.

Then comes quiet, the quiet of armed truce. It is the quiet of Aetna or Stromboli. And as the scientist watches Aetna and Stromboli for signs of eruption, so the experts in labor matters and those stormy petrels of journalism who specialize on industrial strife, watch West Virginia. The only difference is that they can foretell with greater degree of accuracy when the truce is to be broken than the experts with their seismographs when the volcanoes will erupt.

IT is, however, only when, as in 1902 when the North Atlantic Seaboard faced freezing because of the long-drawn-out battle of the anthracite mines under John Mitchell, and in the winter of 1919 when six weeks were necessary to teach the legalistic minded that one cannot dig coal with court mandates, and at this moment when the industry and the country are threatened with another giant convulsion, that the general public or public officials give the subject of coal more than passing thought. It's merely coal; like the poor it is always with us, and like the poor, it does not especially matter until and unless it becomes immediately bothersome.

Even now (February), though a general strike on April 1st has been threatening a full year, though the anthracite miners for the first time in twenty years have declared for a general cessation of work, and their brethren of the more important soft coal fields are certain to do likewise in the course of the next few weeks, official Washington has neither program nor plans for handling the situation when it develops.

"There is," Secretary Hoover declared when the subject was put up to him, "no machinery for the purpose. We can only wait on developments."

President Harding, it is true, has given much thought to the situation. He has sought to find means of keeping the industrial peace. He is, it should also be said, inclined to be optimistic. But he has no plan. He hopes for the best.

THE attitude of official Washington reflects, as in a looking glass, the general attitude of the man in the street. In a general sort of way, he knows that the situation is bad. But there have been situations as bad before and we have, some way or other, muddled through. Therefore, he concludes that in some way or other, "we will muddle through now."

The most hopeful hope that Congress by setting up an industrial code may prevent a strike. This hope is vague and ambiguous. Its nearest approach to tangible form is the report of Senator Kenyon of Iowa, as a member of the Committee on Education and Labor, recommending that such a code be established. Kenyon, for ten or more years, has at one time or another investigated West Virginia and other labor troubles. His report is nothing more than the gesture of a weary man who sees in the possibility of anti-strike legislation something that may bring relief.

The difficulty with this theory, however, is that it mistakes the symptom for the disease, and ignores the basic facts underlying all controversies in the industry, this though the surface facts indicate greater economic waste than in any other American industry. This waste more than all else is the cause of the troubles in the industry.

Roughly, these surface facts show: A developed nominal capacity of 800,000,000 tons, with the men and machinery to produce that amount; a normal annual consumption not to exceed 500,000,000 tons; months of idleness or near idleness each year followed by perennial threats of freezing to the northwest or idleness in the mills of New England and months of feverish activity; enormous losses in overhead on idle equipment and other investments; losses immeasurable to miners and their dependents because of irregular employment and consequent inadequate earnings; interference with other industries by the excessive demands for transportation during the period of intensive buying; and heavy losses to the railroads at other periods through idleness of and deterioration in special equipment.

To this should also be added the millions spent each year in efforts to unionize southern fields, the counter efforts of the operators, and the wasteful system of private armies and espionage systems.

Under this surface, however, no one ever goes very far. He who would soon meets with discouragement, for the hardest thing to find, short of lost health, is dependable data on the coal industry. By that I do not mean statistics as to output, coal content or price of proven acreage, selling prices or labor rates. These are to be found in volume sufficient to appease the appetite of the most voracious. But when it comes to the question of actual costs of mining and actual waste being paid for by the miners, operators and consumers of to-day and to be paid for by the consumers of to-morrow, the searcher for facts is lost.

This is as true of men eminent in the industry as it is of mere students of industry like myself. They do not know, and, sometimes as in the case of one big Illinois producer, a whole-hearted fellow whose very life is coal, they frankly say so.

"NO man," this operator told me in the course of a chat in a Chicago hotel, "no man knows very much more about the coal business than current prices, labor and freight costs, and the going price for coal-bearing lands. The truth is that the coal business is like Topsy — it just growed.

"Nobody planned it, nobody has organized it, nobody has coordinated it. It's every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, save in exceptional times, when there's more than enough to go around.

"Then some fools go to work and open up new fields or extend the operations in old ones, and in a short time nobody is making any money.

"Through it all runs a terrific waste of coal. In some fields but 40 per cent. of the mineral is brought to the surface. Talk about conserving our forests — the forests will grow again if we give them time, but coal once gone can never be replaced.

"We are, frankly, throwing away what our children and those who follow them will need.

"What will we do about it? God knows, I don't. I don't know any one who does. A thorough survey of the industry might help if you could get it. But you can't get it. Nobody wants it."

A retired banker, a man whose name would be instantly recognized by practically every reader of these words, spoke not long since on almost similar lines at a dinner in the Metropolitan Club in Washington whither I had gone, at his request, to discuss the West Virginia situation as it then stood.

"Several of us," said he, "went into coal several years ago. We put in something like $10,000,000. After nearly twenty years we got our money back, new dollars for old ones. We should have made money, but the business is too uncertain even in fields where labor is cheap. It lacks stability, and no one seems to know how to stabilize it."

At the time this man spoke, the world outside of the United States was coal hungry and clamoring for coal, more coal. At docks on Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts, and in this harbor or that, hundreds of American-owned cargo ships lay slowly rusting. Our mines at the time were operating at perhaps 50 per cent. of capacity.

These facts were mentioned. Then I asked: "What is the way out?"

"I do not know, and therefore will not attempt to say," he replied. "But thinking aloud as it were, it seems to me that our boasted efficiency ought to find the way."

Before these talks and since, Senator Edge of New Jersey clamored in Congress for regulation of the industry, a clamor in which such labor leaders as John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, has joined. Mr. Edge, of course, speaks for the consumers of New Jersey, a manufacturing State, who, naturally, want cheap coal and lots of it.

Mr. Lewis speaks for the men who actually mine coal and who, as naturally, want good wages and steady, and who, more directly and to an extent far beyond their share, have to stand the burdens of waste, for if the general public suffers in excessive prices for fuel, they suffer in small annual earnings. A minimum rate of $4.20 a day for common labor may seem good, but when there are less than 200 working days in the best of years, the margin of earnings above living costs cannot be great.

NEITHER side, nor both, has made any progress, thanks to the herd instinct among the operators and their ability to block legislation, and with the aid of skilful lawyers and lobbyists head off action looking toward interference with things as they are. Things may be bad, but, as the Irish saw has it, to the operators, "the devil they know is better than the devil they don't know." Hence their opposition.

Blocking these calls for Federal action, they have nothing to offer as a substitute on the existing conditions in the trade except lowering wages. Mention general adoption of improved methods of mining, of a general and complete survey of the industry, or at least a study of the possibility of stabilizing demands and lowering prices by adopting or devising adequate systems of storage, and a mighty chorus of "it can't be done" arises.

Therein is one of the curses of the industry, the "can't-be-doners," spiritual brethren of the colored evangelist who sings:

"It was good for our mother,
It was good for our father,
It was good for Saul and Jonas
And it's good enough for me."

This is not to deny that these men may be right. They may be. But when as one man, they rise up and say, for example, that coal cannot be dug and stored in anticipation of orders, the man who sees big stacks scattered about the country wonders how it is that in the hands of consumers compelled by circumstances to store coal, storage seems to work well.

"BUT," says the operator, "it can't be done. Coal won't stand storage and then there's the expense of rehandling!"

"Cannot that extra cost be absorbed by sliding rates for moving coal so as to force movement at the time when the traffic is light and transportation costs comparatively light?" you ask.

"It isn't done," says the operator, who proceeds to demonstrate that not only it is not done, but that the system which makes impossible the operating of most mines unless freight cars owned by the railroads are under the tipple is the only system.

This system, or rather this part of the system, is responsible for much of the scandal and graft, honest and otherwise, that mark the industry. To limited extent the situation in this respect has been helped by regulations governing the distribution of empty cars, only, however, to aggravate matters in another way. When equal distribution of cars is enforced, they are where there is a shortage, which is to say where there is any business, distributed on the basis of mine capacity. The larger the mine, the larger the number of cars. Therefore, if the operator hopes to ship 50,000 tons a week, he must have men and machinery enough to turn out perhaps double that amount. Hence, a three or four-day week at that property. Reduce the force to give a six-day week to all, and the car supply is reduced in proportion.

This, I must confess, seems very much as though the Washington lumberman could not (or would not) operate his mill unless there was a railroad car under the tail of his saw, or the manager of the great electrical works in Lynn declared themselves unable to manufacture unless and until there was a constant flow of empty cars on the plant sidings. In either instance, the cost of production and selling prices would rise, and the earnings of the workers be irregular and low, causing, and rightly so, a demand for reforms.

These reforms could not come, however, until a complete and careful diagnosis of the diseases affecting the industries was made.

This, of course, suggests the universal American remedy for everything—a Congressional inquiry that starts off briskly, soon fetches up lame, and usually gets nowhere. In my time there have been several of these in the coal industry. Of them, I can recall but one that even remotely can be credited with accomplishing much. That was the investigation by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor into the Paint and Cabin creeks troubles of ten years ago. Those troubles were settled while the Committee had the matter before it, but it would be unfair not to say that its labors had not contributed to that end.

Such inquiries fail to produce tangible results, because, primarily, legislators are not technically fitted for the work, and have too many other duties to perform. Occasionally, to be sure, a Lockwood, or a Lexow Committee in New York or a Tewksbury Committee in Massachusetts may and do get real results, but these are due to the accident of an Untermyer, a Goff, or a Butler as counsel to the committee and situations almost if not perfectly obvious, with all the facts upon or near the surface.

In the coal industry this is not the case. The facts are involved, and ofttimes obscured and clouded by technicalities puzzling to the average layman. It is made additionally difficult by the opposition of the men and interests in the industry to "any outside interference." Nor does the certainty of politics in one form or another intervening to protect this interest or the other tend to decrease the difficulties any committee or commission of laymen would encounter.

THIS brings me to what seems to the more thoughtful with whom I have talked to be the only way in which we can obtain a real understanding of the coal industry, its evils and abuses, its needs and its possibilities — the appointment of a semi-technical commission on the lines of a British royal commission, with power to send for persons and papers.

Such a commission would be made up of engineers skilled in mining, an accountant versed in the mysteries of corporation bookkeeping, a banker, one or more practical miners and operators, perhaps a railroad man, representatives of the manufacturing interests and of labor, and one man of recognized standing, not identified with coal mining, manufacturing, labor or railroading to represent the general public.

The necessity for engineers on such a commission is obvious, for the problems it would have to attack would be largely engineering problems; in the larger sense, the problem of coal is a vast engineering problem. Obvious, also, is the need of practical operators and miners. Not so obvious is the reason for including a representative of railroads, a broad gauge

man of, say, Howard Elliott's capacity.

A high grade transportation man should be included, first, because the railroads use more coal than any other industry; and, second, the excessive costs of coal to the consumer are largely due to faulty methods of distribution under which coals produced a few hundred miles from tidewater are shipped through coal producing states to western points, while western coals are shipped to the more easterly and southern markets that might naturally be expected to draw from fields nearer home, this involving very heavy mileage that must appear to be unnecessary and which could be avoided —perhaps by a zoning system.

Likewise it seems possible that by a sliding scale of freight rates, which would make it to the advantage of the consumer to buy early in the year, the peak that now develops each year would be avoided.

This would, of course, involve some question of financing purchases made earlier than is now the custom. Coal men tell me that in the northwest, where coal has to be stored in great quantities, the means for carrying the financial load has been worked out satisfactorily. That would be work for a banker and the best man for the task would be a representative of the Federal reserve bank.

An expert accountant would be necessary not only to analyze corporate and firm statements, but labor cost sheets of mining companies. These labor cost sheets are, as a rule, beautiful things to behold, but, in my experience, likely to be somewhat deceptive to the casual or unskilled examiner. I am not an expert accountant, though I know something of analyzing tabular reports, yet again and again I have had them fall apart, so to speak, the moment a pencil was laid upon them.

Once, indeed, I told an accountant his tables were not complete or all inclusive.

"Why not?" he naively replied. "You see, we were expecting an investigating committee down here and we had to make up some exhibits for it."

MANUFACTURING should be represented on such a board as obviously the public must, not by politicians but by men of the stamp of Col. Arthur Woods or Bernard M. Baruch, and labor, other than mining, by such a man as Hugh Frayne, who, it will be recalled, sat with Mr. Baruch on the War Industries Board.

Such a commission would, of necessity, have to be well salaried—unpaid commissions are seldom worth more than they cost—have instructions to report to Congress within a definite period, have a roving commission to go anywhere, and power to punish recalcitrant witnesses for contempt equivalent to that possessed by United States courts of first instance.

Before it neither witness nor interests should be allowed counsel to block its purpose or cloud the record and all hearings and records should be public, while as a relief to witnesses who otherwise might claim constitutional right as an exemption from testifying, the commission should have the right to grant immunity for criminal offences up to and including murder, for if I mistake not, a lot of red other than ink would appear on the record of any thorough inquiry.

With these powers, the commission should have no great difficulty in getting at basic facts. It could, for example, determine how it is that whereas, in the olden days, operations of individuals and small firms in the anthracite field made millionaires, the large combinations now mining anthracite frequently report meager earnings though the public pays three to four times what it used to pay for its kitchen fire.

IT might determine who got the difference between the $1.75 John L. Lewis recently told a convention was paid at the mine mouth for a ton of coal sold for $14.75 in Philadelphia and why he or they got it.

It might determine to what extent interlocking directorates, sales and supply companies contribute to the admittedly excessive cost of coal.

It might determine to what extent favors in the form of empty cars to operators are repaid by coal for railroads at less than the mere labor cost of digging it, figure in the costs to the general public and industry and why.

It might determine to what extent selection of the right banker by an operator depends his supply of empty cars, and what above the going rates for money such bankers charge and collect.

It might determine what is a fair royalty to owners of coal lands, and why one charitable institution holding thousands of acres of the best coal lands that cost the philanthropist whose name it bears but a few cents an acre, can now collect as high as $2.50 a ton on each of the tens of thousands of tons each of its acres of coal lands contains?

It might determine why it is now costing the United States Navy more to haul coal to tidewater from West Virginia mines a few hundred miles inland than the coal costs at the mine mouth.

It might determine why for months in each year the industry should languish, while nearly every year sees a threat to the northwest or New England of a coal famine.

It might determine whether or not a system of coal storage cannot be developed that will permit of steadier production and lower costs, and if none can be devised, why not?

It might determine how it is that in West Virginia where conditions of the direst poverty and want, not to mention deprival of basic rights of citizenship, prevail it is possible, as reported by Wall Street agencies, for a company to earn $20 or more in a single year on each of its $1 shares of capital stock.

It might determine the actual relationship between the politicians of that state and the mining interests by which the latter are given a free hand to do as they please.

It might determine on what a certain West Virginia official, a lawyer by profession, bases his declaration that "the Constitution of the United States does not apply to West Virginia, save that amendment which requires that its laws shall bear equally on all."

It might determine to what extent, if any, the charges of murder and criminal conspiracy on the part of union officials have basis in fact.

It might determine to what extent the influence of operators with surplus stocks of spot coal contributed to cause the strike of 1919 and to the troubles of 1922.

It might determine to what extent, if any, operators in union fields having properties in non-union territory have combined to force a strike in 1922, thereby securing an advantage over competitors not so situated.

It might determine the amount of money collected by various operators' associations as a tonnage tax, passed on to the consumer, and the uses to which money so collected are put.

It might determine to what extent, if any, charges that the heads of the United Mine Workers countenance contract breaking are true.

It might determine the approximate waste in the industry and its direct cost to the public.

It might determine ways and means of restricting waste by the development of more scientific methods of mining or provide data on which laws compel the use of known methods.

IT might determine to what extent, if any, eminent philanthropists of Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York share in alleged unholy profits wrung from miner and consumer.

It might determine if and how foreign markets can be developed for our surplus capacity, thereby providing steadier work for our miners, cargoes for our idle ships and cheaper coal for domestic use.

It might determine the volume of union receipts and the actual disposition thereof, including payments, if any, to gunmen.

It might determine to what extent, if any, the unions are infected with graft and to what extent, if any, there is dishonest collusion between operators and union officials.

These are but a few of the things such a commission would naturally interest itself in. Others to be developed in the progress of the inquiry should and would expose the workings of the industry even as the steam shovel exposes the vein near the surface. Once the wastes and the weaknesses are exposed, it should not be an impossible or even extremely difficult program for reforming the industry on a rational and far-seeing basis.

(*Continued on page 123*)

The Compleat Bolshevist

By J. F. McClure

THE insect isn't built like a man. It wears its bones on the outside. Lacking a nose, it smells with its antennæ. It breathes with almost any part of its body except its mouth. And it has a bewildering variety of visual organs. Some grown species and many larvæ are sightless, but the whole head is sensitive to light rays. Some have simple eyes, like the rest of us, some have rudimentary, and many have compound eyes; while there are ambitious types that possess both kinds. Some have eyes in the back of their heads as well as in the front. And some wear them on long, flexible rods, which enables them to see around the corner. They can literally cast their eye on you.

It carries the tools of its trade about with it on its person. It never willingly parts with them. It goes to bed with them on. Flying, walking or sleeping it is an arsenal of tools and weapons. If the wasp is awakened in the middle of the night his pistol will be found in the hip pocket of his pajamas, loaded and on a hair trigger.

If the insect finds its business calls for an implement it hasn't got, it proceeds to grow it. Thus bees have a fine-tooth rake on the hind legs for gathering the pollen with which they make bee bread. Butterflies have probosces to reach down to the nectar at the base of the flowers, each species having one just long enough to fit the flower it frequents. There is one South American bootlegger that sucks its nectar through a straw nearly a foot in length. This unwieldy instrument is worn tightly coiled up, like a watch spring, when not in use. The tarantula hawk of Corsica has a flat head, on which it has grown itself a sort of fireman's helmet, which it uses as a lever for prying up the cover of the pit of the big spider that it hunts. Each of the tribes of these tiny people grows its tools according to its needs.

THE insect is in striking contrast to the other forms of life we come in contact with. "It doesn't belong to our world," says Georges Maeterlinck in an article on the great entomologist, Jules Fabre. "The other animals, and even the plants, despite their mute existence and the profound secrets they keep hidden, do not seem total strangers to us. In spite of all we feel a certain terrestrial fraternity with them. They astonish, often amaze, but never completely upset our conceptions. But the insect brings with it something that does not seem to belong to the habits, the morals, the psychology of our globe. One is tempted to say that it comes from another planet, more monstrous, more energetic, more insensate, more atrocious, more infernal than ours. In vain it seizes life with an authority, a fecundity which nothing here below equals. We cannot accustom ourselves to the idea that it is one of the thoughts of this nature of which we flatter ourselves to be the privileged children. . . . In this astonishment and this incomprehension there is a certain instinctive and profound disquietude, which is inspired in us by these existences incomparably better armed and equipped than we, these personifications of compressed energy and activity in which our prophetic instinct divines our most mysterious adversaries, our rivals of the last hours, and perhaps our successors."

Its ruthlessness, its purely utilitarian ethical standards, certainly appear to us reprehensible, deplorable. What shall we say, for instance, of the Mantis, which responds by cannibalism to the embraces of the male?

But if the insect is wholly depraved morally, and resembles physically an armored tank rather than a human being, it is startlingly human in some of its ways. It practices all the forms of social organization that man has tried, and at least one other that the Marxists would like to see him try, and that Lenin would compel him to adopt.

There are the solitary species, each unit of which lives as self-contained a life as the family of the frontiersman buried in the depths of the forest, a hundred miles from the doctor and the grocer. There are individualists with a neighborly instinct, which live in villages, and in some cases in cities of thousands and thousands of inhabitants.

There are parasites which sponge on others, never doing an honest day's work in their lives.

There are cooperative societies, all the members of which have apartments in the same house, with a porter or policeman at the front door downstairs who hustles intruders off the premises, but steps deferentially aside into a little vestibule to permit the proprietors to pass in and out. There are the semi-socialist sects, in which the daughters give the mothers a helping hand with the housework while growing up. But once they have reached the marriageable age, they set up for themselves, just as do the daughters of men. If the mother chooses to go on having more broods she will have to depend for help on those of her children which are still minors. There are no laws against child labor in Insectville.

And finally and lastly, there are the simon-pure, guaranteed original and only genuine communists. The honey bee is perhaps as good a representative as any of this form of social fabric. She is an awful example of the effects of bolshevism. Everybody works in her house. She is 100 per cent efficient — and she is also 100 per cent tyrant.

We are told there is no tyranny like that of the majority. There is a worse—the tyranny of the unanimity. In beedom the individual is wholly subordinated to the state. Every question is decided from the point of view of the commonwealth, regardless of the effect on the units thereof.

FOR example, the hapless males are summarily executed as soon as the purpose for which they have been allowed to exist — the fertilization of the queen — has been accomplished. Useless mouths are not tolerated; they are a detriment to the state and must be mercilessly suppressed.

And if the queen — who is no queen at all, but only a very extensive mother — is reared in a cell three times larger than the others, and is fed on royal jelly instead of ordinary bee bread, it is solely that she may grow big and strong, thus insuring the maximum output of eggs from which vigorous, viable stock shall hatch. If the young queens are permitted to fight to the death amongst themselves, it is on the principle of the survival of the fittest. If the queen mother is not allowed to join in the sanguinary combat, nor attack the victor, it is that the perpetuation of the royal line, and hence of the race, may be assured. Even her royal tantrums are made to serve the same end. When she is prevented from destroying her young rival and abandons the hive in a jealous rage, a portion of the community goes with her, and thus a new colony is founded and an increase of population provided for.

The queen doesn't govern. The workers, the proletariat, run the whole show; and they rule it with a rod of iron. If they are severe to their progenitors, they are merciless to themselves. Duty to the state, spelled with a capital D, is the beginning and end of their political creed. To begin with, they are scien-

tificially underfed in the larval stage in order that they may not develop into queens — every worker is a potential queen; it is merely a matter of feeding. If bolshevism were to become permanent in Russia, if Lenin and Lunacharsky could have their way, the Russian proletariat would receive only the intellectual training that would fit them to do the work required of them by the state. Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to obey. Even the intelligentsia may not have opinions of its own. There are to-day in Russia eminent scientists who are starving on soup and gruel because they will not openly indorse the unsound dogmas of the bolshevist dictators. Freedom of thought is destructive of the unanimity that is absolutely essential to the success of bolshevism. This freedom of thought is the breath of life, the safety valve of democracy, in which the majority rules. Democracy can safely change its mind if it sees it has made a mistake; it can profit by its errors; it can live and learn. Not so bolshevism, which is founded on a hard and fast theory that must be rigidly adhered to or the entire social fabric is shattered. In communism the individual may not think for himself; he must work only for the state and think only as it prescribes.

The worker bees tyrannize over themselves; they work for the common weal; they obey unquestioningly the dictates of the unanimity. And yet, is it the unanimity that gives the orders? Must there not be, just as in Russia, some inner oligarchy, some secret Council of Ten, some Cheka, with which the final decision rests? Otherwise, who is it selects the scouts that shall sally forth each morning to prospect for the best fields of flowers? And when these scouts have turned in their reports and these are compared, who decides which and how many of the workers shall go out to collect the harvest, so many for nectar and so many for pollen — for the same bee does not gather both. Who tells off the masons that are to build the cells in which the booty is to be stored? There can be nothing haphazard about these operations; a definite number of toilers must be assigned to each; it cannot be done by guesswork or by volunteering.

AND especially who selects the unfortunates to manufacture the wax of which the cells are built? This is an extremely arduous and disagreeable duty. The poor victims must first gorge themselves with honey — it requires twenty pounds of honey to manufacture one pound of wax — and then hang head down while the wax is making. Twenty-four hours must elapse before the finished product begins to exude from between the segments of their bellies. The mason bees collect it as fast as it is turned out. It is a task calling for great strength and endurance. To economize space and facilitate the work of the wax-collectors the poor things arrange themselves in the form of a curtain, the top row clinging to the ceiling and holding up the row below them, which in turn supports the next row, and so on down until the number of tiny wax factories is sufficient to supply the needed quota of building material. The mason bees run up and down this living curtain, none too gently, perhaps, and very likely indulging in sarcastic or scurrilous remarks concerning the meagerness of the output.

Bolshevism, among insects at least, is the death knell of individuality; all are the slaves of the state. They never play. Everything is done from a sense of duty, and you can't play from a sense of duty. Progress has ceased, through lack of private initiative. It is a far cry from the happy-go-lucky bumblebee to the duty driven honey bee. The tribe that enters bolshevism leaves hope of advancement behind. The only change possible is more bolshevism.

The division of labor, so sharply defined in the case of the bee, is even more thoroughly worked out in some species of ants. Here specialization in certain kinds of work has been practiced so long and carried so far as to have modified the anatomical structure of those assigned to it. Some of the workers of the honey ants have the abdomen enormously enlarged and filled with honey, which is accessible to the whole community in times of scarcity. Clinging helplessly to the ceiling, they have almost ceased to be ants and have become simply storage vats.

Does the Russian peasant fear that is what Lenin would make of him? The ant has no choice in the matter, and the peasant must end by having none if Lenin's doctrines prevail; communism does not tolerate liberty of choice.

Nor does it make for equality. It develops castes, which in some cases become hereditary. A certain proportion of the eggs of the termite hatch out into soldiers armed with a formidable horn in front, à la unicorn. There are born soldiers even among the insects, it would seem. And once a soldier, always a soldier. The termite standing army is a permanent one. Disarmament conferences would be a waste of time and breath in the termite state. As well have conferences against blondes, or big feet.

Once bolshevism is set up there is possible neither deviation nor turning back; it cannot be unscrambled. It leads to an impasse from which there is no issue, save by a cataclysm, an explosion, a revolution. And the longer it is practiced the weaker are its followers to withstand any violent upheaval; they have become so dependent on the state that they are no longer self-reliant. The nice balance which democracy endeavors with more or less success to maintain between the rights of the individual and his duties to the state is lost. The rights have become submerged; the duties occupy the whole field.

In the bolshevistic state the individual compares with one of the cells of a living body; it is sacrificed for the sake of the super-organism; the race has triumphed over its members. It is doubtful if any of the more bolshevized insects would survive a radical change in their environment.

The Land of the Wild Man

(*Continued from page 69*)

rivals from the water. They are then held up by the heels, heads downward, in order to drain off the water they have swallowed, the one who first recovers consciousness being declared the victor and awarded the hand of the lady fair. It is a quaint custom.

Having no desire to put too severe a strain on your credulity, I will touch on only one more Dyak custom — the disposal of the dead. It seems a fitting subject with which to bring this narrative to a close. Some tribes expose their dead in trees, some burn them, while still others bury them until the flesh has disappeared, when they exhume and disarticulate the skeletons, sealing the bones in one of the huge glazed jars which are a Dyak's most prized possession. Sometimes these burial-jars are kept in the family hut, but more often they are deposited in a grave-house, a small, fantastically decorated hut or shed which serves the purpose of a family vault. But I doubt if any people on the face of the globe practise so weird a custom as the Kapuas of Central Borneo, who hollow out the trunk of a growing tree and in the space thus prepared insert the corpse of the departed. The bank is then carefully replaced over the opening and the tree continues to flourish — literally a living tomb.

Just a word in conclusion. In case you *should* decide to run out to Borneo next winter, instead of going to Miami or Palm Beach, there are a few essentials to your safety and comfort which you should not fail to take along — a serviceable automatic, a bottle of quinine, a plentiful supply of insect powder, and an open mind. You'll need them in the Land of the Wild Man.

The Heart of America

(*Continued from page 13*)

to do something thee cannot accomplish." But, being a just man, he called in a master mechanic of the neighborhood, who said, "The boy is on the right track; let him go ahead," and I finished the lathe with his assistance, and it proved a success. I would always work at something constructive rather than play, though I liked town-ball and chess. We took long walks in the woods, and studied the trees — learning to know them by the bark, the leaf, and the wood.

When I finished my course at Alexandria I took the management of my father's farm for a year, which served to renew my interest in agricultural machinery.

Starting in Business

I was always interested in mechanics, and had looked forward to becoming a manufacturer. I wanted to do something at once in a big way, but my father had too much common sense to permit anything of the kind. He told me that I could not start off full-blown, but that I should have to learn a trade, learn all about the work from the worker's standpoint, before I could even think of directing anybody, and by the time I was through with that introduction to manufacturing we should be in a position to judge if I were fitted for manufacturing. I should say, in passing, that in those days there were more respect and reverence shown toward parents and older people than is the care to-day.

ON the morning of April 7, 1856, at 7 o'clock, I entered the shop of W. W. Dingee & Co., manufacturers of agricultural implements, and was duly indentured as a machinist's apprentice, but with the provision that I might leave when I felt qualified to commence business for myself. It was my intention to learn the business in all its phases. It was a little shop employing about ten workmen; we thought of it as rather a large shop.

It was the men's custom to play pranks on a new apprentice. He had to go through something not unlike a college hazing. After I had been there a little while and had been subjected to the usual run of fairly rough but good-natured fun, one evening, just as I was leaving the shop I saw one of the workmen take off the brass plate containing a list of the special gearing of the lathe needed for cutting screws. He knew I had to cut a number of different threads the following morning. I saw that he wished to put me in a hole and make me call for help. Not wishing to be made a butt, I went down to the shop that night, calculated the gears necessary for the screws, marked them with chalk, and the next morning put them properly together without assistance from any one. That was considered by my fellow workmen as a feat approaching the marvelous, for they had never calculated the gears, but had placed them solely from the schedule on the brass plate, and they thought that once they took this plate off no one could put them on again correctly unless he remembered the old order. They knew nothing of the mathematics of gears. I treated the matter indifferently as a matter of course. After that I was never bothered.

The men were always interested in their work. It was a very usual thing for two or three workmen to start out in the evening or on holidays to walk out in the country just to see how a machine they made was working. For when a man made anything he considered it his own; he felt personally disgraced if it did not work well. A lot of the machinery we made in that shop was scattered around the country near York, and I venture to say that every man in the shop knew just how each machine was performing. Thus was the creative instinct, and a genuine interest in the employer's business, fostered — the desire to make a machine that would do the work for which it was designed, and do it well. Therefore, as a rule, the workmen could be depended upon to exercise their best judgment and skill on the work in hand.

As contrasted with the worker of to-day, I think the older workman was happier, because his wants were less, but there is no question in my mind but that he was materially not nearly so well off as the man of to-day.

Better Times

I often hear of radical and other speakers who, expounding the Marx doctrines that in the present organization of society the condition of the worker will constantly become lower and the condition of the employer constantly higher, speak of those older days as though they contained more than does to-day for the worker. That is entirely untrue. The growth of capital, the growth of labor-saving machinery, and the numerous aids to the power of a man's hand have, it is true, caused fortunes to be accumulated. Many rich men have been created, but all the wealth of the rich people is a negligible sum as compared with what these instruments of capital have done for the wealth of the worker in mass.

If the workman of to-day does not save, it is his own fault. The expert machinist as he survives to-day frequently has a good house, and he would scorn to live in the house of the highest paid of the old machinists. He has conveniences which he regards as necessities that the older man never even thought of, much less acquired. He has books if he wants them; he has access to any amount of free education. His children have the advantage of free schools. Horace Mann and Thaddeus Stevens had not yet introduced the free school system in the early days to which I have been referring. If his children have to support him in his old age, as a rule it is only because he has not been economical. Those children receive a better education than many of the children of the wealthy of sixty years ago.

TO-DAY, as between the larger employer and the worker, there is more distinction of wealth than there was in the former period. There is less mutual interest in work. The employer is not nearly so close to his men, and probably neither the employer nor the employee is as happy as he used to be. But that is because we all have more — not less, it is more difficult to satisfy the complex tastes of to-day than it was to satisfy the very simple ones of half a century or more ago. Happiness is said to be a freedom from want. We have all been educated to want more. Both the worker and the employer of to-day know of more things that they would like to have than did their elder brothers. As things go in this world, although we prefer to think of contentment as a virtue, the only people who approach to contentment are those without ambition. The worker of to-day, whatever he may think are his wrongs, is far less of a slave to his job and to his employer than was the older workman.

The people of to-day do not know the old South or its hospitality. Here is an example:

I was driving one evening through a new country in Virginia. Night approached. There were no hotels, and I asked a man I met on the road where was the nearest good house to stop. He gave me the name of a planter, said I should know it by the

high pillars and long avenues lined with trees — drive up there and you will be well taken care of. I reached the house before ten o'clock. It was quiet and dark, but in the negro quarters there was music and dancing. I drove down there with the buggy, which was at once taken in charge by one of the servants, who told me I should find the doors open, the dining room also open, with plenty of refreshments on the sideboard, to help myself, and just go up in the hallway, peep in some room, and if there were nobody in just make myself at home. This I did. I was warmly welcomed at the breakfast table, and spent a day or two there very pleasantly. They wanted to make me stay longer. There were plenty of good servants to do the work, a visit gave no trouble to the ladies of the house, and if the visitor was cultured and interesting he was an acceptable guest, but in any case would be hospitably entertained. I was just as much at home ten minutes after I got to the breakfast table as though I had known them a long time. I visited them again after the war broke out. The lady of the house said she wished all the Yankees had one head so she could cut it off even if she suffered eternal punishment. Shortly after she saw some Union officers riding by, and, notwithstanding her recent words of hatred, said, "We must not let them pass at dinner time. Invite them in." There was no hospitality in the world like Southern hospitality.

The beginnings of the events which developed into the Civil War did not much move us. York was distinctly Northern, but not bitterly anti-Southern. The community felt that slavery was wrong in principle. At the same time, being acquainted with many slave owners, we also knew that slavery was better in practice than in theory, and that the planter who was cruel to his negroes was a rare exception. No matter what his personal disposition might be, slaves were so very expensive that it would be as ridiculous to maltreat them as to maltreat a stable of blooded horses.

IT often happens that the less you know about a subject the more fanatical you can become. It is hard to hate a man whom you know. The fanatical Abolitionists and the fanatical slave advocates did not know each other. Therefore, they could hate. Some things in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for instance, could not have been written if Harriet Beecher Stowe had resided in and been familiar with the South. John Brown's raid, which had as its object the starting of an insurrection among the slaves of Virginia, would not have taken place had he understood the slaves, for he would then have known that the negroes did not know the meaning of revolt — that they were, in the main, more interested in three meals a day than in political theory; and that, if he had succeeded in stirring them to the point of frenzy, the only result would have been chaos.

We felt that slavery was a political question, and we were more concerned with establishing the principle that all new States admitted to the Union — for then the admission of a new State was as personal a matter to every citizen as the election of a member to a small club — should be free States.

The Civil War

The debates of Lincoln and Douglas, and Lincoln's great speech at the Cooper Institute in New York in February, 1860, fired the country. They made known the legal position of slavery, and they made known to the East something of the qualities which this wonderful man had in him. His gift of clear thought and Biblical speech convinced the soldier-citizen, disgusted with the vacillations of Buchanan, that he was the man who might cement together the Union that seemed in a fair way to need the services of a very competent mason. For there was no doubt where Lincoln stood. We needed a strong President with plenty of common sense. And for these reasons Lincoln won the nomination and the election. Only a very few people held him as a potentially great man — not a larger number than hail every President as great. But his speeches and declarations affected me deeply — more deeply than I can well describe. They awoke in me an admiration which, a few years later, after I had met and talked with him, developed into a reverence that has grown with the years. To-day, after having met many of the leading men in most of the countries of the world during the past half-century, I believe that he was one of the few super-men who ever came to this earth. This may sound extravagant but I cannot put down my feeling toward Abraham Lincoln in other than extravagant terms. When the most has been said that can be said — only a fraction of the whole man has been revealed.

When the result of Lincoln's election was made known it will be remembered that South Carolina in a state convention repealed the act ratifying the Constitution and seceded from the Union; and that, before his inauguration, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississipi, Texas, and Florida had made like decisions. We knew that the situation was serious; but, somehow, we could not reconcile ourselves to civil war. Neither side really believed that there was going to be a fight. The most that anyone could conceive was an insurrection — an oversized riot. Politicians were always talking fight anyway. President Buchanan had no effective suggestion for maintaining the Union.

Then came the inauguration, and the declaration by Lincoln — I was within a few feet of the platform, closely watched his face, and knew that he meant what he said, that his promises would be kept — that he had no purpose of interfering with the institution of slavery in the states where it existed; that he was against bloodshed and violence; but that he would protect the integrity of the Union and, for the benefit of the South, he said: "You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have a most solemn one to protect and defend it."

We thought that the genius and firmness of Lincoln could find a way out. Those who live to-day have no conception of the obstacles which the Union had already surmounted in its organization. I was a young man with little personal experience, but all around were men who had gone through the travail of the Union. They had seen basic points of differences between the sections reconciled. Politics were usually violent. In most disputes, each side held almost as of course, that the other was actuated by lower motives than had hitherto been known in the history of the human mind and that as far as personal character was concerned, one would have to go back to the worst of the Roman emperors even to get a faint idea of the moral turpitude of the opponent. We were accustomed to violent invectives; and seldom an election passed without a number of free-for-all fights. What we to-day would call a shockingly vituperative campaign would then have been classed as mild.

WE did not take the fighting gestures of the South very seriously; and neither did they take — excepting from the stump — our attitude as meaning much of anything. We thought it was just another case of small boys on opposite sides of the street and safely behind their own fences, exchanging vocal notes on comparative abilities in combat.

Then came Sumter and everything changed. That was more than a challenge to fight. It was a struck blow. Three days later came the President's proclamation asking for 75,000 men to serve for three months and calling upon all loyal citizens "to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our national Union."

Business dropped dead. Everybody started to drill. The banks closed; they stopped specie payments. We had an unofficial moratorium. Men wanted to get everything they owned converted into money and to be ready to go out and fight. Stocks and merchandise during those first days were sold at almost any price that was offered. The proclamation called for men between eighteen and forty-five and the enlistments were largely young men under twenty-one. Thus it turned out to be a boy's war. The married men as a rule did not enlist; they were not expected to; very few even thought of doing so. And when they did try, their wives often dragged them back.

It was not that the men were unwilling to fight — far from that. But

there was no idea in the beginning that the country was to fight for its life. The first call for only 75,000 men to serve three months was an indication of the official view. We were generally more concerned with the quick punishment of Americans who had dared to fire upon the Stars and Stripes than we were with getting ready for a civil war — that was still inconceivable. Indignation superseded preparation.

I WAS a strong Union sympathizer, but because I had been born and educated in the South, had many relatives there, and did most of my business in the Southern States, I came under considerable suspicion from that peculiar brand of patriotism which finds its highest expression not in service, but in doubting the service of others. The combatants are always the worst and the non-combatants the best haters. During the Civil War I met high officers on both sides and seldom did I detect among them the slightest personal feeling. Lincoln had not a particle of it; neither did those of his Cabinet whom I met. When Lee surrendered to Grant, an officer asked a little anxiously about what would happen to his horse, and Grant answered in a flash almost of temper:

"Take it with you, of course. I am not a horse thief."

Having been married on September 26th, 1860, I was among those who were simply not expected to enlist. I provided a substitute, however, and joined with other men in a troop of volunteer cavalry — a home guard. The majority of the workmen in our shop were unmarried and most of them enlisted, but with those men remaining we could easily carry on, for there was nothing much just then to do.

Much of our business had been with the South and one of the early acts of the Confederacy was to declare that all debts owing to Northerners by Southerners were cancelled as far as the original debtors were concerned, and payable into the Confederate Treasury. A similar statute was enacted by the Union. However, this was a gentleman's war, and men on both sides, who liked to pay their debts, found ways to do so. A good many bills were thus paid through Canada as a sort of mutual clearing house — I received several payments in that way during the war and much of the balance was paid after the war. There was more bad feeling after the war than during the contest.

The optimism of the opening days evaporated with the Battle of Bull Run. As the Confederate armies slowly fought their way north at the time of the Battle of Antietam, and actually crossed the Pennsylvania border, and, we feared, were marching towards York, our people were very much disturbed. Valuables were sent away where practicable, and some citizens left. As the troops came nearer (General Lee's headquarters were at Frederick, only forty miles away), our local volunteer or emergency cavalry company was sent out to reconnoitre. The Confederates were reported to be less than thirty miles off. It was the first time our company had ever undertaken any enterprise more specifically belligerent than a parade. Captain Ness was in charge, and, before we had gone very far, the men unused to riding, began to grow weary.

By the time we reached Hanover, eighteen miles away, many of the nearly one hundred men who started had dropped out and were either resting or ambling homeward. As may be imagined, the discipline among this volunteer company was more than lax. The men were not enlisted, and the authority of the officers was bounded by what it pleased the privates to do. Ten or fifteen miles beyond Hanover and in the vicinity of the Confederate forces, as reported by farmers who had seen them, found only half a dozen of us left. Captain Ness suggested that we might as well all return. But that did not suit my fancy and I answered:

"I am not going back until I find what the rebels are going to do."

A War Between Gentlemen

My horse gave out and I impressed a fresh one from a farmer, leaving my horse as hostage. The rest of them returned, while I trotted onward — which may seem to those experienced in the recent Great War as an uncommonly brave and forward sort of thing to do. But I did not feel that I was in any particular danger; and I was not. I was not in uniform and, anyway, our Civil War was a fight between gentlemen. Moreover, I expected to meet old friends. The men on both sides were mainly of American stock and could not conceive of playing other than fair. The idea that war made it necessary to pick off a lone citizen peaceably riding along a road had no part in the American makeup. You see, none of us had been really trained to war. We were quite without those larger cultural advantages of the Continent which intensify what is, I believe, called civilization to such a degree that those qualities which we, in our crude way, think make for decency, are utterly squeezed out. In other words, we had a strong feeling that kicking a man in the stomach was not uncommonly skilled boxing, but rather an evidence of abnormality. For instance, outposts of the armies might with perfect safety camp within gunshot of each other; for it was not considered fair to fire on sleeping men. In fact, I think both armies issued specific orders against this practise in order to restrain those who were unfamiliar with the then ethics of war.

And so I rode along, quite unafraid, and highly interested in what I hoped to do until a picket slouched out from the roadside to inquire casually and with the familiar Southern drawl, as to where I was going. He had on what would pass for a gray uniform and I knew that I was within the Confederate lines.

"Who is in command?" I asked.

"Fitzhugh Lee," he answered.

"Do you know if W. H. Lee is there?" I went on. "He was a schoolmate of mine."

"I think he is," he replied. And then he gave me very complete directions on how to reach the Commander's tent and, without further formality, I rode into Headquarters, hitched my horse to a fence, and went into the tent of General Fitzhugh Lee. He met me cordially as a former acquaintance. I told him where I had come from and what I had come for.

"Is it true," I asked him, "that you are going through York? I am interested because I have some property there."

"No," he answered, without the least hesitation, "we are not going through York; we may go up through the Cumberland Valley towards Harrisburg. You are in no danger."

He then asked me if I knew whether any of the family were hurt in the burning of Admiral Buchanan's house in Talbot County, Maryland, telling me that the Admiral had telegraphed him to find out if possible, and he knew I was acquainted with the Admiral. I happened to have been down in Talbot County when the fire occurred, and was able to assure him that the family were all safe and most of the contents of the house had been saved, and while I was in General Lee's tent he had this message sent over the lines to the Admiral who, I believe, was in Norfolk, Virginia.

We gossiped a few minutes more and then I started to go. General Lee gave me the pass-word but said I would probably have no difficulty getting out of the lines, and I passed the pickets returning without using it. After I had thanked him and started to leave, it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I was in a confidential relation, and having no intention whatsoever to serve as a spy, I asked whether I should say anything excepting that the Confederate army would not pass through York. The General waved his hand.

"TELL them anything you choose to tell," and he added with a smile, "they will soon know anyway."

So back I rode to York picking up one or two of our soldierly company, including the Captain, exchanged my horse much to the delight of the farmer, who said he never expected to see it again, and gave the glad tidings to the people. Then I went up to Harrisburg the same night with Captain Ness and had an audience with Governor Curtin. I told him just what I had done and received his thanks for the expedition. I told him no more, however, than I had been authorized to say by General Lee.

But this was only a breathing spell for York. General Robert E. Lee

after Chancellorsville, a year later pushed forward his army by the northern route, while from the South came Gordon and Early in the hope of striking forward into Lancaster County and forcing eastward General Meade's Army of the Potomac to defend Philadelphia.

We knew that the Confederate column was on the way toward us; for several days a steady stream of farmers and merchants with wagons loaded with merchandise had filled the Gettysburg Pike and passed on through the Borough, down the Wrightsville Pike, across the river, into Lancaster and Chester counties. To our own people were added others from Adams County and the northern part of Maryland. The railroad bridge at Wrightsville was burned the day the Confederates reached York. This changed the aspect of the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania and made Gettysburg the mark of the flood tide of the Confederacy.

On the morning of Saturday, the 27th of June, 1863, we were informed that the Confederate Army would probably be in York that night, or at the least, the next morning. The leading citizens went into session in the counting room at P. A. and S. Small's hardware store. The Smalls, as I have said before, were the big people of the town, and David Small, one of the proprietors of the *York Gazette*, was Chief Burgess. Among others in the meeting were W. Latimer Small, General George Hay, Samuel and Philip Small, Thomas E. Cochran, an attorney, Thomas White and other leading citizens who had formed a Committee of Public Safety.

THE Committee was discussing plans for the safety of the citizens and property of the town when I entered the meeting and proposed that it would be well to meet the Confederates before they entered the town — that we could make a good deal better bargain with them then than we could after they saw how little of our property we had been able to remove to a place of safety. The attorney, Mr. Cochran, said my plan would be good enough if we could find any one to go, if we could make any bargain, and if the Confederates would keep the bargain when it had been made. I told him I would go, that I believed I could make an arrangement and that I was certain they would keep faith as I knew the character of the men in charge. My plan, however, was not seriously entertained. Then I told them I would take the responsibility of going anyhow — which I did.

I therefore hitched up my buggy and started off. I struck the Confederate lines beyond Abbotstown, eighteen miles out, and was fortunate in meeting an old classmate, Lieutenant Redik, from Georgia, whom I had not seen since school days.

He greeted me with the words, "Hello, Farquhar. What are you doing up here among the Yankees?"

I replied, "I came just to find out what you are doing up here among the Yankees. I have some property in York and I don't want it burned. Who is in command?"

"General Gordon," he answered, "whom you may know, and General Early."

I asked him to put somebody else in charge of his company, jump into the buggy with me, and we would go to see Gordon — which he did. The General was exceedingly courteous. I did not know General Gordon personally but I knew him well through mutual friends. And, having stated exactly the object of my mission, I said:

"General Gordon, unless you have entirely changed from the character you used to be, you are neither a horse thief nor a bank robber, and fighting is more in your line than sacking a city."

He evidently knew what I had in mind and smilingly admitted that perhaps I was right. He asked me what I would have him do. I said:

"You and your men enter York quietly and then you sit down and make requisitions for whatever you reasonably want and our committee will see that they are honored."

He thought for a second and then answered that he would be more than glad to make any arrangement that would spare the non-combatants of the town from the horrors of war, adding, "We have been treated badly down the Valley, but General Lee is not inclined to retaliate." I wrote down in my memorandum book what he said and asked him to sign it so that I could relieve the minds of the people of York. At that he was inclined to balk but when I explained that it was not because I doubted his word but only to satisfy the Committee, especially the women of the town who were very uneasy, he at once signed what I wrote, which was to the effect that when his troops entered York and its vicinity they would not take private property, nor molest any one, but that they would expect some necessary supplies which we agreed to furnish.

General Early's Promise

Getting back was not quite so easy, for I did not ask for pass-words as I had done the year before, remembering that I had not made use of them then, and the only thing that my friend Redik could advise was that, if any one tried to stop me, to give my horse rein and take my chances. I had no trouble until I reached the outpost. My horse was fast, and like a streak, we went by the outposts and were 100 yards away before the sentries waked up to the fact that I ought to have been stopped and started to shoot. But I imagine that they could not have been over-anxious to get me, for among the Confederate soldiers were always enough mountain marksmen to make sure of their quarry as far as a rifle bullet would carry.

Anyway, I came through and so did the horse, without a scratch. I presented my agreement to the Committee of Safety who were still in session. They seemed to think the agreement was too good to be true, and the attorney, lawyer-like, argued that if they discovered that I was not authorized by the Committee to make the agreement, the Confederates would not feel bound to carry out their promises. In reply to this I suggested that the Chief Burgess and several of the prominent citizens should ride back with me and go over the particulars with General Gordon and have it confirmed.

THE Smalls joined me in insisting that a committee be appointed with full authority to arrange the terms and that same evening, David Small, Chief Burgess, General George Hay, Latimer Small, Thomas White, and myself, as this committee, went out to the Gettysburg Pike bearing a flag of truce and entered the Confederate lines at Farmer's Post Office which is about eight miles west of York, where they had encamped for the night. We were taken to General Gordon and again I met Lieutenant Redik who whispered to me that he had been under arrest for having let me pass out of the lines without giving the password. General Gordon was a little more formal than in the morning, but said the terms as agreed with me would be carried out, and the particulars would be arranged by General Early the next morning when he entered the town.

It was late when we got back to York and we adjourned to meet the full committee in the morning. That was Sunday. By the time the church bells were ringing, bugle calls also were coming out of the distance, and by ten o'clock General Gordon and his cavalry had arrived in Center Square, taken down the Stars and Stripes, raised the Stars and Bars and gone on through to Wrightsville. In a little while the infantry came up, commanded by General Early and staff. The General wore a new gray uniform and black slouch hat with a black ostrich feather. He went immediately to the Court House, where the Committee was already in session and formally presented these two requests:

165 barrels of flour or 28,000 pounds of baked bread, 3,500 pounds of sugar, 1,650 pounds of coffee, 300 gallons of molasses, 1,200 pounds of salt, 32,000 pounds of fresh beef or 21,000 pounds of bacon or pork, the above to be delivered at the market place on Main Street at 4 p. m. Signed by William W. Thornton, Captain, A. C. S.

2,000 pairs of shoes or boots, 1,000 pairs of socks, 1,000 felt hats and $100,000 in United States money.

Signed by C. E. Snodgrass, major and chief-quartermaster, Early's division, approved by J. A. Early, major general in command. Signed June 28, 1863.

Our Committee could not furnish all the money and supplies out of hand and General Early said that he was willing to wait a reasonable time. He set up his headquarters in the Sheriff's office. Our sub-committee set out to canvass the town for money and goods to fill the order. The General had specified United States money but we argued that he should take Confederate money, a dollar of which was worth about 10 cents in Federal money — for we soon found that we could not raise as much as $100,000 in cash. We compromised on $28,610, as finally collected, in Federal legal tender, and about its equivalent in merchandise. We gave him a due bill for the balance, which, of course, was never collected. The Committee gave receipts for the contributions and these later were assumed by the Borough and paid off out of the proceeds of a special tax.

The money was not so easily gathered, although by Monday we had made very fair progress. General Early was not satisfied and threatened to burn the Northern Central Railway property and the shops adjoining in which cars were being built for the Government. I was, however, told personally there was no danger of the threat being carried out. Samuel Small, David Small, and myself tried to convince him that this act would be a violation of the agreement. In the midst of this discussion came a dispatch from General Ewell to General Early stating that troops were concentrating near Gettysburg where they expected to make a stand, and he was ordered to join them, General Gordon's advance having been recalled from Wrightsville. He issued orders at once, and by five o'clock the next morning the last of the Confederates were out of York and on their way to join Lee at Gettysburg.

They had scrupulously kept to their agreement and York was unharmed. I followed on to the battle of Gettysburg as a member of the Hospital Service — and of which more later.

"Captured" by Lincoln

When I returned from that great battle, thankful as we all were, that the Confederates had been turned back and expecting to share that joy, I had no sooner passed into the town than I noticed people pointing at me and jeering, calling me rebel. At first I could not make out what it was all about. Then I learned that after the news of Lee's defeat had reached town the pinchbeck patriots had crawled out of their holes and decided that our Committee, instead of saving the town had sold it to the Confederates and that I, as the man who had opened the negotiations, was something near to being a traitor! I shall never forget those days, being pointed out as "the man who had sold York" to the Rebels, instead of one of those who had saved it. The accusation was ridiculous and unjust but my indignation knew no bounds. I knew that I had helped save the city from possible ruin, not sold it. I determined to put the case before one whom I knew would be just — the President.

I went to Washington, talked over the whole matter with the President's secretary, young John Hay — later our great Secretary of State — and whom I knew personally. He declared that I had done exactly right and deserved public commendation.

He tried to persuade me not to insist on seeing the President, who he said was overworked and very much worried, but on second thought told me that the President would leave the front door of the White House at half-past four to go to the War Department to meet some officers; that I could walk with him without taking up any of his time.

I took up my position on the front portico of the White House which, I noticed, particularly needed paint. There were no guards nor soldiers about and no flunkeys or attendants. Several generals passed to and fro while I was there, but there was nothing to prevent any one from going by the East Room to the President's office. Exactly at half-past four the President came out.

Since I had seen him at his first inauguration his face had grown sadder but his eyes even more kindly. And he had taken on a kind of simple, majestic dignity that seemed more of the soul than of the person — a dignity and a majesty that one felt rather than saw. No painting, no statue, no attempt at re-creation of him on the stage, has ever given even a suggestion of this surrounding quality, of this atmosphere that came from him and lifted him away from the rut of ordinary mortals. I was almost overcome with a feeling of reverence at the sight of him. He remarked as we shook hands:

"Well, sonny, what are you after?"

He did not smile, but he took my hand in his great, strong palm, placed the other on my shoulder, and looked down into my face. And then I told, or maybe I blurted out, my whole story. He said nothing at all, and, when I had finished, he started on his way. I fell in beside him answering his inquiring look with:

"I am going with you; I want your advice, and to know what you think of their action."

My Walk with Lincoln

Thus we walked together although it took two of my steps to match his stride. He shambled just a little as might a man who is not wholly conscious that he has a body, but I remember that he was very clean and so was his clothing, although it hung loose and ill-fitting about him. He wore a soft, black, slouch hat. Some pictures give the idea that Lincoln was ungainly. His hands and his feet were large but not ungainly; not a motion was ungraceful. Great and strong and rugged, he was — with the greatness and strength and ruggedness of the glorious live oak.

As we walked he asked me questions: Was I married? Did I have any children? Had I a business in York? What kind was it? Was it prosperous?

And thus we walked up the steps to the War Department Building and through to a room where were already together the Secretary of War Stanton and perhaps half a dozen Generals. Stanton was personally known to me, my cousin, James Hollowell, being his private secretary. I had met him several times. The President, giving my hand a squeeze, brought me before the Secretary as he said:

"Stanton, I have captured that young chap who sold York, Pennsylvania, to the Rebels. What are we going to do with him?"

Although President Lincoln's voice, as he asked Secretary Stanton what he should do with me, gave no evidence that he was not asking a serious question and expecting a serious answer, I felt, nervous as I was, that he had already given his decision and I was not surprised when the Secretary answered just as gravely:

"We ought to promote him."

And then he went on to say that by my action some millions of dollars' worth of property probably had been saved at a trifling cost and that I deserved very high commendation. The President nodded at this, and, turning to me, said:

"You were wise not to neglect an opportunity to be of service. Opportunity does not knock at a man's door every day. The mistake you made was in worrying yourself over what people say about you. You should go through life doing what you believe to be right and not bother yourself over what people may say. They will soon forget their criticisms.

"The place for you," he continued, "is in the army. It's a place I would love to take myself. I will follow you up and see that you get a chance for

promotion. The mustering officer is right here."

I told him that the situation at home with my family and my business would make it all but impossible for me to enter the army unless we were in an actual emergency. As things were, I felt that I could be of more service at home. I told him that I had served with the emergency men at Gettysburg, and had furnished a substitute.

He smiled gently as he answered:

"Being married is no excuse. But you may be contributing your mite and that is all any of us can do."

"I wish my mite could be spelled m-i-g-h-t," I answered.

"Might is made up of mites — so what is the difference?" he replied. "Our aim in life should be to leave the world a mite better than we found it, and the only way we can do that is to contribute a little every day. You can go home and tell them what I have said to you; tell them that you have my thanks and the thanks of the Government."

With that I went back home and never again heard about having "sold York."

The next time I saw him was just before the marvelous Gettysburg speech. A small party of us drove up to Gettysburg early in the morning and just as Lincoln was mounting his horse from Lawyer Will's home, where he stopt, to ride up to Cemetery Hill, I had a chance to shake hands with him. He remembered me and spoke a half-joking word or two.

He had become graver than when I had seen him in Washington. The terrific strain that he had been under showed in the deepening lines in his face and the abyss of sadness in his eyes. Time has idealized the President. For me he never needed idealization. But those who know the days of the Civil War only from books can have but little realization of the tense political struggles that were taking place in the North — of the personal opposition to the President on the part of the extreme Abolitionists on the one hand and the Copperheads on the other, and of the movement led by Horace Greeley among others, to force him out. They wanted to displace Lincoln with someone whose sole thought would be the abolishing of slavery rather than the saving of the Union.

THE Gettysburg and Vicksburg victories immensely helped the President, but they by no means silenced all the virulent attacks against him. There was not a general "Stand behind the President" in those days.

I stood very near to the speaker's stand. Edward Everett made an oration. It was eloquent but it was long, and the President, as he sat there, looked very, very weary. Then the time came for him to move to the rustic platform where he was to speak. The place is marked now by a monument, on which is inscribed his great address. He rose slowly and, as he took his place in the center of the platform drew from his waistcoat pocket what appeared to me to be a small, discolored leaf torn from a memorandum book, and, glancing at it now and then, delivered slowly, clearly, dwelling on each phrase as though he were pronouncing a benediction, these words:

Lincoln at Gettysburg

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It was over so quickly; it was so direct, so simple, so forceful, that practically none of those in the audience seemed to realize that they had just heard the most glorious joining of word and thought that has ever come from mortal man — that we had been given the opportunity to hear the whole philosophy and spirit and courage and reason for the United States being put into the compass of the Lord's Prayer — that the words we had heard would be to-day in every truly American home and office in the land; and that no one hunting for a definition for that new word "Americanism" need go beyond those sentences. Perhaps it was because I knew and venerated Lincoln that I was more deeply impressed than by any words that I had ever heard uttered during my lifetime. Turning to those with me, I said: "When this battle becomes a misty memory those words will be remembered" — which was received with a doubtful smile.

Edward Everett, turning to the President, and either because he was courteous or because the address had moved him, or because of both, said in my hearing:

"Mr. President, you have made a great speech. My address will only be remembered because it was made on the same day."

The President answered: "The audience does not seem to agree with you."

The audience certainly did not. They did not really know what they had heard. When a great thing happens, those who are there rarely have any notion of the greatness. The *Tribune* said that the President had "made a few remarks" and a Harrisburg paper, published the next morning, spoke sneeringly of it as being unworthy of a President. At an agricultural meeting at Elkton, Md. about a year later, I spoke to Horace Greeley about this and he gruffly answered:

"One of the many times we were damn fools," and I told him I forgave him.

I heard the President's inaugural in the following year, and that was the last time I saw him alive. By the time of Lincoln's second inauguration his position had become more permanent. The personal opposition to him was negligible. But it was not until April 15, 1865, with the war ended, and Abraham Lincoln suddenly dead, that the country began to know what it had had and what it had lost in the way of a man. We feel a good deal the same way about Theodore Roosevelt, another great, clean, courageous American. The world seems a lonesome place since he has gone. It is a great country that can produce such men.

NOW let us go back a little — back to the day when the Confederates left York on the summons of Lee to help him check Meade. We knew that a great battle was impending. In a little while we learned that it had begun on the hills about Gettysburg. I was always interested in hospital practice and the best way that I knew of to be of help was in the Hospital Corps. I drove up to Gettysburg in my buggy, being enabled to pass through the Confederate lines by using the passes given me by Generals Gordon and Early some days before. On the second day of the battle I entered that part of the Union lines which was in command of General Kilpatrick. Having been seen coming out of the Confederate lines, I was arrested, but fortunately, as I seldom go anywhere without meeting someone I know, a soldier who knew me told the officer by whom I had been arrested that I was all right. The officer said: "Then you would better see General Kilpatrick mighty quick. He is just about fifty yards away. You run for him and I will follow." I jumped out of my buggy and started for the General, the officer closely following. After saluting, my officer friend told the General my mission, and upon

hearing my reason for being there and how I got there, and remarking gruffly: "If you are an imposter, you are more dangerous than Jeff Davis," I was not only released, but permitted to join his division in the Medical Corps.

It was evening. During the night General Kilpatrick threw himself on the ground, saying, "I am going to get an hour or two's sleep; wake me up when I am wanted." I needed sleep badly, too, and laid down by him with my head across his knees. He asked, "What in the ——— are you doing?" I told him nobody was going to take the trouble to wake me up, but when they woke him I would be on hand for any emergency. We were at once fast asleep. It seemed but a few moments afterwards, altho it might have been several hours, that the Louisiana Tigers made their attack. My horse and buggy were taken to care for the wounded, and altho Major Van Voorhees gave me a receipt for them, I have never seen them since. Capt. H. B. Blood, Assistant Quartermaster, wrote me after the battle that he had found the wreck of a buggy with some papers under the seat showing that it had belonged to me.

The best makeshift for a hospital I could find was a big shed with a hay loft above and there the wounded stretched out on the ground side by side. As the surgeons were engaged elsewhere and there seemed to be no one in command, I took charge myself. We could do but little for the poor fellows except give them water and make their lot perhaps a little easier until they died or came under a doctor's care. While we were caring for the wounded soldiers, a number of cavalrymen rode up and began to throw some hay down from the loft above, which scattered dust upon the wounded, and I caused them to stop.

About 2 o'clock of the afternoon of the next day there commenced a tremendous cannonade of some three hundred guns in one great battery to clear the way for a charge on which the Confederates were to stake their all. They did not have enough ammunition, I learned afterwards. Anyway, the cannonade ceased and then began a terrific din — the rattle of small arms, shouts, yells, orders — for Pickett and his men were making their famous charge up Cemetery Hill. I saw the men rushing forward and dropping, wave after wave, each wave gaining a few rods over the last. Then they stopped and seemed to clutch, as does a drowning man at a stick, and went down. The battle of Gettysburg was won.

A Charm

by

Christopher Morley

O wood, burn bright; O flame, be quick;
  O smoke, draw cleanly up the flue —
My lady chose your every brick
  And set her eager heart on you.

Logs cannot burn, nor tea be sweet,
  Nor white bread turn to crispy toast
Until the spell be made complete
  By love, to lay the sooty ghost.

And then, dear books, dear waiting chairs,
  Dear china and mahogany,
Draw close, for on the happy stairs
  My brown-eyed girl comes down for tea.

The Soviet in Ward Eleven

(*Continued from page 58*)

Perhaps he was already communing with his beloved lieutenant in that last place where all brave soldiers finally meet.

The whole ward was now soon committed to the plot and a plan was quickly outlined. In addition to being a means of showing their resentment the project offered new and delightful possibilities of excitement in a place where excitements were strictly taboo.

The night passed without incident. The early morning routine went on as usual, then, when the bugle sounded for inspection, the plan went into action. Nurse Brown stepped into the orderly room. As she did so the walking case who had been assigned to this particular bit of work followed and turned the key. The doors at either end of the ward were locked, and chairs and all other movables piled against them. Then every man went to his bed and Ward Eleven waited in breathless suspense. Exactly at ten o'clock some one tried the doors at the lower end of the ward, tried them again, then thumped on them.

"Open up there!" came a peremptory voice.

"Not to-day," shouted Red.

The listeners thrilled with delight, then waited.

They heard Nurse Brown try the door of the orderly room, heard some one go along the building and try the doors at the farther end. Then silence settled down thick and heavy.

"Ah's afeered somepin's goin' to happen," came the negro's troubled voice, after perceptible minutes had gone by.

"I'm afraid nothin's goin' to happen," stated another voice peevishly.

"Well, I guess that thar gringo maybe has *some* idee what we think of him, anyway," volunteered Red hopefully.

Suddenly the Top sat straight up in bed and swept his eyes up and down the ward. "Say," he began, "this here's all wrong, this here's *all* wrong! We're a parcel of damn fools, an' worse'n that we ain't actin' like Americans. We're actin' like them fool Russians. What business have we to go 'gainst the g'vernment just because one damn fool made us mad? Where'd we all been if we'd got sore at some raw shave-tail who didn't know no better when he give a fool order, 'stead of helpin' him out by obeyin' it? Let 'em take off my arm if they wanter, an' the other one, too! I guess I'm man enough to obey orders. *Open them there doors!*" he concluded, the lash of a command in his voice, "Open 'em damn quick, too!" and the Top lay back, white-faced but with burning eyes.

Swiftly the barricade of chairs that had been raised disappeared. The key that locked the orderly room was turned. The doors were pulled open and, as those at the lower end of the ward swung ajar, an over-plump officer rose from where he had been sitting on a camp stool. He rose and looked into the ward, but for a full minute he did not enter. Then, slowly, he stepped inside, stood looking up and down the rows of narrow beds.

"'Tention!" snapped the Top, then added beneath his breath, "Major Wells! An' nurse said they'd transferred him!"

The major came slowly up between the beds — and he had not given the command to relax.

He stopped by the Top and once more his eyes swept over the wounded soldiers.

"At ease!" he said finally, his face stern, and then he added, a twinkle coming into his eyes, "You're a fine bunch of damn fools."

Louder than when the doctor of the day before had insulted the Top, but with a different, oh, such a different tone, a Homeric roar of laughter filled Ward Eleven and rolled from the windows to the sun-scorched world outside.

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page 40*)

saddled horses waited while their riders ate within.

When he had made certain that he was not observed, he unlocked and opened the window, and removed the wire screen. There was a red fire-exit lamp in the ceiling nearby, but he could not reach it, nor could he find any wall switch. Nevertheless he knew by that time that through the window lay Dick's only chance of escape. He cleared the grating of a broken box and an empty flower pot, stood the screen outside against the wall, and then, still unobserved, made his way back to his own bedroom and packed his things.

Dick was still sleeping, stretched on his bed, when he returned to three-twenty. And here Bassett's careful plans began to go awry, for Dick's body was twitching, and his face was pale and covered with cold sweat. From wondering how they could get away, Bassett began to wonder whether they would get away at all. The sleep was more like a stupor than sleep. He sat down by the bed, closer to sheer fright than he had ever been before, and wretched with the miserable knowledge of his own responsibility.

As the afternoon wore on it became increasingly evident that somehow or other he must get a doctor. He turned the subject over in his mind, pro and con. If he could get a new man, one who did not remember Jud Clark, it might do. But he hesitated until at seven, Dick opened his eyes and clearly did not know him. Then he knew that the matter was out of his hands, and that from now on whatever it was that controlled the affairs of men, David's God or his own vague Providence, was in charge.

HE got his hat and went out, and down the stairs again. Wilkins had disappeared, but Bill still stood by the entrance, watching the crowd that drifted in and out. In his state of tension he felt that the hotel clerk's eyes were suspicious as he retained the two rooms for another day, and that Bill watched him out with more than casual interest. Even the matter of canceling the order for the car loomed large and suspicious before him, but he accomplished it, and then set out to find medical assistance.

There, however, chance favored him. The first doctor's sign led him to a young man, new to the town, and obviously at leisure. Not that he found that out at once. He invented a condition for himself, as he had done once before, got a prescription and paid for it, learned what he wanted, and then mentioned Dick. He was careful to emphasize his name and profession, and his standing "back home."

"I'll admit he's got me worried," he finished. "He saw me registered and came to my room this morning to see me, and got sick there. That is, he said he had a violent headache and was dizzy. I got him to his room and on the bed, and he's been sleeping ever since. He looks pretty sick to me."

He was conscious of Bill's eyes on him as they went through the lobby again, but he realized now that they were unsuspicious. Bassett himself was in a hot sweat. He stopped outside the room and mopped his face.

"Look kind of shot up yourself," the doctor commented. "Watch this sun out here. Because it's dry here you Eastern people don't notice the heat until it plays the deuce with you."

He made a careful examination of the sleeping man, while Bassett watched his face.

"BEEN a drinking man? Or don't you know?"

"No. But I think not. I gave him a small drink this morning, when he seemed to need it."

"Been like this all day?"

"Since noon. Yes."

Once more the medical man stopped. When he straightened it was to deliver Bassett a body blow.

"I don't like his condition, or that twitching. If these were the good old days in Wyoming I'd say he is on the verge of delirium tremens. But that's only snap-judgment. He might be on the verge of a good many things. Anyhow, he'd better be moved to the hospital. This is no place for him."

And against this common-sense suggestion Bassett had nothing to offer. If the doctor had been looking he would have seen him make a gesture of despair.

"I suppose so," he said, dully. "Is it near? I'll go myself and get a room."

"That's my advice. I'll look in later, and if the stupor continues I'll have in a consultant." He picked up his bag and stood looking down at the bed. "Big, fine-looking chap, isn't he?" he commented. "Married?"

"No."

"Well, we'll get the ambulance, and later on we'll go over him properly. I'd call a maid to sit with him if I were you."

In the grip of a situation that was too much for him Bassett rang the bell. It was answered by the elderly maid who took care of his own bedroom.

Months later, puzzling over the situation, Bassett was to wonder, and not to know, whether chance or design brought the Thorwald woman to the door that night. At the time, and for weeks, he laid it to tragic chance, the same chance which had placed in Dick's hand the warning letter that had brought him West. But as time went on the part played in the tragedy by that faded woman, with her tired, dispirited voice and her ash-colored hair streaked with gray, assumed other proportions, loomed large and mysterious.

There were times when he wished that some prescience of danger had made him throttle her then and there so she could not have raised her shrill, alarming voice. But he had no warning. All he saw was a woman in a washed-out blue calico dress and a fresh white apron, raising incurious eyes to his.

"I suppose it's all right if she sits in the hall?" Bassett inquired, still fighting his losing fight. "She can go in if he stirs."

"Right-o," said the doctor, who had been to France and who brought home some British phrases.

Bassett walked back from the hospital alone. The game was up and he knew it. Sooner or later——. In a way he tried to defend himself to himself. He had done his best. Two or three days ago he would have been exultant over the developments. After all, mince things as one could, Clark was a murderer. Other men killed and paid the penalty. And the game was not up entirely, at that. The Providence which had watched over him for so long might continue to. The hospital was new. (It was, ironically enough, the Clark Memorial Hospital.) There was still a chance.

HE was conscious of something strange as he entered the lobby. The constable was gone, and there was no clerk behind the desk. At the foot of the stairs stood a group of guests and loungers, looking up, while a bell-boy barred the way.

Even then Bassett's first thought was of fire. He elbowed his way to the foot of the stairs and demanded to be allowed to go up, but he was refused.

"In a few minutes," said the boy. "No need of excitement."

"Is it a fire?"

"I don't know myself. I've got my orders. That's all."

Wilkins came hurrying in. The crowd, silent and respectful before the law, opened to let him through and closed behind him.

Bassett stood at the foot of the stairs, looking up.

(*The next instalment of Mary Roberts Rinehart's serial, "The Breaking Point", will appear in the May* McClure's.)

The Randolph Ghost

(*Continued from page 72*)

performed her simple tasks like a fated creature awaiting her doom.

Next morning as soon as she was alone Bett left the cabin. She hurried through the autumn woods with a heavy heart and senses dead to the brilliant beauty and bracing air; with swift movements making toward the Bear Stand where she knew Sam was.

As she neared the place she heard the echo of his ax and the sound of his deep rich voice singing ——

"The time's been sweet I've spent with ye,
An' your kisses have been sweeter."

Bett's hands flew to her ears to shut out that voice that had always been so welcome.

"It's no more time we'll be havin' together," she sobbed.

When she had her voice she sent out the shrill mountain call of greeting. The singing ceased, she heard the ax fall with a thud and in a few moments Sam, his eyes beaming with pleasure, stood before her.

"I knowed that was your voice," he said, flashing his white teeth.

At sight of her face and drooping eyes he stood speechless. The next instant he was demanding ——

"What's your grandpap been doin' to you?"

Bett raised her eyes.

"I've come to tell you goodbye," she faltered.

The lad was holding her close, his brown eyes grave, troubled.

"Don't let him keep us apart," he begged. "Let's run away."

"'Taint grandpap," she defended. "Hit's the ghost. Grandpap's goin' tonight to git his gold an' a message."

Wide-eyed with terror she looked up at him, as though hoping beyond despair that he could help her.

Suddenly, as though he needed all his attention for something more important, Sam put her away from him.

"Whar does the ghost talk to him?"

"By the Haunted Rock," she whispered. Then as though frightened at her words she crept close to him, crying, "Oh, I shouldn't a-told you!"

"What time?" he went on sternly.

His eyes compelled her to answer.

"Midnight."

"Do the ghost take any form?" Sam's love was pushing him to desperate means. As his audacious plan formed in his mind he quaked lest the devil come for him at once. But his desire for Bett kept his head clear and his voice firm.

Shivering close to him the girl answered in an awed voice,

"He don't see nothin'. The message comes out'n the rock. He hears it seven different times — in seven different voices!"

"An' he's goin' thar at midnight to hear a last message an' git the gold that takes ye out yonder?"

His true love nodded sorrowfully. But Sam, standing in preoccupied silence, seemed not to notice her.

Bett let her body droop to his. But the contact did not arouse him. He remained immovable, with eyes upon the ground.

In hurt pride Bett sprang away.

"Ye don't seem a-carin' much that I'm goin'," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Seven times in seven different voices," he repeated.

She stared at him.

"Hit's about time ye were a-believin' in the haunt," she cried, adding hotly, "Anyways you're a Samuels an' I'm a Randolph an' I reckon the blood wouldn't mix."

With this she was off down the mountain, wounded pride and love adding to her misery.

That night at supper neither she nor her grandfather spoke. Their fate weighed too heavily upon them. Later the old man read his Bible through scalding tears, hating the Samuels and vaguely praying that the ghost might change its mind.

In the room above Bett tossed and moaned on her bed. The separation from Sam, her grandfather, her dear mountain seemed unbearable. She thought with fondness of "blackberryin's", "corn shuckin's" and quilting bees. Added to this was the heart-scald of love's misunderstanding.

Next morning before sun-up Bett descended the ladder to the main room. The fire was out. The dampness made her shiver.

By the cheerless stove sat her grandfather, staring before him like a madman, cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. A glance at his bed told her that he had not slept. He seemed not to hear her until she said,

"Mornin', grandpa."

At the sound of her voice he jumped nervously. Seeing her he rose in great agitation, crying hoarsely ——

"Last night I got another message from the ghost!"

Bett turned away indifferently. There was no propitious thing the spirit could say.

"The ghost never spoke so calm an' clear," he went on in trembling tones. "Hit said to me — plain as day — 'Ye dasn't send Bett out yonder. She was meant to marry Sam Samuels an' your gold'll be sent him in the dark of the night fer a weddin' present!'" Here he broke off, too overwhelmed.

Bett stared at him unbelievingly.

"Hit said that?"

"An' more. It said — 'An' when they're jined a Randolph's to quit hatin' a Samuels. This is farewell — ye'll hear no more of me!' an' with a terrible yell it passed away and I'll hear no more of it!"

The old man's voice gave way completely. Worn with his long walk to the Haunted Rock, his night's vigil and emotional excitement, he sank into a chair, sobbing like a child.

Bett's arms were instantly around him and she kept asking wildly ——

"Air ye sure — air ye sure?"

"Hit said so seven times in seven different voices," he gasped.

He was glad to be rid of the ghost that had possessed him so long, glad he would not altogether lose his Bett, yet, mingled with this was a profound regret that not a woman in his family had fulfilled the Randolph tradition.

Bett was so happy in the knowledge that the cruel ghost was gone forever that she forgot the Samuels-Randolph feud, forgot the misunderstanding of yesterday. She hung over her grandfather, and the two wept joyfully together.

Suddenly the door was pushed open and Sam Samuels, obviously dressed for some gala event, appeared on the threshold. No victorious bridegroom ever looked mightier. His hair that was always like a black mop was carefully brushed and oiled, he was cleanshaven and he even wore a collar. His brown eyes brimmed with mischief and as he beheld the pair a sheepish grin spread over his face.

"Mornin'!"

He might, you think, have feared that his transparent trick was known. But Sam was not afraid of detection. He knew such blasphemy as his was not conceivable to the Randolphs. The ghost would have blasted such an attempt. If he was sheepish it was only because *he* knew what he had been up to, not from fear of detection.

As he spoke he stood perfectly still, his hands behind his back.

Old Man Oby put Bett gently from him. Then rising, tottered toward the younger man.

"Sam, I had a fearful communion with my ghost last night. An' to make sure I wasn't dreamin' I'd like to know if you was presented with something in the dark o' the night?"

With a fine gesture Sam produced the bag of gold, saying in a deep voice ——

"This was delivered to me in the dark o' the night. I've kept seven pieces o' gold fer the seven voices an' ye'll please accept the rest. I kin work fer Bett!"

Bag in hand, Old Man Oby staggered back. Here was confirmation indeed!

That night's theatricals took the terror out of ghosts for Sam, though he always half expected to be punished for his daring. He became an open scoffer and his credulous little wife was fond of reproaching him with ingratitude to a ghost who had brought them such good fortune.

The Girl at Syzran

(Continued from page 32)

red designs embroidered about the collar and down the front and around the cuffs and at the hem of the skirt — a roobashka of the old days, made of heavy homespun linen, and tailored, like a coat.

"My dear girl," I said, "that is too wonderful! Exactly what I want! Where did you get it?"

"It is my brother's — and I told him I wanted it for you. He is just your build. I am glad you like it."

She stood shyly looking first at the roobashka, then at me. Suddenly the train began to move. Peotr had not even brought anything for her to eat yet.

"Her place on a flatcar of swaying logs"

"How much do I owe you?" I stammered, pushing her towards the door, in a panic as the train gathered headway. I felt for my pocketbook, but I had taken off my coat and the pocketbook was in my coat.

But the girl stopped short. Then she turned and faced me, her eyes blazing.

"You cannot pay for it!" she cried. "It is not for sale! I brought it to you because you wanted it — and because you were kind to me. Good-bye!" And she ran to the door and dropped off the moving train, almost losing her balance, stumbling to her feet, and standing there, straight and fine and tall, her hair about her shoulders, her bare feet sunk in the cinders. I leaned far out of the door and waved to her. With both hands she blew me a kiss, and then turned in confusion and sped across the tracks toward the distant steeples of Syzran.

Inchin' Along

(Continued from page 53)

needles were made into sleek, green baskets, a telephone was installed, painters splashed their paint, and a carpenter hammered and sawed.

The whole thing ended in a general industrial display, in which nearly a hundred students took part. There were the typed letter, the garden with its greenery, the whitewashed schoolhouse, the ready-to-wear blouse, the baked bread, the concrete blocks and bricks, the dipped chicks, printed copies of "The Pine Torch," the rugs, the hats, the mended shoes, and the telephone, the baskets — and the faithful little old gray donkey, the first animal the school ever owned, was led in, shod with home-made shoes, hitched to a home-made buggy — now equipped with the tire we had seen welded — and driven out of the door by a home-made boy, as proud as though he were the 'Fessor himself, and gleaming from ear to ear.

The climax was the 'Fessor's presentation of a diploma in broom-making to his mother, who is seventy-four years old. As the two stood up together beside the machine and the broom she had just made on it, the deep current of feeling of the people gathered there — most of them black — who had watched the school's slow, painful growth from the beginning, prayed for it, helped it with their nickels and dollars, their substance, their faith and their toil, broke suddenly, reverentially and passionately into music.

"Done got over," they chanted slowly and thankfully,

"Done got over,
Done got over at last."

And then, in heavy, steadily lengthening, inexpressibly wild and sorrowful cadences:

"Had a hard time —
Worked so long —
But I done got over,
Done got over,
Done got over at las'!"

On our last day at Piney Woods our ears and hearts were almost intolerably full of that old music that moves us more strangely and deeply than any other. As we drove away to the station in a rickety buggy behind a mule, a blue and gray crowd of students, gathered beneath the oak where P J rang the bell, to tell us good-bye, sang the spiritual the school has chosen for its song, and out of which we have named this article, the song that sums up the spirit of that splendidly and courageously humble little place:

"Keep a-inchin' along,
Keep a-inchin' along,
Jesus will come by an' by,
Keep a-inchin' along lak a po'
inch worm,
Jesus will come by an' by."

They lifted it over the tops of the oaks and the pines and sent it after us on the summer-scented wind far down the winding road, drowning the mocking birds and filling us with the determination to go away from there and write something that would bring that "by and by" a little nearer if we could.

The genius of the man who founded Piney Woods School will be the theme of a second Ellerbe article, "A Negro Named Jones," which will appear in an early issue of McClure's.

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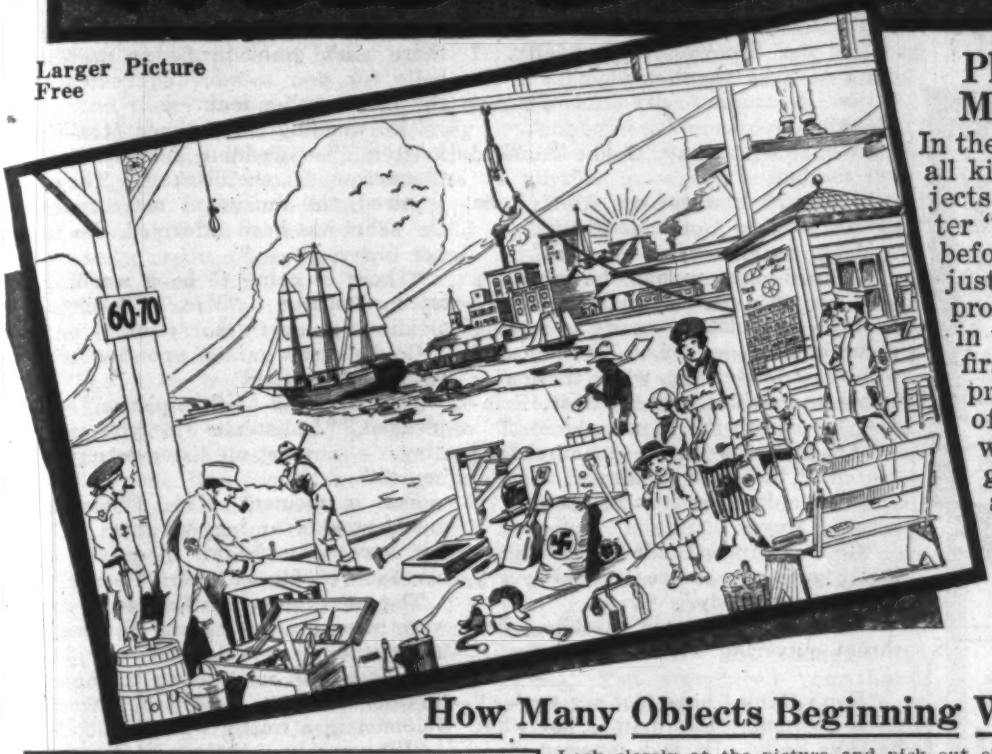

Pleasure, Profit and a Money-Saving Bargain

In the picture shown here you will find all kinds of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter "S." A very pleasant evening is before you, and who can tell, it is just as likely as not to prove mighty profitable. The person who sends in the nearest correct answer wins first prize; second best, second prize, etc. In addition to the fun of answering the puzzle there is a wonderful opportunity to get a genuine Ell Dee Cedar Chest at an exceptionally low price. As an extra special inducement for you to buy an Ell Dee Cedar Chest, we are offering three $1,000.00 prizes to the persons who send in the three nearest correct answers to the picture.

How Many Objects Beginning With "S" Can You Find?

Look closely at the picture and pick out objects like saddle, satchel, ship, etc. You can use parts of objects like stirrup on the saddle, strap on the satchel, sail on the ship, etc. It's a test of skill and you have as good an opportunity of winning as anyone. If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges you will win $50.00; but the purchase of an Ell Dee Cedar Chest makes your answer eligible for the three big $1,000.00 prizes.

Follow These Simple Rules

1. Any person who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by April 15, 1922.
3. Be sure to have your name and address written plainly and number your words 1, 2, 3, etc.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete, hyphenated or compound words. Use either the singular or plural but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begins with the letter "S" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each tying contestant.
9. Three well-known business men, having no connection with Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc., will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes. Participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. Webster's New International dictionary will be used as authority for all words by the judges.
10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether you purchase any merchandise or not.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person making a purchase from Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc.

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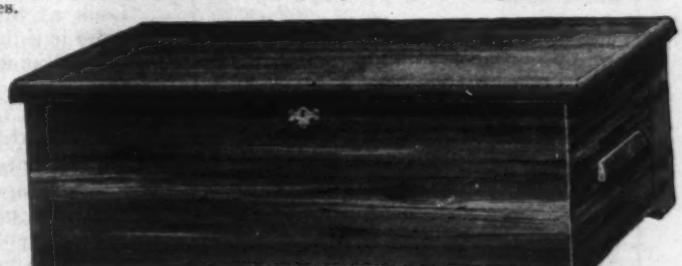

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2nd	1,000.00	25.00
3rd	1,000.00	20.00
4th	250.00	15.00
5th	125.00	12.00
6th	75.00	10.00
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English English

(*Continued from page 89*)

"I can be in the store for you while you're away."

"All our life we live in a city. I don't see why we should go for a vacation to another city," complained Meyer.

"What do you say, Goldie?" asked her mother.

"I should like to see Aunt Reba again," replied Goldie listlessly.

Meyer nervously bit his nails.

"A good-night, mama," he said, "it's late. A good-night, Goldie."

Mrs. Finkelstein was advancing upon him to deliver a blessing and receive a dutiful kiss when there was a tremendous knock at the door. Solomon burst into the room.

"Ah, bluffer, coward, scoundrel," he roared at the sight of Meyer.

"What do you want, beggar?" sneered Meyer.

"Go away from Goldie!" cried Solomon, "go away before I break every bone in your body."

"Solomon!" pleaded Goldie, her throat quivering with tears.

"Don't think I have lost my senses," cried Solomon, "this man is not what he says he is. He is a married man. He has left a wife and two children in Chicago."

"You're a liar," faltered Meyer.

"Look at him and look at me and say who is a liar," demanded Solomon.

Mrs. Finkelstein tried to look at both of them at once, but her head trembled so as she moved it from side to side that she saw only a blur. Nor could she make anything of the papers Solomon thrust into her hand.

"Here is a picture in the 'Gallery of Vanished Men' in the *Evening Zeitgeist*," explained Solomon, "it's not a good picture or some one would have found him out long ago. Now look and see if it isn't him!"

He sprang over to Meyer. With one hand he grasped that gentleman's scalp, gripping firmly. The other he placed on Meyer's chin so that the beard was obliterated.

"Without his beard it's the same man," explained Solomon.

"Let me go, you — — — —" The oath with which Meyer concluded his demand blanched Goldie's cheeks and caused Mrs. Finkelstein to feel that all her blood was rushing to her feet. In Solomon it ignited the powder of wrath that had lain dry so many months.

Gripped stranglingly by the collar and slack of his trousers, Meyer was on the point of testing the wood of the door with his head, when the door opened. Meyer fell into the arms of the burly man who was entering, and apparently resigned himself to the situation with no more ado.

"This the bird?" inquired the newcomer of Solomon.

"That's him!"

There was a metallic click.

"Come along, Mr. Wife-Deserter, there ain't goin' to be no wedding bells for you to-morrow," explained the plain-clothes man.

"No wedding!" exclaimed Mrs. Finkelstein, "no wedding for my Goldie to-morrow. *Oi*, the disgrace! The hall is hired, the musicians are engaged, the rabbi has been informed, the supper ordered — —"

"There *is* going to be a wedding!" cried Solomon; "Mrs. Finkelstein, Goldie is going to marry me!"

Goldie threw herself upon her knees before her mother.

"Mama, my life, please," she pleaded, "I listened to you about Meyer — now let me listen to my own heart!"

For a moment Mrs. Finkelstein gazed blankly at her daughter. Then her lower chin began to quiver and her face to fill with wrinkles.

The next moment the two women were in each other's arms weeping as if their hearts would break.

"You got to come along to the station-house," the detective informed Solomon in a husky whisper.

"I'll come in a little while, please," gulped Solomon, "I want to stay here and cry a little — I'm so happy."

The officer blew his nose violently. He jerked Meyer out of the room.

"Why don't you laugh, you dirty bigamist," he roared, "laugh or I'll bean you, laugh!"

"But the name in the paper of the man wanted in Chicago is Rabinoff. How did you know that this Rabinoff was Mr. Robbins?" asked Goldie happily an hour later.

Solomon drew out of his pocket the notes with which Robbins had tortured him during the night-school term. He explained them to Goldie carefully.

"This last one he gave me the night you told me you were engaged to him," he concluded; "he was so excited that night about making me feel bad, he forgot he was Meyer Robbins and signed for once his own real name, Moishe Rabinoff. Oh, if you had not inspired me to learn English, Goldie, my darling, I would never have been able to save you, for I wouldn't have gone to the school nor been able to read."

In the meantime Mrs. Finkelstein was holding forth to the neighbors who had flocked into her kitchen despite the lateness of the hour.

"A fine young man, Solomon," she explained, "a fresh, healthy young fellow, not a gray-beard with one foot in the grave. And such a scholar! He knows the Talmud by heart almost and reads English as fast as running water. A splendid young man, the very image of my own Samuel holy on our wedding-day!"

Nothing But the Truth

(*Continued from page 19*)

mind. But no, there was Sol himself hurrying toward the crowd, and Norah not far behind him.

"Perhaps — —"

And then "Little Casino" heard a voice — a querulous, dry, puttering voice — from out the midst of the craning crowd of brokers, speculators, messenger boys, mudhens, touts — a voice that for a moment he could scarcely credit, since it could mean but one thing.

"Hen" Peck had come down from the desert — with news. The crowd listened eagerly.

"An' I ses to 'Little Casino' Slade, ses I, 'Some day,' ses I, 'I'll get so blame' sick o' th' dust, I'll tear into that there rock just for spit,' ses I — An' I done it! — An' that ledge is four feet wide an' runs five thousand dollars to th' ton or I'll eat my hat!"

He spied "Little Casino" Slade. "Hey! 'Little Casino!'" he shouted, while he broke a passage through the crowd in his hurry to get to his employer. In the miner's outstretched hand was the piece of ore, which showed its gold even to the naked eye. "Lookit here, 'Little Casino!'"

"Little Casino's" heart thumped wildly. One glance at the rock was enough for his practised eye. "Hen" Peck could not be far wrong in his estimate. It was a great day!

AND then he remembered that Sol Rosenblum would have a half of all that wealth.

The broker had seized the ore. He stared at it with wide-open eyes and great drops of sweat stood on his forehead. Norah Banes watched him, her lips set tight, her face white and drawn. That should have been a warning to "Little Casino" Slade.

"We're rich, Norah!" he whispered hoarsely. "Rich!"

She stared at him a moment. "You mean you — and — Sol Rosenblum — are rich. I sold — my half — —"

"But Norah!" "Little Casino" interrupted her. He was careless now of the crowd and what they might hear. "You're my partner, share and share alike — —"

The straight look from her eyes stopped him. "No! You told me that you would not touch a cent of this twenty thousand dollars — that it was for my half of the Golden Fleece — and — and — Oh, how I *did* want to laugh at that man! Just to laugh at him — once! And — and — I'm not — a partner — any more — —"

The last words came chokingly. She put her hands to her brimming eyes and turned, sightless to "Little Casino's" clumsy hand, empty, half outstretched toward her.

Somehow, she stumbled but a few feet until she found herself in a pair of capable and friendly arms. "Ther-re, ther-re, me sweethear-rt, 'tis but th' divilish luck of the game; an' what's money, anyhow — —"

"Oh, Mr. Rooney," she sobbed. "It isn't the money, it isn't the money; it's because I'm not a partner — —"

Tom squinted knowingly. "Whisht! There be plinty of mines you could be a partner in — good mines — —"

All the answer he got was a violent shake. Norah was trying to say "No" with her shoulders. What more Tom Rooney might have said was lost in a new train of events. There was a sudden sharp crash of rock to the pavement that brought everyone to attention — a sharp crash of rock and a bitter, snarling laugh from Sol Rosenblum. It was a long moment before any of the onlookers realized what it meant.

The broker snapped his words out savagely. His little eyes gleamed, his lips twitched. "You and the girl done it good, Slade — you and the girl and your gang of gray-haired old liars! You done it good — up to now! You had me fooled! But enough's too much. You overplayed your hand, y'understand, with that there piece of phoney rock. You can't salt a wise old bird like me!"

He snatched his option from his inside pocket. "A thousand dollars this cost me! All right — now I save myself nineteen thousand!"

With the words he tore the paper into bits and tossed them into the air. "Now let her have a *good* laugh!" he snarled.

Tom Rooney still had a protecting arm about Norah's shoulders. Over her head he winked a violent eye at "Little Casino." "Be sayin' a wor-rd to the dar-rlin'," he hissed in that young man's ear.

"Little Casino" stammered shamefully. "We're partners again, Norah, but it was a tight squeeze — for a minute — wasn't it?"

The girl did not look up, and when she spoke her voice failed her. Her lips moved but no sound came.

"I couldn't hear you, Norah; what did you say?" "Little Casino" inquired solicitously.

Tom Rooney was in agony. Such namby-pamby methods he had no patience with. A sudden inspiration seized him. "She says, me fr-reckle-faced bucko, that you're a feather-headed deceiver, an' that you was just tr-ryin' to double-cross her — —"

Norah tore herself from the old man's protecting arm. "Oh! It isn't true!" she fairly screamed. "Not a word of it is true, and — —"

Tom Rooney shrugged his shoulders with an air of pious resignation. "Well, 'Little Casino,' you know the both of us, an' you know which of us will most like be tellin' th' tr-ruth — —"

"Aw, well, there they go, an' a fine-lookin' pair-r they make!"

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The House of McLeod

(*Continued from page 99*)

laws, jails, hut-tax, officialism — all that he had so jealously barred from his trade empire. He poured out promises, to the aloof, lazy-winking stars, until his knees gave way and he sank into the posture of inarticulate grief, hands locked, beard on burnoose.

Aeons passed. Then there was borne in on his black despair a shout, stentorian, lungful. Lifting his head, he saw the blacks pointing big digits to something on the river that at first appeared to be a pampas plume waving in the wind. But there was no wind. A headman helped him to his feet.

Now he saw that the object was swiftly moving toward the trading station. Presently he made out the swaying figure of a lone paddler, driving his canoe hard, and bawling in rhythm with his paddle strokes. Cupping hands to both ears the old man caught the guttural requiem.

"O-o-n, dey done catched de Red Ant Massa and mak' him chop poison. O-o-h, I done bring him."

The old man was stone — senses fled, spirit numb. The paddler loomed up before him, black and grim as Death's Ferryman. The canoe slicked into the clay, the prow glancing his shin. Trancelike he bent over the form that filled its bottom, pawing it with the pathetic bewilderment of an animal in the presence of the King of Terrors.

His fingers groped for the heart — and messed in vomitings! Sudden wildest hope stirred him; he knew that N'Adana's poison was a narcotic; he had often seen it administered in trial-by-ordeal; if the accused had been over dosed by the medicine man the stomach would reject the poison, which was taken as a "ju-ju" sign of innocence, whereupon the victim's friends acted; they drove out the "evil spirit" — in reality they fought a fatal lethargy.

With the frenzy of maddest hope he dragged S-o-n from the canoe, laid him on the bank, tore off his clothes, crying the whilst to the awed blacks to cup water over the Samsonian chest. Then he pulled off the shoes, grabbed the head-man's hippo thong and began flagellating the feet . . . . Did an eyelid flutter? He snatched a second to put fingers to the heart, and at a faintest beat squealed like a miner's wife at the black pit's mouth at the tap from her entombed man.

He went at it again, thonging the feet, tweaking the nose, pulling the hair, slapping the cheeks, gasping orders the while, for hot coffee, for the lantern, for water, water, water, though the whole river was there and huge black paws were cupping it over the stricken giant with frantic energy.

Snatching the lantern from the bearer he threw the light on the still face, and caught the flicker of an eyelid — the faintest glimpse of blue; scattered were the ghosts of Fear; with superhuman strength he bent and gathered S-o-n in his arms, and started toward the house; the headman jumped to his aid, and between them they got the youth to his bed, where were more flagellations, tweakings, slappings, and hottest coffee was forced between unwilling lips.

When the hyenas slunk to their day lairs the patient lapsed into a natural sleep. But the old man kept vigil, two fingers to S-o-n's pulse, on through the soft, pastoral dawn, on through sun-glared morning, until noon saw two blue eyes look forth languidly on the world, and the voice old McLeod's soul loved drawled comfortingly:

"Is this a new day, Dad? . . . It was the Shehu, Dad — the little old animal wizard who — — "

"Yes, yes, I know," the old man broke in. "Dinna worrit. Can ye give your mind to what I'm saying? Ye maun get aboard the dug-out and mak' Lokoja with speed," he announced in tone that precluded argument. "Ye'll be cunning with yon Agent General — ye'll no let him suspeecion the trouble up here, or he'll be driving a Shylock's bargain. Tak' the twelve thousand pounds, if ye cannot get him to spring fifteen. Then ye'll go on to Old Calabar and get the Liverpool boat. Tell your mither I'll be following richt soon. Aye, Hector, I hae a mind she'll be the happier with us a' togither than for a' oor gran' notions o' the House o' McLeod. S-o-n —"

He broke off swallowing his Adam's apple; so far he had bravely said what he had set himself to say; but now his heart *would* speak.

"S-o-n, as a personal favor — as a concession to an auld fool's dream — ye'll stipulate in the contract as the name Port McLeod shall be continued by the Company. S-o-n, I hae a weakness to write my name where I hae fought and dreamed sae long."

"Dad!" gulped S-o-n. "Dad! I — I've ruined you!"

The old man shook his head, and tried hard to speak with free jaws. "Dinna a bit; dinna blame yoursel' for an auld fool as forgot the first proverb o' N'Adana: 'As tae the Future, e'en a bird wi' a lang neck canna see it; Allah only.' Could ye walk to the canoe, with my ar-rm aboot ye — so — easy — so. Ye'll nae mention my bit fever to mither."

Coal—The Roosevelt Way Out

(*Continued from page 106*)

But — and here the "can't-be-doners" raise their chorus — I hear the objections that there is no precedent for such a commission, and that, if named, it would work no good.

There is, however, an excellent American precedent—that established by President Theodore Roosevelt, who in 1902, over the bitter protests of operators and bankers, named a commission to settle the great anthracite strike of that year.

That commission not only settled the strike, but established machinery that for 20 years has kept the peace in the hard coal country. The only difference between this precedent and what is here proposed is in detail and scope.

The Roosevelt Commission covered only the anthracite field and the immediate conditions precedent to the strike and did not find it necessary to delve as deeply as it is now needed to delve into the whole industry.

Whatever the outcome of the present difficulties, such an inquiry should be made, for if, as now seems likely, a settlement will be made eventually on old fashioned lines, the needs and the consequent clamor for reforms will not down; there will be more strikes and threats of strikes, of lock-outs and wage reductions and the industry will continue as it has, not only a basic necessity to national well-being, but an intermittent menace to national prosperity and comfort.

Meantime the demand of the miners, as yet weakly voiced, for nationalization will grow in volume. So likewise will the demands of manufacturing interests for regulation increase in insistence and the man in the street, conscious only that somebody is gouging him, make more easily audible demands for relief.

What these demands will bring in the end, I do not know. I do know, however, that singly or collectively they will bring something. That something, whether it be nationalization, a thought just now abhorrent to the preponderating majority, made possible by an amendment to the Federal Constitution, or, perhaps by a further exposition of the as yet hazily defined doctrine of police powers of the state, or regulation, or government control under some other name, must, of necessity be based on a better understanding of conditions than we now possess.

That understanding, in turn, must be based upon a thorough investigation by a technically competent body armed with the equivalent of grand jury powers.

In the end in all probability we will have to follow the trail blazed twenty years ago by Theodore Roosevelt.

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The Tennessee Baby

(*Continued from page 93*)

saying. "I would have no peace . . . I'd be thinking of it all the years. He would love you best—*you are so wonderful!* And the bargain was made . . . I told you I would bring him up as my own . . . my very own. Mrs. Lea, we must argue it."

And they began it all over again, those two pitiful women with only one child between them; *Whom* should he know as mother when he was a man grown, that milky baby over yonder? *Who* would have the sacred place, maybe the sweetest place in his man's heart, when his own true Love, perhaps, was waiting somewhere to take him away from both of them?

But I cannot measure time for the endurance of that battle; and when I think of it now, that tragically beautiful and bitter struggle of women's hearts, it seems to me to have neither time nor place but to be eternal as Love itself is eternal.

I got my wits somehow while yet it lasted: I saw how the struggle was going to end.

I wouldn't have to run up to the cupola at the top of the house, like Sister Anne, to see if anybody was coming to the rescue of Benjamin Lea. I wouldn't have to grab up that baby and fly with him to my mother, who knew what it was to bear a child. I wouldn't have to appeal to Jim Baxter, strong, sensible Jim Baxter, who had been scowling upon them as King Solomon must have scowled upon those other two when they rowed over the single baby . . .

"I was just giving her the reins," he whispered, as I crept up to him, feeling as if I had been dragged through a knot hole. "My! I thought your feet were glued to the floor. And look at the Best Beloved. Does he care who gets his pats and kisses and fingers and toes? Does *he* want to be a gentleman!"

Benjamin had gotten hold of the goose pillow and lay with it under his downy head, now fast asleep before the fireplace, his fat legs spraddling, his pomegranate cheeks bedewed with moisture. In a lull in the tempest I had seen him make his bed as a blessed puppy would; he had rumpled up a corner of the rug and squirmed round and round ere he lay down. And there he was now, with all that precious and distant thing, his two mothers had hungered for, locked away among the mysteries of his small sleeping heart.

"She's come to the last mile post," grinned Jim Baxter then, exactly as if he were saying, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

But I had said it already. Didn't I know my Laurie after all, my big and little darling? Hadn't I seen, at last, to which woman God meant to give that child? . . .

"We've been two fools . . . oh honey, we've been idiots. I haven't taken that baby yet and I'm not going to!"

Laurie laughed as she spoke, a little sheepish, tremulous laugh, and flung out her arms and burst out crying; she was standing in the middle of the room, and Mrs. Lea was standing by the sofa, her forget-me-not eyes wide open.

"NO! NO! Ten thousand times NO!" I heard her say, the poor wrongdoer, so adorably changed. "I've thought of something else . . . I thought of it with your first letter . . . I thought of it while I was fixing your room—oh, the love I put in that room—I prayed beside the four-poster . . . I thought of it every minute you were in *this* room. And yet I fought you . . . I am so weak."

She flew to the other woman and fell on her knees, hugging Judith's, looking up into her face.

"Judith, my sister, can you bear to listen to me now? *With your first letter I knew it would be more precious to my heart—infinitely more precious—to help you keep your child than to help you put him from you . . . That* was what my heart wanted: to help you keep your child. Ask Mr. Baxter: I told him last night, and only a moment before you came he reminded me of it . . ."

"And now I offer you that help. Keep your Sonny. This house is big enough for us all . . . for *you* as well as for Benjamin and the rooster cup and the goose pillow. Judith, my sister . . . speak! It's you I want. YOU!"

She answered in her own way, that strong woman who had been the Mountain Maid. When she could understand—for it took her a little while—she walked to the fireplace, wavering just a bit as she went, and picked up her child and kissed him long, turning upon us then only that strange, sweet smile of hers, glorified beyond belief.

That was all . . .

They passed out of the room together, those two splendid and foolish women, who were to be such towers of strength to one another in the years to come; and as the door closed behind them, Mr. Baxter said sympathetically:

"Better go to bed."

I swallowed the rest of my gulps, (they were the heavenly kind) and we shook hands like two good old soldiers who had fought in the wars for God and the Right. Forth he went into the snow, which was still falling and blowing round in aureoles, and, when the moment seemed propitious, I flew

up stairs and saw Judith Applegate Lea and her Sonny lying fast asleep in the four-poster, the two of them rolled up in such a tight ball they looked as if they'd never be unravelled.

Laurie shaded the candle with her hand while I gloated on the blessed sight, she herself deep-eyed with joy of her handiwork — with her mystical beauty a little spent, and so sweetened tenfold; and when we tiptoed from the room directly, she poked a scornful finger at the Lindley cradle, which was bumped over against the wall as if it were only good for firewood.

"And that *sacque*," she laughed softly when we were in the hall, "it wouldn't fit his little finger!"

"What did Jim Baxter say about me?" she asked suddenly, her voice prodigiously anxious.

I searched my bedazzled mind, and finding nothing sufficiently glorious for her case made up a message.

"He sent you his dearest love, and said he'd be over to-morrow to see how you are."

The tears jumped into her tender eyes. But she blushed like a rose.

The Ex-Champion and the Lady

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Take her out," he said, "she's no friend of mine."

Aloysius managed somehow to worm his way into Tug Regan's dressing room after the fight, and the two came home in a taxi together, Aloysius rousing the neighborhood with his triumphant song. "Knocked him out in the eighth round — Oh you Tug! They do come back — they do come back!"

Helen dragged herself from her mother's arms to creep, still weeping into Tug's, ascertaining first, however, that beyond a cut or two his face was unmarked.

But he was very quiet, and when Mrs. Heally finally herded her unwilling and indignant husband and son into the dining room, he put his arms about Helen and pressed his face to her soft hair.

"It's no use," he said, his boyish voice breaking, "it's right, what your father said, what all the wise ones say — the road has no turning — "

"But, Tug, dear — why, you won!"

Tug sat down on the sofa and buried his face in his hands. "I've licked half a dozen better men than Joe Mather — and only five years ago. And I'm fit — I've lived clean, and there's nothing soft about me. But they don't come back — and the bird that said it knew his eggs."

"Oh Tug, Tug," and Helen's voice as she cradled his curly head in her arms was as tender as a mother's. "I don't know what it is, but don't feel so. You won — now you can challenge the champion."

Tug's laugh, broken, bitter, so unlike his usually boyish shout, inter-

Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath, has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick; "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly can not do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY, and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Charles A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line made him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Doctor Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, at 152 West 65th street, New York, and mention having read this article in McCLURE's and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow your procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?—Adv.

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rupted her. "Challenge the champion — not in a thousand years! I'm finished — and I know it. A third rater — that's what Mather is — and he took me for a set-up; easy money! He was so sure he could put me to sleep that he didn't even train!"

"But, Tug, he did train. Over in Jersey — "

"Ask his manager — he'll tell you how he trained. At the road houses along the pike. And he came into the ring so pickled that I wonder they didn't call the fight off. The booze gave him speed in the first two rounds, but it got him in the third. I didn't put Mather out — the old brown bottle did. He was so groggy he just ran into my right, that's all!"

"Then, Tug," and Helen tried to control the singing note in her voice, "you're out of the game — for good?"

"Sure I am — I'm not in the champ's class. Read the papers tomorrow. I put up the best fight I could, but I'll never get the title back."

"Oh Tug," and Helen pressed her tremulous lips to his cheek. "I'm so glad."

Tug drew back to stare at her. "Glad! But you said — "

"I know, but I've changed my mind. I didn't understand, you know. I want to marry you, no matter — "

"But do you understand now?" Tug interrupted. "It's the gym and the farm — for keeps, Helen."

Aloysius was still pouring over the papers when Helen sat down to breakfast the next morning.

"Well, he put up a good fight, all right; all the papers give him credit for that, but he kissed the championship good-bye," he said.

"Well, what of it?" Helen said.

Aloysius looked up. "Oh, nothing," he retorted, "only I thought you were out to marry the lightweight champion."

Helen lifted her chin. "Did you? Well, I have not the least desire to marry a prize fighter."

"All right, go ahead, marry a gym director if you want."

Helen Heally's red head came into its own. "A gym director is a business," she told the amazed Aloysius hotly, "and a prize fighter is a — a bum!"

The Philosopher

(*Continued from page 21*)

prepared to regard the old gentleman's dalliance in hidden places with leniency. Perhaps he sought but to resolve the most inscrutable of human illusions. He scattered a few grains of sand on the sheet of rice paper, and, rising, handed it to me.

"What have you written?" I asked.

I thought there was a slightly malicious gleam in his eyes.

"I have ventured to offer you two little poems of my own."

"I did not know you were a poet."

"When China was still an uncultured country," he retorted with sarcasm, "all educated men could write verse with elegance."

I took the paper and looked at the Chinese characters. They made an agreeable pattern upon it.

"Won't you give me a translation?"

"Tradutore — traditore," he answered. "You cannot expect me to betray myself. Ask one of your English friends. Those who know most about China know nothing, but you will at least find one who is competent to give you a rendering of a few rough and simple lines."

I bade him farewell, and with great politeness he showed me to my chair. When I had the opportunity I gave the poems to a sinologue of my acquaintance, and here is the version he made.* I confess that, doubtless unreasonably, I was somewhat taken aback when I read it.

You loved me not: your voice was sweet;
Your eyes were full of laughter; your hands were tender.
And then you loved me: your voice was bitter;
Your eyes were full of tears; Your hands were cruel.
Sad, sad that love should make you unlovable.

I craved the years would quickly pass
That you might lose
The brightness of your eyes, the peach-bloom of your skin,
And all the cruel splendor of your youth.
Then I alone would love you
And you at last would care.

The envious years have passed full soon
And you have lost
The brightness of your eyes, the peach-bloom of your skin,
And all the charming splendor of your youth.
Alas, I do not love you
And I care not if you care.

*I owe it to the kindness of my friend, Mr. P. W. Davidson.

SULLIVAN

Another Somerset Maugham Story will appear in the

MAY McCLURE'S

The Soviet Censor in Russia

(*Continued from page 44*)

because they were utterly out of correspondence with the needs of the present. As for non-agitation literature, the department publishes books without the slightest regard for the real needs of the masses of the people. But what is most important of all, there are no text-books. The whole work of the State Publishing Department is lacking in plan and system and shows plainly how poorly fitted for their tasks are those who have been placed at the head of it."

But these appeals did not avail. The Congress of Soviets, which is the highest governmental institution in Russia, placed its stamp of approval on the policy worked out by the State Publishing Department, and all of Russia's literary activity became concentrated in the latter's hands.

Even more powerful than these two appeals was a protest, sent by the All-Russian Union of Writers to the People's Commissary of Public Instruction. In this tragic document the fate of Russian literature is depicted with such poignancy and power that I can do no better than to give the following extensive excerpt from it:

"The Russian writers have been waiting for three long years, hoping that the Soviet authority would give its attention to the crushing conditions in which the living Russian literature is painfully gasping for breath. We had hoped that the process of the rehabilitation of the State and of the general cultural life of the country would be accompanied by a restoration of normal conditions for the existence of the Russian literature and by a return to the writer of the right to see his work published and presented to the reader.

"But nothing of the kind has happened. The conditions in which Russian literature finds itself become worse, rather than better. The literature of Russia ceases to exist. From a phenomenon of world-wide interest and importance it has become transformed into a 'family' affair, when new works can only be read from manuscript to small groups of people. History will not forget to note the fact that in the year 1920 the Russian writers were reduced to conditions which existed in the far-off ages before the invention of printing and had to make hand-written copies of their works, offering these for sale in the offices of the Union of Writers.

"We understand perfectly well that the fearful disorganization which has fallen to the lot of our country, causing shortage of paper and contracting printing facilities generally, was bound to lead to a diminution in the work of publication; we accepted this condition as inevitable. But we cannot accept a state of affairs in which none of this decreased supply of printing facilities is placed at the dis-

(*Continued on page 130*)

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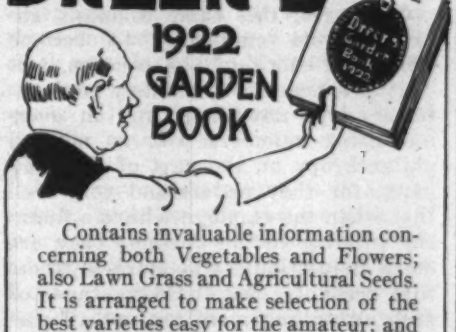

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A Share in the Profits

By Paul Tomlinson

ONE of the largest manufacturing companies in the United States has an interesting profit-sharing arrangement with its common stockholders and employees. After the stipulated percentage is paid on the preferred and common stocks the balance of earnings available for dividends is divided equally between the owners of the common stock and the employees of the company. This practice of giving the employees a share in the profits has proved to be good business from the standpoint of everyone concerned. A man who realizes that he personally is going to benefit if the company he works for has a successful year is practically certain to do all that he can to make the year a successful one. He takes a live interest in his work, he is not prone to lend a sympathetic ear to those who agitate strikes, and he is loyal to his company because he and the company are partners, and partners to be successful must work together, and each one for the other.

Of course, this same company encourages its employees to become owners of stock of the concern, too. This is a practice that many corporations adopt nowadays, and in ever-increasing numbers. It is not all philanthropy on the part of the company, for they understand very well that when the employees have a financial interest in the business they are more industrious, and more loyal on that account. But the advantages of such an arrangement are not all one-sided by any means. An employee who buys stock is helping himself as well as his company. Usually it is made possible for him to buy on easy terms, and provided, of course, that the stock is worth buying, he is saving his money, gaining an independent income for himself, and taking his place with the capitalists of the country.

In order to be a capitalist it is not necessary to be a "captain of industry," or a millionaire. Anyone who owns a share of stock, a bank account or a piece of property is a capitalist, and, in our humble opinion, the strength of a nation is largely dependent upon the percentage of capitalists it numbers amongst its citizens.

France is a nation of investors, and in all France there is scarcely a family too poor to own at least a small investment in French Government bonds or in the securities of some French industry. Consequently the French people have a personal interest in their country's welfare, its prosperity is their prosperity, and it is small wonder they fought as they did to protect their land from the German invaders.

Does it seem possible that the Russian debacle could ever have taken place if the Russian people had their money invested in Russian industries? Would they have stood idly by and watched factories torn down, railroads wrecked, mines destroyed, if they had had their savings invested in those factories, railroads and mines? It is not usual for people to aid in the destruction of their own property, and a shareholder is a property owner. If Russia had been a nation of investors — capitalists, if you prefer — five years ago, it is not likely that fifteen million Russian people would be faced with starvation to-day.

Further, there is the personal advantage to be considered in connection with the ownership of securities. Many a man who likes to criticize some of the large corporations for the profits they make would soon change his tune if he were a shareholder in them and shared in the profits. And if a man denies himself and saves his money for the benefit of his family and to safeguard his old age, and invests his savings properly, it seems to us that he is entitled to the reward he gets.

Most people use gas and electricity in their homes, and if the bills seem

large at the end of the month and you have an idea that the rates are too high, you can invest in the stock of the company which supplies you and share in the profits being made out of the business. Also, the dividends you receive can be applied against the cost of the service, and your expenses reduced. The same thing applies to the telephone. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has over one hundred and eighty-three thousand shareholders at the present time. Included in this number are twenty-three thousand employees, while there are also over seventy-five thousand employees buying stock on the partial-payment plan. These shareholders are the owners of the company, and their rights and their interests must be respected.

The day is passing when the decision on matters affecting the welfare of a corporation is left to the labor unions and the officers in charge. The stockholders are waking up to the fact that they, too, have a large stake in the matter, and are insisting upon being heard. The recently formed association of owners of railroad securities is an example of this new factor in industry, and it is one sure to make its presence felt. When someone abuses a man's dog he has no hesitation in exercising his authority. When a company is mismanaged or made the victim of unwise or unfair legislation there is just as much reason for the company's owners — the security-holders — to step in and demand justice as there is in the case of the man and his dog. It would be a fine thing for our country if more people were privileged to raise their voices as stockholders in our big business enterprises.

Think of the personal interest a man takes in a company in which he has a share. Would there be so much criticism of trolley companies if a majority of the people riding on the cars were also stockholders? Wouldn't these people, as stockholders, become better acquainted with the difficulties under which traction companies are operated, and see to it that justice is done? Public education in industry and finance is one of the crying needs of the United States, and there is no better method of obtaining this education than by the purchase of securities. Public utility companies all over the country are trying hard to interest their customers in their securities. And customer ownership of public utilities is as fine a thing as government ownership would be bad.

Suppose a man made a list of the things he needs in the course of his everyday life and activities, and invested his money in the securities of the concerns supplying them. He would then become a shareholder in industries which supply essentials, and essential industries are the ones to be encouraged. Every penny lost in speculation is a penny lost to those industries which are carrying on constructive and legitimate businesses, the kinds of industries which must be supported and which must succeed if a country is to prosper.

In one's own home not only gas, electricity and telephones are used, but the ordinary family makes use of coal, paint, meat, milk, ice, lumber, clothing, and so on through a long list of essentials. It is not always profitable or wise to invest in a company merely because it does supply necessities, but if a man confines his investments to the securities of those concerns which are engaged in essential industries it is safe to say that he has selected the best class of investments available.

If it is possible in the home to reduce living expenses by sharing profits with the concerns from which we buy, why is it not feasible to extend this practice? Most of us travel on railroads; we ship goods over railroads and we can reduce the cost of travel and freight by becoming a partner in the railroad corporation and obtaining a share in the profits. Railroads certainly are about the most important things we have in our country; our welfare is indelibly linked with theirs, and unless they can be operated efficiently and on a basis which will attract capital we are going to share with them whatever misfortunes befall. On the other hand, if more people will support the railroads the more profits the railroads will have to share and the more people there will be to share them.

Carry this idea of investing only in essential industries still further and we encounter numerous other businesses all of which are necessary to the country's welfare. Take the railroad equipment companies, for instance; the railroads are dependent upon them for locomotives, cars, tools, all sorts of supplies which are necessary to a railroad's existence. Go back still further and these equipment companies must have materials from which to manufacture the finished products they have for sale. Steel, for example, is generally regarded as one of the country's key industries. Steel must be used for rails, locomotives and cars; bridges are made of steel, most large buildings are of steel construction, and ships are built of steel. Other products are almost equally necessary to our industrial life.

In investing, therefore, it is a good rule to consider only the securities of companies which are producing goods which individuals and businesses must have. In other words, if there is a steady demand for a company's product it is reasonable to suppose that that is the kind of company which is going to be successful and make a profit. Any man who invests in the securities of such companies is making a real contribution to the industrial prosperity of his country. He is also putting himself in a position to share in the profits which are practically certain to accrue to a well managed company engaged in supplying something which is essential to the life of the community or nation.

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